

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF HAMILTON SERVICE SCRIPT

TITLE: Father's Day Sunday: A Spiritual Celebration With Our Dads

DATE: Sunday, June 20, 2009

Service Leader: Jeff Mahoney

Music: Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison

Story For All Ages: Gary Hicks

Offertory: Bill Johnston

Meditation: Micaela Corcoran

Service Coordinator: Lyla Miklos

Props: Hurricane Lamp, Matches, Candle, Large Glass Bowl, Coloured Stones, Water, Lyric Sheets, Offertory Baskets, Singing Bowl, Microphones, Table, Lectern, Chairs, Speakers, Sunglasses, Music Stands and Script.

Pre-Service Set-Up: Make sure there are signs on the front doors, CYRE doors, and Sanctuary doors letting congregants know that the service will be held outside in the garden to the South of the building. Give the backyard area a little bit of a clean-up and decide on a set-up that would work best for your service. The Sound crew will have a simple sound system set up for the speakers and musicians. If it rains the service will be moved into the Sanctuary. Pot Luck set-up will be in the foyer. There will be no printed OOS for this service, just lyric sheets.

1. BELL

[Ring the bell in the foyer at 10:28am.]

JEFF: *(Say this while in the foyer):* Our Gathering Music will begin in two minutes. Please join us in the Garden.

(Lead any congregants that may be in the foyer to the garden.)

(Say this at 10:30am once you get outside.) Please take a seat and get comfortable as we enjoy our Gathering Music.

2. GATHERING MUSIC

This Little Light Of Mine

(American American Spiritual/Harry Dixon Loes/Horace Clarence Boyer)

Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison

[Hymn #118 from STLT]

MARTIN & JP: *This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine*
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

*Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine*

*Building up a world, I'm gonna let it shine
Building up a world, I'm gonna let it shine
Building up a world, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine*

3. WELCOME, ANNOUNCEMENTS, AND SINGING BOWL

JEFF: Good Morning!

Welcome to the First Unitarian Church of Hamilton.

Whoever you are, whomever you love, wherever you are on your journey of faith or search for meaning, today you are the people of this congregation, and you are welcome in this house of worship.

My name is Jeff Mahoney and I am a member of this church, and I will be your Service Leader this morning while we enjoy ourselves outside in worship and celebrate Father's Day.

Please take a moment to greet your neighbour and make a point to introduce yourself to somebody new.

[Give people a few minutes to greet each other.]

Please be seated.

We are blessed in this congregation with wonderful music and today is no exception. Today's Music Ministry is provided by Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison.

If you have a Joy or a Sorrow you would like to share with the congregation we will invite you to come to the microphone and share it with us just after the offertory.

Our Offertory today is going towards HELP, The House Emergency Loan Program. If you would like a tax receipt for your donation, don't forget to write your name on the brown envelopes provided before placing it in the basket.

After our worship please join us for a Pot Luck in the foyer.

We have a few other announcements.

(Read announcements.)

ANNOUNCEMENT #1: Pick up your Summer Festival of Flavours catalogue in the foyer after today's service. This is a great way to enjoy summer by visiting church friends in their homes and enjoying a delicious meal they prepare for you. Tickets are \$25 – at the foyer table. Two of the events welcome children (tickets \$10). Please see read your newsletters for more on this and upcoming fundraisers organized by your Festival Committee – all designed to raise \$13,000 for the 2010 church operating budget.

ANNOUNCEMENT #2: The Spiritual Practices Support Group will continue to meet twice a month during the summer months. However, during the summer the group will meet at the homes of group members rather than at the church. The next meeting will be held on Thursday, June 24th at the home of Don & Margaret McFadyen and we will take that opportunity to explore their garden labyrinth. For more info please speak with Don McFadyen, Ali Steinbergs, or Paul Hawkins.

We will now listen to our singing bowl. I invite you all to be comfortable, close your eyes if you wish, and listen to the sound until it disappears.

