

Pre-Prelude: Bruce/Diana “We Drew a Circle”

Words by: Edwin Markham

Brass piece by: Bruce Cleaveland

Vocal Melody: Diana Sargent

Bruce Cleaveland: Trumpet

Diana Sargent: vocals/keys

### Greeting Words of Welcome

Good Morning, Everyone; my name is Diana Sargent. I'd like to welcome you all to this summer service. If you are stopping by for the first time today, then we offer you a special welcome into our UU Community. At this time, I'd like to take a moment to give us all a chance to greet and/or introduce ourselves to the people around us.

We will begin our service now by lighting the chalice, which is a symbol of unity, of light, of community. Craig Cleaveland will light the candle, then read a passage.

### Chalice Words

This passage is from the book: “Not Fade Away (a short life well-lived)”: by Peter Barton.

*I've been letting go, and this...yes, I'll call it a surrender...this surrender has been accompanied by something strange and wonderful. I'm not sure I can adequately describe it. But let me look for words that will at least come close.*

*A kind of singing quiet has been settling over me.*

*It arrived unbidden. It took me by surprise. I've had neither strength nor inclination to fight it off or question it.*

*Maybe this quiet is nothing more or less than what some people mean by acceptance. Or peace. Or grace. But there's a richness to it, a texture, that I did not expect.*

*It isn't passive; only still. It's close to death yet full of life. For me, this quiet is another form of music. It's music without motion, just a harmony frozen in time. I wish I could explain how I've finally arrived at this amazing calm. Truthfully, though, I suspect that I did not achieve this quiet, or even find it. It found me when the time was right.*

### **PRELUDE: Falling Slowly: from the film: Once**

If you look inside your program book today, you will find a square of paper, with mandalas on both sides. This is part of an activity in which we can jot down some of our

own thoughts on the topic today, Embracing While Letting Go, throughout the service. Later, there will be an opportunity to fashion our own origami paper cranes, with the words folded into the inside and outside. The intent of this is to give each of us a chance to think about personal concepts we are currently striving to let go of and to embrace, either separately, or simultaneously. As daily challenges can be often so very complex, it is not always an easy task to maintain balance in life. The struggle for stasis in the outer world of infinite choices and actions often leaves us no choice but to embark on the stark path of inner discovery, one in which we seek consciously to separate clarity from nebulosity, grasp concreteness from abstraction, and select our truths from other people's fictions.

Part of this journey includes acceptance that there exists a perplexing, yet ongoing, ever flowing relationship between our intent, and that never-ending process of letting go and embracing. As artists, observers and co-creators of our own life paths, many of us come to discover a multitude of tools, including artistic, kinesthetic, and poetic expressions. These expressions can be extremely positive and helpful, in that they often serve to reveal the undiscovered aspects of our deepest inner questions and shadows, just as they share and reveal aspects of the aware mind, fully conscious of its unique intent. More importantly, open-ended creative pursuits provide us with the opportunity to share sacred "vessels," catalysts molded uniquely from the clay of our personal inner growth conclusions. These flow outwardly into the world as beacons of validation and hope for a world of people, past, present and future.

Indeed, artistry honors the merging of all opposing concepts we must contend with, leaving visible representations and markers behind us, of universally shared life stages, feelings, and thoughts. In my own world, creative expression has been the most important means through which I've honored and marked my own continuous, challenging process of inner growth, while accepting the flowing and unresolved nature of life's complexity.

And so, this is an artistic celebration, as well as a service. As we progress, feel free to jot down random ideas about embracing and letting go on both sides of your paper, in and outside of the mandalas. There are no rules! You might choose which side of the paper "feels" instinctively like letting go and which side represents "embracing," and then you can record your personal thoughts on the respective sides, at your own pace. Don't feel pressured to write anything right away, because you may also prefer to wait until you find a sacred time and place to create your own art form. After the service, I invite anyone who would like to stay, to fashion this mandala/word art into origami paper cranes. We will be here, for any and all who would like to celebrate this activity, and to socialize. If you cannot stay, you will find directions inside the program book to fashion your crane at home. The tables are also covered with paper; there are markers, clay, and colored pencils for you to play with freely throughout the service. The reason we have set the service up this way is to invite all minds and hands to work freely, to have a chance to create, to doodle or just listen. You might wonder what the clay is for! You can decide if and how to mold it. I've put it there because during the sermon I will talk a little bit about the value of vessels. Feel free to make your own.

