

Universalist Unitarian Church of Joliet

Sunday, August 6, 2023 - 10:30 A.M.

“Every Day We Will Remember - Reflections on The Burning Time”

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: "Walls and Windows," by Judy Small & Pat Humphries

OPENING WORDS by Draconis Wierinsan Kinthasil

***OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "You've Got to Be Carefully Taught," by Rodgers
and Hammerstein/Ann Reed

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: "Who Were The Witches?" by Bonnie Lockhart

OFFERTORY

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Spencer's March," by Phil Cooper

SONG: "The Familiar," by Cindy Mangsen

HOMILY 1: The Burning Time

SONG: "Woman in the Woods," by Susan Urban

HOMILY 2: Fear of the Unknown

SONG: "1,000 Candles, 1,000 Cranes," by Rich Prezioso

***CLOSING HYMN:** "Swimming to the Other Side," by Pat Humphries

UNISON CLOSING WORDS/CONGREGATIONAL RESPONSE: Every Day We Will
Remember

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING (see below)

POSTLUDE: "The Christians and the Pagans," by Dar Williams

***Rise in body or in spirit**

WALLS AND WINDOWS

(Judy Small & Pat Humphries)

Did you sing your children lullabies to calm their fears at night?

Did you hold them gently till they went to sleep?

Did you plant in them the seeds of hope for new and better lives?

Did you make them promises you couldn't keep?

CHORUS:

And do you think of me as "Enemy" and could you call me "Friend"?

Or will we let our differences destroy us in the end?

The wall that stands between us could be a window too.

When I look into the mirror, I see you.

And do you have sons who fight for peace, the way I'm told mine do?

Do they send you photographs from foreign lands?

Do you chill to see the missiles, and do they haunt your dreams?

Do you wonder, "Whose the power; whose the hands?"

CHORUS

Oh, may we live to see the day when walls of words and fear,

No longer stand between the truth and dreams.

When walls of windows rise into the darkness and we dare,

To look into the mirror and see Peace.

CHORUS

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT
Rodgers and Hammerstein/Ann Reed

You have got to be taught to hate and fear,

Day after day, year after year,

It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear,

You've got to be taught to hate and fear.

You have got to be taught before you are grown

To hate those whose lives are not like your own,

To fear right away because it's unknown,

You've got to be taught

Before you are grown.

You have got to be taught before it's too late,

Before you are six or seven or eight,

To hate all the people your relatives hate,

You've got to be carefully taught,

You've got to be carefully taught.

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.

WHO WERE THE WITCHES?

Bonnie Lockhart

CHORUS: Who were the witches?

Where did they come from?

Maybe your great, great grandmother was one.

Witches were wise, wise people they say.

And there's a little witch in every person today!

Witches knew all about flowers and weeds.

How to use all their roots and their leaves and their seeds.

When people grew weary from hard-workin' days,

They made 'em feel better in so many ways.

CHORUS (with great, great grandfather)

When women had babies the witches were there

To hold them and help them and give them care.

Witches knew stories of how life began.

Don't you wish you could be one? Well, maybe you can!

CHORUS

Some people thought that the witches were bad.

Some people were scared of the power they had.

But power to help and to heal and to care

Isn't something to fear, it's a pleasure to share.

CHORUS 2X (1st time great, great grandmother, 2nd time great, great grandfather)

THE FAMILIAR

Cindy Mangsen

They called me her familiar as though we two were bound

There was no love lost between us and the people in the town

Wary of our freedom for we lived outside the law

Unfettered by their scriptures or their fear of God

They called me her familiar as if they knew my place

And by the light of day they would not meet us face to face

But when prayer and fasting failed them, they would come to her by dark

For potions to release or bind and charms to soothe the heart

Bridge: The man who fears his nature

 Sees the Devil everywhere

 And if she danced beneath the moon

 I never led them there

They called me her familiar, they'd have thrown me in the flame

But I veiled myself in shadow, silent witness to their shame

She had no skill to quench the fire or melt the heart of stone

I kept vigil in the long night 'til all was ash and bone

I have been revered as Goddess, now as Devil I am seen

In the corner, in the shadow you will see me in your dreams

I will not grieve her passing, she is free now as the air

And I must fade into this night with memories to bear

WOMAN IN THE WOODS S.J. Urban ©2006

When my grandma turned 18 in a West Missouri town,
Then she crossed the sea to England for a fling.
She returned in seven years with my mother in her arms,
But nobody ever saw a wedding ring.

She settled in an ancient farmhouse way out in the woods;

My mother married young and moved to town.

And although she'd never talk about a granny on her side,

I would hear the townsfolk whispering when I would come around:

CHORUS:

"There's that strange woman in the woods,

Now of course I've never met her, some folks say that she's no good,

But she healed my cousin's baby with those herbs she gathers there,

I hear tell that she's the grandma of that girl-child over there."

Now, my mom just shook her head when I told her what I heard,

And she said, "Your granny died long years ago."

Well, of course that wasn't true, I could feel it in my heart,

And I knew to find my grandma I would go.