(play the singing bowl . . . and fade)

4. OPENING WORDS From Unknown

JEFF: *A father is someone that
holds your hand at the fair
makes sure you do what your mother says
holds back your hair when you are sick
brushes that hair when it is tangled because mother is too busy
lets you eat ice cream for breakfast
but only when mother is away
he walks you down the aisle
and tells you everything's gonna be ok*

5. LIGHTING OF CHALICE

JEFF: The Unitarian Universalist ritual of lighting our chalice marks our entry into sacred space. I invite Petra and Simon to come forward to light out chalice.

(As they light the chalice say the following words) May this candle be our light of friendship and love.

Thank you chalice lighters. You may now take your seats.

6. PRELUDE The Garden Song

(David Mallett)
Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison

JEFF: Martin and Jean Paul will now share with us our Prelude.

MARTIN & JP: *Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake and hoe and a piece of fertile ground
Inch by inch, row by row, someone bless these seeds I sow
Someone warm them from below till the rain comes tumbling down*

*Pulling weeds and picking stones, we are made of dreams and bones
Feel the need to grow my own cause the time is close at hand
Grain for grain, sun and rain, find my way in nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain to the music from the land (Chorus)*

*Plant your rows straight and long. Temper them with prayer and song
Mother earth will make you strong if you give her love and care
Old crow watching hungrily from his perch on yonder tree
In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there (Chorus)*

7. READING
From Fatherhood by Bill Cosby
Vignette "The First Parent Had Trouble Too"

JEFF: Our reading comes from Bill Cosby and is entitled "The First Parent Had Trouble Too".

Whenever your kids are out of control, you can take comfort in the thought that even god's omnipotence did not extend to His kids. After creating the heaven, the earth, the oceans, and the entire animal kingdom, God created Adam and Eve. And the first thing he said to them was "Don't". To the animals, He never said "Don't" – he hurled no negatives at the elephant – but to the brightest of His creatures, the ones who get into Yale, He said "Don't".

"Don't what?" Adam replied.

"Don't eat the forbidden fruit."

"Forbidden fruit? Really? Where is it?"

Is this beginning to sound familiar? You never realized that the pattern of your life has been laid down in the Garden of Eden.

"It's over there," said God, wondering why He hadn't stopped after making elephants.

A few minutes later, God saw the kids having an apple break and He was angry.

"Didn't I tell you not to eat that fruit?" the First Parent said.

"Uh-huh," Adam replied.

"Then why did you?"

"I don't know," Adam said.

At least he didn't say, "Chillax already Dad".

"All right then, get out of here! Go forth, become fruitful, and multiply!"

This was not a blessing, but a curse: God's punishment was that Adam and Eve should have children of their own. And so, they moved to the east of Eden, which was still the good part of town, and they had your typical suburban family: a couple of dim-witted boys. One of those boys couldn't stand the other: but instead of just leaving Eden and going to Chicago, he had to kill him.

Thus the pattern was set and it has never changed. But there is reassurance in this story for those of you whose children are not doing well. If you have lovingly and persistently tried to give them wisdom and they haven't taken it, don't be hard on yourself. If God had trouble handling children, what makes you think it would be a piece of cake for you?

**8. OFFERTORY WORDS
From The Almost Church
By Michael Durall**

JEFF: I now kindly ask Bill Johnston to come forward talk about today's offering.

BILL: Until 2006, there was no collection at the annual picnic. That year, the Social Justice Committee asked that there be a collection and that it go to the Housing Emergency Loan Program, which the board approved. That year and every year since, the collection at the picnic has supported HELP, which this congregation helped launch in 1999 to provide emergency loans to prevent homelessness. If you would like a tax receipt, please make sure your name is on your donation envelope.

We encourage you to be generous in supporting this vital project. In doing so, you will be fulfilling our offertory words, which come from Michael Durall and his book *The Almost Church*:

"Unitarian Universalism should be creating churches that make the world a more just, safe, and equitable place. UU churches should call their members to lead lives of dedication and commitment - lives not just of success, but also of service, and when called upon, of sacrifice."

9. OFFERTORY MUSIC
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine
(The Weavers)

JEFF: We will now prepare to receive our offering while we listen to our Music Ministers.

