

**Universalist Unitarian Church of Joliet**

**Sunday, January 21, 2024 - 10:30 A.M.**

**"The Last of the Old-Fashioned Winter Lovers"**

**Presenters: Susan Urban & Phil Cooper ("February Sky")**

*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:** "Voices of Winter" by Anne Hills

**OPENING RESPONSIVE READING:** "Let Us Not Wish Away the Winter,"  
#543 (see below)

**\*OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "Winter Wonderland," by Dick  
Smith, Felix Bernard (see below)

**UNISON CHALICE LIGHTING:** "In the Bleak and Cold Winter," by Cynthia  
Landrum (see below)

**COVENANT** (see below)

**SHARING OF JOYS & CONCERNS**

A time for joys and sorrows of your personal life. So that all may share,  
please keep your remarks brief and consider the sacredness of this time.

**TIME FOR ALL AGES:** "The Kid Who Hates Summer," by John  
McCutcheon

**OFFERTORY**

**OFFERTORY MUSIC:** "Cold Frosty Morning," Trad. Arr.

**SONG:** "Raise the Dead of Wintertime," by Allan Rankin

**HOMILY:** When Winter Was Fun!

**SONG:** "Song For A Winter's Night," by Gordon Lightfoot

**MEDITATION FOR WINTER**

**\*CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It  
Snow!" by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne (see below)

**CLOSING WORDS** by Max Coots

**UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING** (see below)

**POSTLUDE:** "February Sky," by Susan Urban

## VOICES OF WINTER – Anne Hills

Listen to voices of winter, bright as the snow,  
Clear as the wind, warm as the fire within.

Longest of nights, darkest of days,  
We come singing winter's praise.

Walk with the voices of winter, hear how your tread  
Shatters the ground, stirring no other sound.

Yet through the chill, sweet songs of old,  
And memories rich as gold.

Speak with the voices of winter, snowy owl's flight,  
Mother wolf's cry, deep as the winter sky

We offer rest, virgin white nest  
Endless and ever blessed

Blessed the north, blessed the south,  
Blessed the east, blessed the west, blest

### CALL TO WORSHIP/RESPONSIVE READING:

#### "Let Us Not Wish Away the Winter," #543

Let us not wish away the winter.

It is a season to itself,

Not simply the way to spring.

*When trees rest, growing no leaves, gathering no light,  
They let in sky and trace themselves delicately against dawns  
and sunsets.*

The clarity and brilliance of the winter sky delight.

The loom of fog softens edges, lulls the eyes and ears of the quiet,  
Awakens by risk the unquiet.

A low dark sky can snow, emblem of individuality, liberality, and  
aggregate power.

Snow invites to contemplation and to sport.

*Winter is a table set with ice and starlight.*

Winter dark tends to warm light: fire and candle;

Winter cold to hugs and huddles; winter want to gifts and sharing;

Winter danger to visions, plans, and common endeavoring --

And the zest of narrow escapes; winter tedium to merrymaking.

*Let us therefore praise winter,*

*Rich in beauty, challenge, and pregnant negativities.*

## **WINTER WONDERLAND Dick Smith, Felix Bernard**

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening,  
In the lane, snow is glistening,  
A beautiful sight, we're happy tonight,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird, here to stay is a new bird,  
He sings a love song as we go along,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,  
And pretend that he is Parson Brown.

He'll say: "Are you married?" We'll say: "No, man,  
But you can do the job when you're in town."

Later on, we'll conspire, as we dream by the fire  
To face unafraid the plans that we've made,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

**BRIEF INSTRUMENTAL (Dancing encouraged!)**

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Walking in a winter wonderland,

Walking in a winter wonderland.

### **CHALICE LIGHTING:(unison)**

**In the Bleak and Cold Winter by Cynthia Landrum**

In the bleak and cold winter, we gather ourselves in  
To light the fire, to warm our spirits, to kindle the flame of love and hope.

## COVENANT

Love is the Doctrine of this Church.  
Our beliefs are as individual as those who believe.  
To learn, to serve, and to live in peace,  
This is the flame we carry, this is our Covenant.

### **THE KID WHO HATES SUMMER John McCutcheon/Si Kahn**

I lie in my bedroom, all night toss and turn,  
Eaten up by mosquitoes, my skin so hot it will burn.  
I sweat like a river, and I drip like a lake  
I'm all covered with sunburn, every part of me aches.

CHORUS:

I'm the kid who hates summer; I'm someone you know.  
I can't wait till it's freezing and it's twenty below.

I eat burnt food at cookouts; I go on picnics with bugs;  
They make me camp in the forest with poison ivy and slugs  
The air is heavy with pollen; it makes me snuffle and sneeze  
The dog sleeps in my bedroom, and he's all covered with fleas

CHORUS:

I'm the kid who hates summer; I'm someone you know.  
I can't wait till it's freezing and it's thirty below.

