

Leaders BULLETIN

Sayville Congregational United Church of Christ
Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost
October 10, 2021



Michael Welcoming...

Good morning, all and welcome to this morning's worship, we are glad you are here.

Each year on this Sunday, we join others in celebrating National Coming Out Day, an annual LGBTQ+ awareness day that is observed tomorrow, on October 11th. Begun in 1988, it is a day rooted in the belief that discrimination and bias find the richest soil in ignorance and silence – so we speak out, informed and loudly as we can. Our voices, our worship and our practices affirm what we mean when we say, “You are welcome here long before you arrive.” We hold in our hearts this: that whoever God has made us to be, however we come together as friends, families and allies – it is our purpose to embrace equality for all and lift up the belief that Love is Love. End stop.

Our faith calls us to “come out” into the light of God’s love and break any cycle of hatred or discrimination in all the ways we can – especially in embracing our LGBTQ+ Community, Family and Friends. Join us this day and every day in this truth.

However you *come out* in your life, thank you for bringing your Light and Love to the Light and Love that is here, as the bell is rung and this morning’s worship begins.

Usher The Bell is Rung

Sean Prelude

Kris Call to Worship by Joseph H. Gilmore

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

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I want this to be a place
where we can touch and be touched
by the utterly,
the unmistakably sacred –
the breath in all breathing,
the light in all seeing,
the fire in every righteous anger,
the resonance in deep silence,
the love which graces and ennobles
all loves,
the hospitality which bids a welcome
to each of our returnings –
and grieves a little
at each of our leavings.

The unmistakably sacred
which precedes all of our singing;
the sighing which, when we are awake,
calls us home to ourselves,
where in our blood and bones
the body of God dwells.
Let us pray.

Sean Hymn “Bring Many Names”, Brian Wren, 1989
New Century Hymnal #11 (Please use these modified verses.)

Bring many names, beautiful and good,
celebrate in parable and story, holiness and glory,
living, loving God.
Hail and Hosanna! Bring many names.

Strong Guardian God, working night and day,

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planning all the wonders of creation,
setting each equation, genius at play:
Hail and Hosanna , strong Guardian God.

Ever growing God, eager on the move,
saying no to false hood and unkindness,
crying out for justice, giving all you have:
Hail and Hosanna, ever growing God.

Great, living God, never fully known,
joyful darkness far beyond our seeing,
closer yet than breathing,
every lasting home:
Hail and Hosanna, great living God.

Michael Unison Prayer *St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Rochester, NY*

Loving God, in your wisdom, you created a world rich with diversity. Today, as we acknowledge National Coming Out Day, we give thanks for the gifts of sexual orientation and gender identity. We celebrate with our queer, transgender, bisexual, lesbian, and gay siblings who choose to come out, and honor those who do not. Today, we say “yes” to the diversity among us—within ourselves, our families, our neighbors, and our communities. We claim that diversity as we come before you and as we go out into the world. At times, we turn away from this diversity, fearful of its transformative power. We reject that which is different, force it to be silent, or pretend that it does not exist. We participate in systems that privilege sameness and uproot difference. Give us the courage to live boldly into the mystery of diversity, the strength to persevere in the face of adversity, and the power to love in ways that go beyond understanding. Help us create a world where all people can flourish.

Sean “All God’s Critters Got a Place in the Choir”
by Bill Staines

Refrain:

All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing low, some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
And some just clap their hands,

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or paws or anything they got now

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big to do
And old cow just goes 'moo'

Well the dogs and the cats they take up the middle
The honeybee hums and the crickets fiddle
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
The old coyote howls [Refrain]

Listen to the top where the little bird sings
The melody with the high voice ringing
The hoot owl hollers over everything
And the jaybird disagrees

Singing in the nighttime, singing in the day
The little duck quacks and he's on his way
The 'possum don't have much to say
And the porcupine talks to herself.

Everybody here is a part of the plan
We all get to play in the great critter band
From the eagle in the sky to the whale in the sea
It's one great symphony. [Refrain]

Michael 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."

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There are many ways we love one another; 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...

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

Ray will circulate with the Microphone...and close with the Prayer of Jesus from The New Zealand Prayer Book:

Eternal Spirit, Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and that shall be,
Parent, Guardian Guide of us all,
Loving God, in whom is heaven:
The hallowing of your name echo through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the peoples of the world!
Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!
Your commonwealth of peace and freedom sustain our hope
and come on earth.
With the bread we need for today, feed us.
In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.
For you reign in the glory of the power that is love,
now and forever. Amen.

Michael 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...

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

Michael Gospel Reading Matthew 17:1-18 The Inclusive Bible
Six days later, Jesus took Peter, James and John up on a high mountain
to be alone with them. And before their eyes, Jesus was transfigured—
his face becoming as dazzling as the sun and his clothes as radiant as

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light. Suddenly Moses and Elijah appeared to them, conversing with Jesus. Then Peter said, "Rabbi, how good that we are here! With your permission I will erect three shelters here—one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah!" Peter was still speaking when suddenly a bright cloud overshadowed them. Out of the cloud came a voice which said, "This is my Own, my Beloved, on whom my favor rests. Listen to this One!" When they heard this, the disciples fell forward on the ground, overcome with fear. Jesus came toward them and touched them, saying, "Get up! Don't be afraid." When they looked up, they did not see anyone but Jesus.

Ray Thoughts for this day... "Wide Eyes Open"

Michael Reading from "Night of the Iguana" by Tennessee Williams
"How Calmly Does the Olive Branch" (Nonno's last poem)

How calmly does the orange branch
Observe the sky begin to blanch
Without a cry, without a prayer,
With no betrayal of despair.

Sometime while night obscures the tree
the zenith of its life will be
Gone past forever,
and from thence
A second history will commence.

A chronicle no longer gold,
A bargaining with mist and mold,
And finally the broken stem
The plummeting to earth, and then

An intercourse not well designed
For beings of a golden kind
Whose native green must arch above
The earth's obscene corrupting love.

And still the ripe fruit and the branch
Observe the sky begin to blanch

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Without a cry, without a prayer,
With no betrayal of despair.

O courage! Could you not as well
Select a second place to dwell,
Not only in that golden tree
But in the frightened heart of me?

Sean Church Covenant

Ray Benediction

Usher Ringing of the Bell

Sean Postlude The Chancel Choir

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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
 fields of water, the accidental and the intended
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.