Please join us in singing Hymn #9 No Longer Forward nor Behind

Joys and Concerns- There is a time during every service that those who would like to share any joys or concerns may have a chance to do so. If you are experiencing any

particular joy in your life, a birth, graduation, special event, or new ideal that you are embracing and/or letting go, please feel free to share it with us now.

.....And now, the concerns.

As I light a candle for all the joys, and all the concerns, let us send loving thoughts and healing energy to all those in this community, and outwardly to the world.

***Outreach Collection: Star Island***

**Song: Caresse Sur L'Océan by Bruno Coulais: from the movie: The Chorus**

To help bring awareness and this community into a spirit of openness for our topic today, Embracing While letting Go, I'd like to invite all of us to partake in a guided meditation. If you prefer to draw instead, please feel free.

This MEDITATION ON LOVING-KINDNESS, or *metta*, is the first of the four "Abodes of the Buddha," also known as the *Brahmaviharas*. Meditation to arouse and sustain loving-kindness is a staple of community development in Sri Lanka. It is accorded silence at the outset of every meeting. Organizers and village workers find it useful in developing motivation for service and overcoming feelings of hostility or inadequacy in themselves and others.

*Close your eyes and begin to relax, exhaling to expel tension. Now center in on the normal flow of the breath, letting go of all extraneous thoughts as you passively watch the breathing-in and breathing-out.*

*Now call to mind someone you love very dearly...in your mind's eye see the face of that beloved one...silently speak her or his name...Feel your love for this being, like a current of energy coming through you...Now let your-self experience how much you want this person to be free from fear; how in-tensely you desire that this person be released from greed and ill-will, from confusion and sorrow and the causes of suffering...That desire, in all its sincerity and strength, is metta, the great loving kindness.....*

*Continuing to feel that warm energy flow coming through the heart, see in your mind's eye those with whom you share your daily life, family members, close friends and colleagues, the people you live and work with...Let them appear now as in a circle around you. Behold them one by one, silently speaking their names...and direct to each in turn that same current of loving--kindness...Among these beings may be some with whom you are uncomfortable, in conflict, or tension. With those especially, experience your desire that each be free from fear, from hatred, free from greed and ignorance and the causes of suffering.....*

*Now allow to appear, in wider concentric circles, your family members, friends, and your acquaintances...Let the beam of loving-kindness play on them as well, pausing on the faces that appear randomly in your mind's eye. With them as well, experience how much you want their freedom from greed, fear; hatred and confusion, how much you want all beings to be happy.....*

*Beyond them, in concentric circles that are wider, let appear now, in your mind, all beings with whom you share this planet-time. Though you have not met, your lives are interconnected in ways beyond knowing. To these beings as well, direct the same powerful current of loving-kindness. Experience your intention that each awaken from fear and hatred, from greed and confusion...that all beings be released from suffering.*

*We now direct the loving-kindness now to all the restless spirits that roam in suffering, prey to fear and confusion. May they find rest...may they rest in the great loving kindness and in the deep peace it brings.....*

*By the power of imagination, let us move out now beyond our planet, out into the universe, into other solar systems, other galaxies, other fields of energy. Knowing that the energy of loving-kindness is not affected by physical distances, we direct our loving intent now, as if aiming a beam of light, to all centers of conscious life...And to all sentient beings, we direct our heartfelt wish that they, too, be free of fear and greed, of hatred and confusion and the causes of suffering...May all beings be happy.....*

