

#1070 Mother I Feel You

Mother I feel you under my feet,
Mother I hear your heart beat,

Chorus:

Heya heya heya ya heya heya ho,
Heya heya heya heya heya ho

Mother I hear you in the river song,
Eternal waters flowing on and on,

Chorus

Father I see you when the eagle flies,
Light of the Spirit, gonna take us higher.

Chorus



Ingathering Water Ceremony

(adapted from words by Rev. Eric M. Cherry)

Invocation

(Minister) Guided by Love, secured by Hope, and made courageous by Faith, we gather together at a moment of beginning:

(President) Both Learning and Teaching,
Welcoming the Injured and the Healing,
Ever Justice-Seeking,
We bless this church with our Love.

(Congregation) With Pilgrims and Seekers,
Growing Children and Cherished Seniors,
Guided by Pillars and by Leaders,
We bless this church with our Hope.

(Minister) Praying and Resolving,
Trusting and Involving,
Some Settled, some Evolving,
We bless this church with our Faith.

(President) Let us receive our Ingathering as a gift.
May it inspire renewed commitment to our great covenant of Love, Hope, and Faith.

(Congregation) May our eyes be opened to opportunities for broad ministry within, throughout and beyond. And may the blessings we come to know through that vision be a blessing to the world.

(All) Amen & Blessed Be.

Introductory Remarks

(Minister) We gather in community to worship at a corner of our year as a church. This morning we carry love and hope and courageous faith, and seek to renew our covenantal commitments. We remind ourselves of the home we share, a home that we come back to, whether after a long or short absence, a home we welcome all to make their own: a home of love and hope and faith—come, let us gather together within.

(President) And, we gather ritually this morning—carrying gifts of our summer—symbols of the water that we have been present with, and which has been present to us.

(Minister) These symbols may call to mind light summer showers, thunderstorms, dewy mornings, and misty evenings. Or moments at ocean-sides, pool-sides, riversides, lake-sides—swimming, fishing, hiking, strolling—and who we were with while there, even if we were alone. Perhaps we found ourselves in the presence of water during a moment of grief or birth or rebirth. Or, perhaps in an ordinary place whose sacredness is palpable nonetheless.

(President) We reflect upon what we brought with us to these moments and places, in backpacks and coolers, surely—but more-so, what spiritual, emotional or other baggage we carried. And what we did with it while we were in these watery places and moments.

(Minister) Did the water's unprovoked and indefatigable resiliency inspire you? . . . Or its serenity? . . . Maybe its waxing and waning tides? . . . The music of its motion, or the silence of its sleep?

(President) Did you feel the interdependent web of all existence coming alive in those moments? Some of you may have had the gift of a momentary spiritual epiphany, others of you a growing awareness of how this very water is like strands of the web, and how the web is us... and everything.

(Minister) Perhaps the ties to spiritual companions throughout the world come clearer and clearer. Bring to mind the monsoon rains that our UU partners in the Philippines and India know; or the churning ocean that the UUs in Tierra del Fuego know; the rivers and valleys of Transylvania; or Lake Victoria and Lake Tanganyika present to UUs in Kenya, Uganda and Burundi. What brings these companions, like us, to the water? What does the water bring to them, like us?

(President) How glorious. How sacred. How peaceful. Let us rest and rely on that truth in a moment of silence.

Moment of Silence

Blending Waters

(Minister) And now I invite you to come forward to add the water you have carried with you and speak the name of the place(s) from whence it comes.

Closing Hymn (next page) *#1070 Mother I Feel You*

Benediction