MARTIN & JP: *When I was a young man and never been kissed
I got to thinking it over what I had missed
Got me a girl, I kissed her and then
Oh, lord, I kissed her again*

*Oh, oh kisses sweeter than wine
Oh, oh kisses sweeter than wine*

*I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife
We'd be so happy for the rest of our life
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man
And then, oh lord, well she gave me her hand (Chorus)*

*We worked very hard both me and my wife
Working hand-in-hand to have a good life
Corn in the field and wheat in the bin
And then, oh lord, I was the father of twins (Chorus)*

*Our children they numbered just about four
And they all had a sweetheart knockin' on the door
They all got married and they didn't hesitate
I was, oh lord, the grandfather of eight (Chorus)*

*Well now that we're old and ready to go
We get to thinking what happened a long time ago
Had a lot of kids, trouble and pain
But then, oh lord, we'd do it again (Chorus)*

10. OFFERTORY HYMN
#402 – “From You I Receive” (Joseph and Nathan Segal)

JEFF: As our Ushers bring our offering forward and place their baskets (*determine a place before the service starts for the baskets to rest*) please join in singing our Offertory Hymn of Gratitude. Lyrics can be found in your lyrics sheets.

CONGREGANTS: *From you I receive, to you I give, together we share, and from this we live.*

11. JOYS AND SORROWS

JEFF: This is our time as a church community to come together to celebrate and grieve with our fellow congregants, supporting each other through both our struggles and our victories. This time in our worship is when we embrace the silence to reflect on the words and music we hear.

If you have a Joy or Sorrow to share with us today we now invite you to come forward.

CONGREGANTS: *(Will share their joys and sorrows.)*

After the meditation in words, we will join together in silence and, after the silence, during the musical meditation, you are invited to come forward, and take a coloured stone and place it in the bowl.

12. MEDITATION IN WORDS By Micaela Corcoran

JEFF: I now invite Micaela Corcoran to share with us our Meditation in Words.

MICAELA: My Dad taught me how to blow a bubble in gum. He showed me how to find the constellation Orion in the night sky. He taught me the lyrics to "The Ants Go Marching". But it wasn't until after he died that I began to learn the really big things about life from him.

It occurred to me when I was pondering what to share with you that pretty much all of what I wanted to say, I wanted to say to my Dad.

So . . .

Dear Dad,

Remember that time we were at the pond, and you told me not to lean so far over the dock because I might fall in? Yeah, that was a really good lesson. I learned to respect your guidance, and that fish do bite, in one fell swoop.

A year without you is a different life. I rarely think of you as gone, for you were always there. I know you still are, but in a different way.

You know that quotation "You can't appreciate what you've got until it's gone?" I always used to disagree with it. I knew exactly what I had.

What I didn't realize is, you can't fully appreciate what you had until it's not making you bacon every Saturday. Until it's not consoling your every heartbreak. Until it is not putting you back together after them.

There are no words I can use to convey the depth of missing you Dad. The everyday things, and the best memories.

I love you Daddy. Happy Father's Day.

13. MEDITATION IN SILENCE

JEFF: Now, may we all bring our thoughts or prayers to rest in the welcoming silence.

(Wait one minute.)

Amen

14. MEDITATION IN MUSIC

May Nothing Evil Cross This Door
(Louis Untermeyer/Robert N. Quaille)
Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison
[Hymn #1 in STLT]

MARTIN & JP: *May nothing evil cross this door and may ill fortune never pry
About these windows, may the roar and rain go by.*

*By faith made strong, the rafters will withstand the battering of the storm
This hearth, though all the world grow chill, will keep you warm.*

*Peace shall walk softly through these rooms touching our lips with holy wine,
Till every casual corner blooms into a shrine.*

*With laughter drown the raucous shout and, though these sheltering walls are thin,
May they be strong to keep hate out and hold love in.*

15. ONE LAST STONE

JEFF: *(Place One Last Stone into the Bowl.)*

I placed one last stone in the bowl for all those joys and sorrows, which remain in our hearts until the time comes to speak them aloud. Whatever our level of sharing, may this community be a blessing and support to us all.

16. HYMN OF SUPPORT

Kum Ba Yah
(African American Spritual)
[Hymn #401 from STLT]

JEFF: Please join together in the spirit of fellowship worship by singing our unison hymn of support, Kum Ba Yah, which can be found on your lyric sheet.