But when it's good out for sledding, when the rivers all freeze,  
They make me sit in a classroom - I dream of cross-country skis.  
And I'm thinking `bout Christmas; forget the Fourth of July  
And when I say I love winter everybody asks, "Why?"  
And in July comes my birthday, and that's the thing that's most cruel.  
If I was born, say, in November, I'd get a party at school.  
But I have to play with my brother; he'll mess with all of my stuff  
Then he'll go cry to my mother - I tell you summer is rough!

CHORUS:

I'm the kid who hates summer; I'm someone you know.  
I can't wait till it's freezing and it's fifty below;  
I can't wait till it's freezing and it's a hundred below!

## **RAISE THE DEAD OF WINTERTIME     Allan Rankin**

A sighing wind brings heavy snow,  
As every good woodcutter knows  
It fills the road, it blocks the door,  
It lays and stays and waits for more

The Jeffery boys are strong and lean,  
The best damn workers you've ever seen  
They'll cut more wood than a horse can pull,  
Near six cords before nightfall

**CHORUS:**

We'll get up at the break of day and hitch the Morgan to the sleigh  
And as we work we'll sing a rhyme, and raise the dead of wintertime

Deep in the woods our fuel is born,  
It meets the axe to keep us warm.

We'll trim the branches, pile them high,  
And leave them for the wind to dry

The yellow birch and spruce so red,  
The juniper to make good bread  
Hard maple when the flame's in doubt,  
Cedar when the coals die out

**CHORUS**

And when at night we're by the stove,  
Bellies full and stories told

The winds of winter may blow cold,  
But none of us will feel it

**CHORUS 2X, Repeat 1st Verse**

## **SONG FOR A WINTER'S NIGHT    Gordon Lightfoot**

The lamp is burnin' low upon my table top

The snow is softly falling

The air is still in the silence of my room

I hear your voice softly calling

    If I could only have you near

    To breathe a sigh or two

    I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

    On this winter night with you

The smoke is rising in the shadows overhead

My glass is almost empty

I read again between the lines upon each page

The words of love you sent me

    If I could know within my heart

    That you were lonely too

    I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

    On this winter night with you

The fire is dying now, my lamp is growing dim

The shades of night are liftin'

The morning light steals across my windowpane

Where webs of snow are driftin'

    If I could only have you near

    To breathe a sigh or two

    I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

    On this winter night with you

    And to be once again with you

**LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW**  
**Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne - (written in Hollywood, California**  
**in July 1945, during a heat wave as Cahn and Styne**  
**imagined cooler conditions)**

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,  
But the fire is so delightful,  
And since we've no place to go,  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

It doesn't show signs of stopping,  
And I brought some corn for popping;  
The lights are turned way down low,  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

When we finally kiss good night,  
How I'll hate going out in the storm;  
But if you really hold me tight,  
All the way home I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,  
And, my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,  
But as long as you love me so.

Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

**BRIEF INSTRUMENTAL (Dancing encouraged!)**

When we finally kiss good night,  
How I'll hate going out in the storm;  
But if you really hold me tight,  
All the way home I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,  
And, my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,  
But as long as you love me so,  
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

**UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING**

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again

## **FEBRUARY SKY    Susan Urban**

They grew up along the sidewalks of a city vast and bleak,  
They grew tough enduring winters long and cold,  
And those crowds of faceless people who would rarely laugh or speak,  
Seldom thinking, doing just as they were told.  
They were 30-something singles when they met  
On a winter hike in Northern Michigan,  
Where the power of that harsh and lovely land  
Had transformed them from the people they had been.

**CHORUS:**

Underneath the icy pallor of the February sky,  
They will walk along the riverbank and watch the ravens fly,  
While the white pine whisper softly and the silver birches sigh,  
Underneath the February sky.

In that big cold-hearted city where a living can be made,  
They have stayed together 20 years and more.  
But their Northland dream in white and silver never, ever fades,  
They've a cabin now on Michigan's north shore.  
And although they spend such time there as they can,  
They are waiting for the day they'll pack the car,  
For that day, when someone speaks that city's name,  
And they'll tell them, "We don't live there anymore."

**CHORUS**

And although their friends and relatives all think they've gone insane,  
California's not the place they want to be.  
They would sooner live beside a swamp with dragonflies and cranes,  
Than some smoggy eight-lane highway that is "free."  
They both hate the hottest weather anyway,  
So although the Northern winter's long and harsh,  
They will don their boots and parkas every day,  
They will snowshoe past their winter-whitened marsh. **CHORUS**