

Universalist Unitarian Church of Joliet

Sunday, January 22, 2023 - 10:30 A.M.

"Mist Around the Bend"

A Look at the Possibility Of Co-Existing Realities

Presenters: February Sky (Phil Cooper & Susan Urban)

*Please feel free to sing at home at any point in the service
where you feel moved to do so!*

Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,
are on the pages following this one.

**RINGING OF THE OPENING CHIME
ANNOUNCEMENTS AND WELCOME
INVITATION TO WORSHIP**

PRELUDE: "Hotel California," by the Eagles

OPENING WORDS by Anatolie Konya, 1273, Sufi mystic and poet

***OPENING HYMN:** "This Much I Know," by Heidi Muller

UNISON CHALICE LIGHTING (see below)

COVENANT (see below)

SHARING OF JOYS & CONCERNS

A time for joys and sorrows from the personal lives of members and friends.

TIME FOR ALL AGES: "Never Never Land," from Peter Pan

OFFERTORY

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "King of the Faeries," Trad. Arr.

READING: "The Song of Wandering Aengus," by William Butler Yeats

SONG: "Song of The Indian Lass," by Jez Lowe

HOMILY 1: How Many Wheres Are There?

SONG: "Thomas The Rhymer," Traditional, adapted by S. Urban

HOMILY 2: Here or There, and If So, Where?

SONG: "Mist Around the Bend," by Susan Urban

***CLOSING HYMN:** "Both Sides Now," by Joni Mitchell

UNISON CLOSING WORDS (see below)

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING (see below)

***Rise in body or in spirit**

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

The Eagles

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair,
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air.
Up ahead in the distance I saw a shimmering light;
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
I had to stop for the night.

There she stood in the doorway; I heard the mission bell;
And I was thinkin' to myself, this could be heaven or this could be hell.
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way;
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say:

CHORUS 1:

Welcome to the Hotel California!
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place) such a lovely face.
Plenty of room at the Hotel California,
Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here.
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends,
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat,
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.
So I called up the Captain, "Please bring me my wine,"
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969."
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night, just to hear them say:

CHORUS 2:

Welcome to the Hotel California!
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place) such a lovely face
They livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise), bring your alibis.
Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice,
And she said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own device."
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast,
They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast.
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door,
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before.
"Relax," said the night man, "We are programmed to receive;
You can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave."

THIS MUCH I KNOW

Heidi Muller)

There is, I know, a state of grace
That meets us as we run the race
A helping hand, an angel wing
A steady arm, a song to sing

In every heart there is a voice
That whispers as we make our choice
It points us to the stars at night
For we possess no lesser light

CHORUS:

I have dreamed a dream, I have walked on fire
I have raised my face to my heart's desire
I have gone alone where I could not go
There's a greater life, this much I know

I carry a prism and a stone
A Spanish bead, an oyster's bone
A rattler's tail, a bag of skin
They help me out when I fall in
I walk with you who lent to me
Your confidence for being free
You travel with me down this road
Your spirits lighten up the load

CHORUS

The smoke of spirit rises still
Where coals are cold we have the will
To finish up what we've begun
To dance beneath the rising sun
God and Goddess, time and space
Hold us in this sacred place
We spiral upward toward the light
We practice taking back the night

CHORUS This much I know

UNISON CHALICE LIGHTING

We light this chalice for the light of truth.

We light this chalice for the warmth of love.

We light this chalice for the energy of action.

May its glow fill our spirits, our hearts, and our lives.

COVENANT:

Love is the doctrine of this church.

The quest of truth is its sacrament, and service is its prayer.

To dwell together in peace, to seek knowledge in freedom, to serve
humanity in fellowship,

To the end that all souls shall grow into harmony with the Divine,

Thus do we covenant with each other and with God.

NEVER NEVER LAND

from Peter Pan

I know a place where dreams are born

And time is never planned.

It's not on any chart, you must find it with your heart

Never Never land.

It might be miles beyond the moon,

Or right there where you stand.

Just keep an open mind,

And then suddenly you'll find

Never Never Land.

You'll have a treasure if you stay there

More precious far than gold

For once you have found your way there

You can never, never grow old

So come with me where dreams are born,

And time is never planned.

Just think of lovely things

And your heart will fly on wings

Forever In Never Never Land

SONG OF THE INDIAN LASS (Jez Lowe)

Well I once sang a song called the Indian Lass

And none ever suited me better

It told of a traveler in fair New Orleans

And the Indian girl that he met there

And though the sadness of parting came hard at the end

The tune made it sound all the sweeter

Well I once sang a song called the Indian Lass

But I never once thought that I'd meet her

I was working a bar singing songs of the north

In a place called The Inn on the River

And I sang them the song of the Indian Lass

And I caught her reflection in a cracked bar-room glass

And I finished the song with a shiver

'Cause there she was next to me, smelling of rain

She asked of my song and my story

And I found myself rambling ever and on

Like a bird in display of its glory

Her skin was the stain of a New England leaf

Her hair was as black as blueberry

And as long as the river that flowed on beneath

In shadows and pools 'round her body

And I found myself swimming in those still water reeds

And fumbling under covers with the lights out

As I lay there in love and beside her at night

As those fingers so red gripped those shoulders so white

And a song in my head sang its heart out

And it wasn't till late on the turnpike at night

As I drove with her head on my shoulder

With the road stretching on like a trail full of tears

And the thin mountain air growing colder

That she told me the stories that once were just known

To the tribes and the seers of her nation

How a plague of white skin destroyed all in its path

How hard steel and lead sentenced skin, bone and staff

To a place that she called the damnation

And one morning in Maine as I sent money home

She left in the hardest of weather

With never a note, just some stones on a string

One for each day spent together

I could've gone after her, begged her to stay

But I thought it was best if I left it

'Cause I once sang a song called The Indian Lass

And I knew the way that it ended

THOMAS THE RHYMER Traditional, adapted by S. Urban 2005

True Thomas lay on a grassy bank and he beheld a lady gay,
A lady who was brisk and bold, come riding o'er the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk, her mantle of the velvet fine,
And hanging from her horse's mane were fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap and bowed him down on bended knee:
"All hail to you, oh Heaven's Queen, Thy like on earth I ne'er did see."

