SKAGIT UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST FELLOWSHIP

ORDER OF SERVICE

November 21, 2021

Speaker: Rev. Bruce Bode

Celebrant: Susie Wilson

*Everything We Have We Borrow*

**Prelude** <https://youtu.be/BAz0LZKAWjs>

“*We Gather Together*” & “Come We Thankful People, Come” with the Norman Luboff Choir

**Call to Service**

**Chalice Lighting**

These are the days that have been given to us,

Let us rejoice and be glad in them.

These are the days of our lives,

Let us live them well in love and service.

These are the days of mystery and wonder,

Let us cherish and celebrate them in gratitude together.

These are the days that have been given to us,

Let us make of them stories worth telling to those who come after us.

(William R. Murray)

**Greeting, Congregational News, Collection & Introduction fo Speaker**

Bruce A. Bode is a Minister Emeritus at the Quimper Unitarian Universalist Fellowship (QUUF) in Port Townsend, Washington, from which he retired in 2018 as the Senior Minister after serving the congregation for fourteen years (2004-2018).

Before coming to Port Townsend, Rev. Bode was the Interim Minister of the First Unitarian Universalist Church of Houston, Texas (2002-2004) and the Hope Unitarian Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma (2001-2002). Prior to that, he served for twenty-two years (1978-2001) as an Associate Minister at the Fountain Street Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, a large, independent, religiously liberal congregation.

**Opening Reading:** “Gratitude without Restraint” (for two voices)

FIRST READER: On this Sunday set aside for giving thanks, let each one of us, and all of us together, express our gratitude for the incredible gift of life.

SECOND READER: We are grateful for our beautiful world – for lakes and woods – oceans and deserts – mountains and plains – for the texture of the land and the color of the sky.

FIRST READER: We are grateful for the seasons – summer and winter – spring and autumn – warmth and cold – sunshine and rain – the wheeling of the heavens – the wandering of the planets – rise of sun – face of moon.

SECOND READER: We are grateful for the abundance of the earth – trees and flowers – birds and fish and animals – for simple grass and all that grows from the soil.

FIRST READER: We are grateful for parents and children, friends and community, and for every occasion of celebration.

SECOND READER: We are grateful for the sound of voices, for songs and bells and poems, and for smiles on faces passing by.

FIRST READER: We are grateful for all those who came before us, those who planted and built and toiled, those who suffered and sacrificed, those who established ideals of justice, equity, and democracy.

SECOND READER: We are grateful for the innumerable gifts we have inherited, and grateful also for the responsibility of our privileges.

FIRST READER: Let our gratitude pour forth without restraint to light up our world with joy,

SECOND READER: For joy, like love, can split the sky in two and let the face of God shine through. (the concluding response of this reading is adapted from Edna St. Vincent Millay’s line, “The soul can split the sky in two and let the face of God shine through.”)

**Opening Hymn** “*We Give Thanks”* https://youtu.be/MUEU4rMx-MU

Oh we give thanks for this precious day

For all gathered here and those far away

For this time we share with love and care

Oh, we give thanks for this precious day

**Sharing of Joys and Sorrows**

**Reading** Albert Schweitzer, from *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*

When I look back upon my early days I am stirred by the thought of the number of people whom I have to thank for what they gave me or for what they were to me. At the same time I am haunted by an oppressive consciousness of the little gratitude I really showed them while I was young. How many of them have said farewell to life without my having made clear to them what it meant to me to receive from them so much kindness or so much care! Many a time have I, with a feeling of shame, said quietly to myself over a grave the words which my mouth ought to have spoken to the departed, while he or she was still in the flesh.

For all that, I think I can say with truth that I am not ungrateful. I did occasionally wake up out of that youthful thoughtlessness, which accepted as a matter of course all the care and kindness that I experienced from others, and I believe I became sensitive to my duty in this matter just as early as I did to the prevalence of suffering the world. But down to my twentieth year, and even later still, I did not exert myself sufficiently to express the gratitude, which was really in my heart. I valued too low the pleasure felt at receiving real proofs of gratitude. Often, too, shyness prevented me from expressing the gratitude that I really felt.

