

**Universalist Unitarian Church of Joliet
Sunday, December 15, 2024 - 10:30 A.M.**

"The Poor Have Only Christmas"

**Presenters: The Bittersweet Christmas Band (Phil Cooper, Kate Early,
Patty Peace & 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

***GATHERING MUSIC:** "Homeless Wassail," by Ian Robb

OPENING WORDS: From "A Christmas Carol in Prose," by Charles Dickens

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "The Ditchling Carol," Trad. Arr. (see below)

LIGHTING THE CHALICE (unison) (see below)

COVENANT (unison) (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: "Jesse's Carol," by Heidi Muller

OFFERTORY

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Good King Wenceslas," Trad. Arr.

INTRODUCTION

REFLECTION AND READING: "A Clout City Christmas Fantasy," by Win Stracke

READING from "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens

SONG: "Turn It Around," by Eileen McGann

READING from "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens

REFLECTION: The House in the Mist

SONG: "Big Green House," by Susan Urban

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Christmas Is a-Comin'", re-written by Frank
Luther (see below)

CLOSING WORDS from "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING (see below)

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again.

POSTLUDE: "American Noel," by Dave Carter

HOMELESS WASSAIL

Ian Robb

Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
Our cup is white and our ale is brown"
But huddled on the iron grate
We poor and hungry curse our fate.

CHORUS:

No wassail bowl for such as these
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese,
This Christmas Eve, our heart's desire
Is a bottle of gin and a trashcan fire.

Good Christian, mind, as home you go
With dreams of holly and mistletoe
That the holly bears a dreadful thorn
For those who wake to a frozen dawn.

Oh, where is He, that holy child
Once born of Mary, meek and mild?
And whither peace, goodwill to men
Now and forevermore, amen? CHORUS

All ye who dine with face aglow
In Reginensi atrio (in the Queen's hall---Latin)
Pray pause awhile at pleasure's door
And sup some sorrow with the poor.

Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
Our cup is white and our ale is brown"
This cold and hunger, pain and care
Sweet Jesus Christ, it's hard to bear.

THE DITCHLING CAROL

Trad. Arr.

Be merry all, be merry all
With holly deck the festive hall
Prepare the song, the feast, the call
To welcome merry Christmas

And you in velvet all adorned
Defying Winter's tempest's storm
O spare one garment from your store
To clothe the poor at Christmas

CHORUS:

And all remember, gentles gay
For you who bask in fortune's ray
The year is all a holiday
The poor have only Christmas

You who the costly banquet deal
To friends who never famine feel
O spare one morsel from your meal
To feed the poor at Christmas

CHORUS

So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the poor at Christmas
Bless the poor at Christmas

LIGHTING THE CHALICE (unison) by Jean Batson-Turner

May the flame of this chalice light our pathways to a sacred circle of hope, compassion and love. May we build together a sanctuary for the marginalized in our midst. May we seek the light of a brave new society as we create a culture of equality and justice.

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.

JESSE'S CAROL

Heidi Muller

It's the time again in the city when the stores are all open at night
The bright shining star at the Bon Marche is hung from a five-story height
And the people crowd round and fill up their arms
As the registers ring in the cash
While down in the Square you will find others there
Looking for food in the trash

It's the time again in the city when the neighborhood takes on a shine
Door decorations and colored lights, bayberry, holly and pine
And the woodsmoke rises into the sky
As folks go out shopping for trees
While the ones who didn't get to the mission tonight
Are hoping just not to freeze

It's the time again in the city when people are starting to smile
Carols are sung while stockings are hung and children stay close all the while
And Jesse still stands at the corner of Fourth
With that faraway look in her eye
Lost and alone with no place to call home
And no reason left to try

It's Christmas again in the city, does anyone want to hear
The muttering wino who's asking for change or the sound of the silent tear
While we stay warm and loved and fed
Thousands with no place to go
Are watching our world of holiday cheer
On the streets in the rain and the snow

TURN IT AROUND

Eileen McGann

Cold night in December in a shelter on the Bloor Street line

Ice on the windows, ice in his bones, no warmth, no wine

Plastic magic wishing wand on the frozen ground

See the sparkle catch his eye now as he turns it around

CHORUS:

Turn it around, turn it around

See the silver stars fall from a blue, blue sky

Are you wishing in hope or do you wish you could die

Or do you wish you could turn it around

Cold night in December, in an earlier time, a different place

Warmth all around him, a fireplace glows on a young boy's face

Nose to the window, snowflakes dance in the street lamp's glare

See the sparkle catch his eye now, can you see it in there

CHORUS

Cold night in December and a young man drifts through falling snow

Light shines from windows, but it don't shine on him,

He's got someplace to go

Lights in the bar room glitter down on an empty glass

See the sparkle catch his eye now, did it find you at last?