"O no, True Thomas, no," she said, that name does not belong to me;
I am the queen of fair Elfland, and I have come to visit thee.

"Now you must go with me," she said, "True Thomas, you must go with me,
And you must serve me seven years, through good or ill as chance may be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed, she took True Thomas up behind,
And every time the bridle rang, the horse ran swifter than the wind.

And so as they rode further on, they found a garden thick with trees,
"Light down," he says, "O Lady fair, and I will gather fruit for thee."

"O no, True Thomas, no," she says, "That fruit must not be touched by thee,
For all the plagues that are in Hell are in the fruit of this country."

"But I have bread here in my lap, likewise a bottle of red wine,
And now 'ere we go further on, we'll stop awhile, and you may dine."

And once he ate and drank his fill, she told him, "Lean upon my knee,
Abide and rest a little while, and I will show you wonders three."

"O do you see that narrow road, so thick beset with thorn and briar?
That is the path of righteousness, though after it but few inquire."

"And do you see that broad broad road, that lies across the grassy mead?
That is the path of wickedness, though some Heaven's where it leads."

"And do you see that bonny road, that winds about the green hillside?
That is the road to fair Elfland, where you and I this night must ride."

"But Thomas, you must hold your tongue, no matter what you hear or see,
For if one word you chance to speak, you'll ne'er return to your own country."

And then he wore a grass green coat, and likewise shoes of velvet green,
'Til seven years were past and gone, True Thomas ne'er on earth was seen.

MIST AROUND THE BEND

S.J. Urban

Back when I was just 18, I headed for the West,
Young and scared and lonely with no permanent address.
San Francisco in the Haight when it was past its prime,
Living with a dozen roommates, squeezing every dime.
A lovely black-haired boy he was, with eyes so very old,
He made a lot of money for the good stuff that he sold.
Somehow he would appear whenever I was feeling sad,
He's take me home and share with me most everything he had.
Then I moved away because I found a job downtown,
In six weeks I returned, but he was nowhere to be found,
And every sign or trace of him had vanished into air,
And to this day I wonder, "Was he ever really there?"

CHORUS:

Riddles with no solution, stories with no end,
Questions with no answers, mist around the bend.
Driving in Chicago on a frigid Winter's night,
I stopped with some impatience for another traffic light.
Sensing someone watching me, I turned my eyes to see
A young man on the corner, he was staring right at me.
His hair was blonde and nearly white, his eyes of deepest gray
Were burning right into my soul, I couldn't look away.
His skin was white as parchment in the glaring city light,
And suddenly I knew what thing had found me in the night.
The traces of a smile bent his lips and lit his eyes,
I heard his voice inside my head, it told me, "Pass on by."
The traffic light was green, I turned my head and drove away,
But always will I wonder if I cheated death that day.

CHORUS

And now up in the Northern land I gaze up at the stars,
Undimmed by light pollution and emissions from our cars.
I stare in awe and wonder; as they shimmer, flash and glow,
I comprehend why these were Gods a million years ago.
Sometimes across the sky a single point of light I'll see,
Moving down from North to South at great velocity.
Ane though it's likely something else, my mind will ever roam
To thoughts of starships passing through here, light years from their home;
And sometimes as I stand there in the quiet of the night,
I speak aloud what I am thinking to that moving light:
"I hope that you can hear me, will you come for me today?
For I would surely go," but so far, nothing's all they say.

CHORUS

BOTH SIDES NOW

Joni Mitchell

Rows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere,
I've looked at clouds that way.

But now they only block the sun,
They rain and snow on everyone
So many things I would have done,
But clouds got in my way.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now
From up and down and still somehow
It's cloud illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels,
The dizzy dancing way you feel
As every fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.

But now it's just another show,
You leave 'em laughing when you go
And if you care, don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.

I've looked at love from both sides now
From give and take and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall
I really don't know love at all

Tears and fears and feeling proud,
To say "I love you" right out loud
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.

Oh but now old friends are acting strange,
They shake their heads, they say I've changed
Well, something's lost, but something's gained
In living every day.

I've looked at life from both sides now
From win and lose and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall
I really don't know life at all

I've looked at life from both sides now
From up and down, and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall
I really don't know life at all

UNISON CLOSING WORDS

Go your ways, knowing not the answers to all things,
Yet seeking always the answer to one more thing than you know.

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again

Annie's Lover © 1998 Dave Carter / Dave Carter Music (BMI)

Annie's lover was a medicine man, and he roamed the chokes and boulders
Hick'ry staddle in his big black hand and a star upon his shoulder
He'd go down to the meadow at night; he would dance in the firefly light
And she would dream like a pagan queen when he'd hold her

CHORUS:

Annie's lover was a wildcat's brother and the badger's mad companion
In his rainbow beads and his straw hat he was the king of Mercy Canyon
In the winter she would trade her crown for boots of buckskin leather
Rise up singin when the sun went down and ride out on the heather
They would meet in the meadow at night;
They would dance in the fey moonlight
Dip and spin, and skate the wind like feathers

CHORUS

Now if you wander in the twilight hills out past the gates of eden
Graze your pony where the dark spring spills and surely you will see them
They come down to the meadow at night,
There they dance till the morning light
And all the bounding saints come 'round to greet them

CHORUS