As a result of this experience with myself I refuse to think that there is as much ingratitude in the world as is commonly maintained: I have never interpreted the parable of the Ten Lepers to mean that only one was grateful. All the ten, surely, were grateful, but nine of them hurried home first, so as to greet their friends and attend to their business as soon as possible, intending to go to Jesus soon afterwards and thank him. But things turned out otherwise; they were kept at home longer than they meant to be, and in the meanwhile Jesus was put to death. One of them, however, had a disposition, which made him act at once as his feelings bade him; he sought out the person who had helped him, and refreshed his soul with the assurance of his gratitude.

In the same way we ought all to make an effort to act on our first thoughts and let our unspoken gratitude find expression. Then there will be more sunshine in the world, and more power to work for what is good. But as concerns ourselves we must all of us take care not to adopt as part of our theory of life people's bitter sayings about the ingratitude in the world. A great deal of water is flowing underground which never comes up as a spring. In that thought we may find comfort. But we ourselves must try to be the water which does find its way up; we must become a spring at which men and women can quench their thirst for gratitude.

(Albert Schweitzer, *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*, pp. 65-66, adjusted for gender)

**Musical Interlude** “*How Can I Keep From Singing*” <https://youtu.be/VLPP3XmYxXg> NYC Virtual Choir and Orchestra (Organinzed by Adam and Matt Podd - “The Podd Brothers”)

**Poem for Sermon**

By expenditure of hope,

Intelligence, and work,

You think you have it fixed.

It is unfixed by rule.  
Within the darkness, all  
Is being changed, and you  
Also will be changed.  
  
Now I recall to mind  
A costly year: Jane Kenyon,  
Bill Lippert, Philip Sherrard,  
All in the same spring dead,  
So much companionship  
Gone as the river goes.  
  
And my good workhorse Nick  
Dead, who called out to me  
In his conclusive pain  
To ask my help. I had  
No help to give. And flood  
Covered the cropland twice.  
By summer’s end there are  
No more perfect leaves.  
  
But won't you be ashamed  
To count the passing year  
At its mere cost, your debt  
Inevitably paid?  
For every year is costly,  
As you know well. Nothing  
Is given that is not  
Taken, and nothing taken  
That was not first a gift.  
  
The gift is balanced by  
Its total loss, and yet,  
And yet the light breaks in,  
Heaven seizing its moments  
That are at once its own  
And yours. The day ends  
And is unending where  
The summer tanager,  
Warbler, and vireo  
Sing as they move among  
Illuminated leaves.

(Wendell Berry, “Sabbaths 1998, VI,” Given: Poems by Wendell Berry)

**Sermon** “*Everything We Have We Borrow*”

**Closing Hymn #128:** “*For All That Is Our Life*,” from *Singing The Living Tradition*; words, Bruce Findlow; music, Patrick L. Rickey; piano, Brian Kenny; vocals, Alena Hemingway; images, Mike Menefee, Director of Music, Kitsap UU Fellowship, Bremerton <https://youtu.be/2-90x-9KhQQ>

**Closing Words**

For the sun and the dawn which we did not create;

For the moon and the evening which we did not make;

For food which we plant but cannot grow;

For friends and loved ones we have not earned and cannot buy…

For all things which come to us as gifts of being from sources beyond ourselves;

Gifts of life and love and friendship;

We lift up our hearts in thanks this day. (Richard M. Fewkes)

**Thanksgiving Day Song: “*Over the River and Through the Woods*,” by The Northmen, from *It’s a Holiday* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n5G3Vclp6Y8>**

**Extinguishing the Chalice**

We extinguish this flame,

But not the Light of Truth,

The Warmth of Community,

The Fire of Commitment,

Or the Power of Transformation;

These we carry in our hearts

Until we are together again.

**'Closing Circle Song'**

Please stay for conversation with our speaker and your SUUF friends. Visitors are invited to introduce themselves at this time.

**OTHER NOT USEING THIS ONE 11/21**

(0:52) photo sleigh through woods, 2 verses

<https://youtu.be/coaeu7QANBU> animated, lyrics in video FUN! (2:00)