CHORUS

Cold night in December in a shelter on the Bloor Street line

Ice on the windows, ice in his bones, no warmth, no wine

Snowflakes and raindrops mingle on the icy ground

See it sparkle in his blue, blue eyes now, as he turns it around

CHORUS

BIG GREEN HOUSE

Susan Urban

My daughter and me have a room here
In this big green house on a busy city street.
The names that we go by are not the ones we had
When we lived in that million dollar house.

There's an underground railroad of women
Who will take you in, give you clothes and food to eat,
They'll move you again, when they must, to keep you safe
From a brutal and unrelenting spouse.

And now it's come round to December,
There are folks who come bringing parties, gifts and cakes,
Their hearts full of kindness, they look us in the eye,
For they know they could be here in our place.

CHORUS:

Once I thought everyone was cold and selfish,
And that no one cares for another person's good.
That was all I was brought up to believe in
In that mansion fine in that wealthy neighborhood.
Now I'm one of that rabble that I never thought I'd be,
What a tough way to find out the good in humanity.

When New Year comes round, we will move on,
To a tiny town near the coast in Oregon.
A job there for me and a good school for my girl,
And a story to cover where we're from.

By Christmas next year we'll be better,
We will live in peace, and the nightmares will be done.
The neighbors will ask us to dinner Christmas Day,
Ordinary is what we will become.

And all from the kindness of strangers,
There are some whose faces we'll never get to see.
They rescued a rich girl who married the wrong man,
And they never even thought to blame me.

CHORUS

My daughter and me have a room here
In this big green house on a busy city street.
The names that we go by are not the ones we had
When we lived in that million dollar house.

CHRISTMAS IS A COMIN'

re-written by Frank Luther

Christmas is a comin', and the lights are on the tree,
How about a turkey leg for poor old me,
If you haven't got a turkey leg, a turkey wing'll do,
If you haven't got a turkey wing, may god bless you.

God bless you, gentleman, god bless you,

If you haven't got a turkey wing, may god bless you.

Christmas is a comin', and the geese are gettin' fat,
Please to put a penny in a poor man's hat.

If you haven't got a penny, then a ha'penny'll do.

If you haven't got a ha'penny, may god bless you.

God bless you, gentleman, god bless you,

If you haven't got a ha'penny, may god bless you.

Christmas is a comin', and the egg is in the nog,
Please to let me sit around your old yule log.

If you'd rather I didn't sit around, to stand around'll do,

If you'd rather I didn't stand around, may god bless you.

God bless you, gentleman, god bless you,

If you'd rather I didn't stand around, may god bless you.

God bless you, gentleman, god bless you,

If you haven't got a thing for me, may god bless you.

UNISON CHALICE EXTINGUISHING

Carry the Flame of Peace and Love Until We Meet Again.

AMERICAN NOEL

Dave Carter

Three wise men ridin hard through the cold
Lost on some big city street with no place warm to go
They are lookin for a manger, or a sign in the lights
But they're a long way from Bethlehem tonight

CHORUS 1:

But they heard about a savior
And a preacher in the park
Who will camp with the homeless
Where they shiver in the dark
He'll deliver salvation
To the weary and the cold

And he'll bring joy, joy, joy to the wanderin soul
The cleaning lady sighs as she closes up the gate
This job don't quite pay the bills and she's always workin late
But all in a moment comes a light from above
It's an angel speaking words of joy and love

CHORUS 2:

And he tells her of a savior
And a preacher in the park
Who will camp with the homeless
Under bridges in the dark
He'll deliver salvation
To the weary and the cold

And he'll bring joy, joy, joy to the wanderin soul
Four in the mornin at the Trade Winds Motel
The register reads all full up and the clerk thinks, just as well
But out in the tool shed by an old Coleman Lamp
A little family makes its meager camp
And the wise men bring presents
And the angels gather 'round
The cleaning lady slips in through the door without a sound
And an old black dog looks on with the rest
At the little babe upon his mother's breast

CHORUS 3:

And there comes a savior
And a preacher in the park
And he camps with the homeless
Where they shiver in the dark
He delivers salvation
To the weary and the cold
And he brings joy, joy, joy to the wanderin soul
He brings joy, joy, joy to the wanderin soul