Congregants: *Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah. Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah. Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah. Oh Lord, kum ba yah!*

17. STORY FOR ALL AGES

Camping with Dad by Charnan Simon

JEFF: I now ask Gary Hicks to come forward and share our Story For All Ages entitled *Camping with Dad* by Charnan Simon.

GARY: I'd like to ask all our children and youth to come forward and sit in front of me so they can better hear our story today. Josh if you could hold up the pictures as I tell the story that would be fabulous.

Katie was going camping. She was going to sleep outside all night, in the backyard, in a real tent. She was very excited.

Mom came out to watch while Dad and Katie set up camp. They put their tent right in the middle of the yard, because that's where Dad said they would see the stars best. They spread their two sleeping bags next to each other and opened the front flap so it would be easy to go in and out.

Then Katie went into the house to get her supplies. She carried her pillow and flashlight and a sweatshirt with a hood in case it got cold. She also brought a little blue car and her favorite stuffed teddy bear.

"Good-night, Mom," Katie said. "I'm going camping now, but I'll see you in the morning."

Katie liked being outside in the nighttime. She and Dad watched the sky go from blue to pink in the sunset. When it turned deep blue-black, Dad said it was time to go inside the tent. They crawled into their warm sleeping bags and looked out the front flap. One, two, three, a million stars popped out of the dark night sky. Dad zipped the flap closed, and then they were snug and cozy and Jenny fell asleep.

When she woke up, it was still middle-of-the-night dark. It was also cold. Jenny put up the hood of her sweatshirt. She listened to Dad snoring quietly. She listened to the peaceful little night rustlings outside the tent.

Then Katie heard another sound. A heavy clump-clump-clump sound. A scary scritch-scratch-scratch sound. A low and dangerous yowwwl-yowwwl-yowwwl sound.

Katie gave a little scream and burrowed into Dad's sleeping bag. "Wakeupwakeupwakeupwakeup," she wailed.

Dad woke up. He heard the noises, too. "It's okay, Katie," he said.

Dad took his big flashlight and poked it outside the tent flap. When Katie heard Dad give a little snort of laughter, she poked her head out, too.

There in the dark backyard, just outside their tent, was a big yellow cat. "Mi-yowwwl," the cat said. It padded up to the tent—clump, clump, clump. It scratched at the open flap—scritch, scritch, scritch. Then it walked right into the tent and curled up on Katie's sleeping bag. "Mi-yowwwl," the cat said again, satisfied.

The cat's tag said his name was Lucy and she belonged to the neighbors across the street. "I've seen Lucy when I take the garbage out after supper," Dad said. "She's a real night prowler."

Dad and Katie decided Lucy could camp out with them, but they left the tent flap open just in case Lucy wanted to go prowling later on. "That way she won't have to wake us up again," Dad said.

"But I hope you stay right here with us," Katie told the cat. She bent over and gave Katie a little kiss right on her furry yellow head.

Katie thought camping was even nicer with big warm Lucy curled up on her sleeping bag. She especially liked the new nighttime noise of Lucy's rumbly purrr, purrr, purrr as they all fell back to sleep in the snug, cozy tent.

18. CLOSING WORDS/CHALICE EXTINGUISHED
From Mark Twain

JEFF: Before we conclude our worship this morning I will ask Sela to extinguish our chalice as I share our Closing Words, which come from Mark Twain.

When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.

19. POSTLUDE
Fifty Ninth Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)
(Paul Simon)
Martin Dooley and Jean Paul Morrison

JEFF: Please remain seated as we enjoy our postlude and then join us in the foyer for our Pot Luck organized by Gordon Beckett.

MARTIN & JP: *Slow down, you movin' too fast*
You gotta make the morning last
Just kickin' down the cobblestones
Lookin' for fun and
Feelin' groovy_____

*Hello lampost
Whatcha knowin?
I've come to watch your flowers growin'
Ain'tcha got no rhymes for me?
Doo Bee Doo Doo,
Feelin' groovy_____*

*Got no deeds to do
No promises to keep
I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep
Let the morningtime drop all its petals on me...
Life, I love you,
All is groovy_____*

20. POT LUCK