*Now, as if from out there in the interstellar distances, we turn and behold our own planet, our home...We see it suspended in the blackness of space, blue and white jewel planet turning in the light of its sun.....Slowly we approach it, drawing nearer, nearer, returning to this part of it, this region, this place...And as you approach this place, let yourself see the being you know best of all...the person it has been given you to be in this lifetime...You know this person better than anyone else does, know its pain and its hopes, know its need for love, know how hard it tries...Let the face of this being, your own face, appear before you...speak the name you are called in love...And experience, with that same strong energy-current of loving-kindness, how deeply you intend that this being be free from fear, released from greed and hatred, liberated from ignorance and confusion and the causes of suffering...The great loving-kindness linking you to all beings is now directed to your own self...know now the fullness of it.*

***PLEASE JOIN US IN SINGING: Hymn # 123: Spirit of Life***

The theme of the service today is “Embracing While Letting Go.” As we navigate our life paths, the challenges can sometimes be overwhelming. Whether or not we are struggling with the kinds of concerns that bombard us from every direction on a daily basis, or whether or not we are soaring in the heights of some new life joy, it is natural, easy, and human to find ourselves in a forest of Unaware. Nevertheless, we are always in an ongoing and complex relationship with letting go; we are also always immersed in a relationship with embracing: new ideals, relationships, goals, and deeper ways of thinking.

The words for reflection focus on one Key that has the power to bring us to a view of ourselves from outside the forest of emotional reactions to our experiences. This key can unlock the power of our observation, which is always present within, and whose job is to oversee with non-judgment, all our ways of thinking, acting, and believing. Whether we notice that we are holding on to our expectations too tenaciously, or whether we recognize that we are letting go of things and ideas before we are ready, or doing so too self-righteously, the Key of objective self-observation itself is known as Awareness, and the door we unlock while in a state of awareness is Openness. The practice and goal of

Awareness brings us from out of our own forest, where we can embrace and let go of things more effortlessly, more instinctively, and with an objective non-judgment of self or any other.

This reading is from: "Learning to Fall, The Blessings of an Imperfect Life" by Philip Simmons, a man who shared his unique voice of artistic expression, which was: creative inner visualization. Words were his means of sharing the joy of his life fully, and embracing a kinesthetic understanding of the deep connection between those subtle forces of which he was aware within his body, and the fabric of the universe, all the while simultaneously letting go of all expectation in the inevitable outcome of his own life-threatening illness, ALS.

"This place that I live in is, in my opinion, the most beautiful place in the universe. When I walk on the soft earth of the forest floor, I can feel myself growing down into the earth as though my toes were turning into roots as I walk; when I breathe in the scent of redwood boughs and water and earth, I absorb those things into my blood and they are a part of me; when I watch the sun setting over the ocean, the sky is on fire and my heart is on fire and as the sun glows, so do I. When there is fog and it is cool outside, my own breath fogs and mingles with the ground-cloud around me and floats on to nourish the forest along with the mist from the bay. As it is beautiful, so am I. When our solar system was spinning into condensation, the same dust that made the sun also formed planets, and the same stellar dust of this planet eventually formed me. Someday, it will be a star again; maybe later it will become other planets, or stars, or novae. The wood of my desk is made of cells very like my own, and contains nucleotides that would be indistinguishable from my own; the bones and vessels and nerves of my body are arranged in the same pattern as those of my dog, though some of the shapes are different. I could no more live separate from this sacred universe than a cell of mine could live outside of me, without the blood and heart and muscle that sustains my whole."

*Let us pause for a moment to reflect on these words.*

Piece: Bach/Gounod Prelude in C (modern lyrics for Gounod melody by Diana Sargent (aka Oria Blue):