One day when I was walking in the woods above the town,

I found a path where no path used to be.

As I followed where it led, half in bliss and half in fear,

All those stories I had heard so long kept coming back to me: CHORUS

When I found my grandma's home, she was waiting there for me,

And she smiled with her eyes of midnight blue,

We looked very much alike, we were nothing like my mom,

That was how I knew those tales they told were true.

And as the years went on, she passed her knowledge on to me

Of healing plants that grew out in the woods,

I would never talk about her when I went on back to town,

So the whispering continued 'til I left that burg for good. CHORUS

Now I am no longer young, now my granny's passed and gone,

That old house out in the woods has turned to dust.

And I own this little store, reading cards, prescribing herbs

For all illnesses from colds to lack of lust.

My granddaughter comes to work with me quite often after school,

There is no need for lies or secrecy,

For her friends all know about me and her parents think I'm cool;

My dear grandma, she would smile at the way they talk of me:

REPRISE CHORUS:

"There's that wise woman in the store,

Oh, yes, I went to see her when my elbow was so sore,

And she cured my sister's migraines with those herbs she has in there,

She's the grandma of that very lucky girl-child over there."

1,000 CANDLES, 1,000 CRANES

My grandmother had three sons
She dreamed about her children's children
But then came 1941

Only one son would see the war end
 Joseph died marching in Bataan
 Frank on the sands of Iwo Jima
 The day the bomb destroyed Japan
 She thanked God and Harry Truman

She blamed the godless Japanese
For having crushed her sweetest dreams
One thousand candles for my sons
Every day I will remember

 In Illinois, far from her past
 Miss Nakamura still remembers
 She was six when she saw the flash
 That turned the world to smoke and ashes

Mother taught her daughter well
Run from the fire to the river
And there she found a living hell
But not a mother or a father
 Though she survived with just a scrape
 Her family vanished into space
 One thousand suns, a thousand cranes
 Every day I will remember

My grandmother had three sons
She never dreamed she'd have a daughter
But at the age of eighty-one
She met a nurse named Nakamura
 It was a question only meant
 To make some talk and pass the hours
 About a picture by the bed
 A photograph of two young soldiers

Hatred and anger stored for years
Slowly melted into tears
One thousand candles, a thousand cranes
Every day we will remember
 I've a picture in my mind
 Of two women slowly walking
 August 6th, 1985
 Walking to church to light a candle

And they once asked me to explain
Why grown men play such foolish games
One thousand candles, a thousand cranes
Every day we will remember

SWIMMING TO THE OTHER SIDE

Pat Humphries

We are living 'neath the great big dipper
We are washed by the very same rain
We are swimming in this stream together
Some in power and some in pain
We can worship this ground we walk on
Cherishing the beings that we live beside
Loving spirits will live forever
We're all swimming to the other side

I am alone and I am searching,
Hungering for answers in my time
I am balanced at the brink of wisdom
I'm impatient to receive a sign
I move forward with my senses open
Imperfection, it be my crime
In humility, I will listen

We're all swimming to the other side
On this journey through thoughts and feelings
Binding intuition, my head, my heart
I am gathering the tools together,
I'm preparing to do my part
All of those who have come before me
Band together and be my guide
Loving lessons that I will follow,
We're all swimming to the other side

When we get there we'll discover
All of the gifts we've been given to share
Have been with us since life's beginning
And we never noticed they were there
We can balance at the brink of wisdom
Never recognizing that we've arrived
Loving spirits will live together
We're all swimming to the other side

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again

THE CHRISTIANS AND THE PAGANS

Dar Williams

Amber called her uncle, said "We're up here for the holiday
Jane and I were having Solstice, now we need a place to stay"
And her Christ-loving uncle watched his wife hang Mary on a tree
He watched his son hang candy canes all made with red dye number three
He told his niece, "It's Christmas Eve, I know our life is not your style," she said,
"Christmas is like Solstice, and we miss you and it's been awhile"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
And just before the meal was served, hands were held and prayers were said
Sending hope for peace on earth to all their gods and goddesses
The food was great, the tree plugged in, the meal had gone without a hitch
Till Timmy turned to Amber and said, "Is it true that you're a witch?"
His mom jumped up and said, "the pies are burning," and she hit the kitchen
And it was Jane who spoke, she said, "It's true, your cousin's not a Christian,
"But we love trees, we love the snow, the friends we have, the world we share
And you find magic from your God, and we find magic everywhere"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
And where does magic come from, I think magic's in the learning, 'cause now When
Christians sit with Pagans only pumpkin pies are burning
When Amber tried to do the dishes, her aunt said, "Really, no, don't bother"
Amber's uncle saw how Amber looked like Tim and like her father
He thought about his brother, how they hadn't spoken in a year
He thought he'd call him up and say, "It's Christmas and your daughter's here"
He thought of fathers, sons and brothers, saw his own son tug his sleeve, saying
"Can I be a Pagan?" Dad said, "We'll discuss it when they leave"

So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able
Lighting trees in darkness, learning new ways from the old, and
Making sense of history and drawing warmth out of the cold