*Ebb and flow of lives:*

*Lingering waves of ancient tides*

*Dream in mists both far and wide.*

*Magic is the moment that we See.*

*No longer are we broken.*

*Silent love be spoken.*

*Never shy away from the one Truth that shines within.*

*Our beacon: Awakening, a miracle, ethereal, and comforting.*

*And now to move on through the days,*

*Grasping all we can always!*

*Love is ever flowing through our veins;*

*Let peace envelop every thought and single step.*

*Amen.*

## SERMON

The Chalice Words read earlier today were written by Peter Barton, one successful, young media mogul, father, husband, musician, passionate lover of life. To all appearances, this man had it all, a large sprawling home, beautiful family, riches galore, and the drive to match his rise to unparalleled success in the media business. Yet, in the middle of his world, terminal cancer suddenly intervened. What I so appreciate about this book is the raw honesty with which this man shared his rapid and passionate free-fall from letting go of his expectation of longevity, to a brand new world in which he emerged from a cocoon to embrace life much more fully, completely awake and at peace from moment-to-moment, from the inside out, without reservation.

For the many of us are not given the grace of true Consciousness finding us suddenly, as it engaged Peter Barton through the catalyst of his terminal illness, the tendency is that most of us awaken a bit more gradually, for example, through meditation, yoga, creative pursuits, and inner work, but most notably, when that inevitable period of unexpected suffering comes, along with the entire Trojan Army carrying the sum of all the dark nights of our soul.

Life has the unique knack of bringing with it the kind of suffering that leaves us no other choice but to find creative ways to become starkly aware of our inner workings, and to learn how to both let go while embracing, not around but through all the hard knocks and disillusionment.

In my own life, I've considered myself to be somewhat expansive, but, like all of us, I'm a bit afraid to admit that I struggle mightily with the challenge of embracing and letting go, and with understanding just where I stand with each state inside my heart. I wrestle with both will and perspective, and often find difficulty in picking which lens I might choose to see through and act upon, on any particular day. As an example, I'm currently living with the challenge of lupus and asthma. Illness has taught me to expect that there will be some unknown amount of time, wonderful periods in which I am relatively healthy, in which I can celebrate the joy of walking, bicycling, playing music, singing, violin and piano, composing, climbing mountains. There are also unpredictable periods of time in which I will find myself, often quite suddenly, having to rest for days or weeks in bed, or in the hospital, counting ceiling tiles, accepting the challenge of dealing with long-term effects of high-dose prednisone, hoping always, but without any expectation, that my normal energy levels, along with the joy of breathing, working, reading and taking out the trash, will eventually return, not on my desire's terms, but on that of my body's process.

The way life has taught me to come to view things, (and only after railing at the gods futilely for years), is that as long as I'm embracing the idea of wellness, this belief does not contradict nor negate the reality or potentiality of illness or sudden death, and vice versa. I've learned that the largest source of suffering and time waste has been my own expectation, which of course always desires to maintain control over everything, life and health notwithstanding. Expectation is a very powerful force; it is not willing to accept

the possibility of failure. So to mitigate my own suffering, I've come to choose to constantly redirect my focus to remaining awake and alive, in every single moment; it is the only way I have found works for me to embrace while letting go. I try to maintain this philosophy, not because of any special reason other than the desire to reduce suffering, to increase a sense of joy while in the midst of the darkest hours. I like to celebrate the only thing I can control; the lens through which I choose to witness the preciousness of now.

Some of the music you are hearing today involves the use of my voice. For over 8 years, due to effects of my health issues, I woke up one day to find that I could barely speak, never mind sing. During that time, I was devastated. I had no idea if and when my voice would return. Suddenly, in 2006, my voice restored itself, without reason. I'm not sure if my voice will work even today. But as long as it is working, I will sing, because I embrace singing, while letting go of the outcome of two minutes from now, whether it is singing, walking, climbing mountains, or breathing. I will always appreciate the gift of being able to sing, just now, and just for today. Lupus, among other challenges, have woken me up enough to embrace moments, while letting go of outcomes, without judging or berating myself. It's never about achieving perfection, and it is anything but a perfect process. I still rail at the gods on a daily basis. The difference now is that I can laugh heartily at my days of ranting. Regardless, It's really always about Being.

And so, given that Awakening can be challenging, and that it doesn't necessarily guarantee that our lives will change or improve either at all or right away, which is the more effective lens that each of us should choose to see through, each and every day of life?

Is it Embracing, or is it Letting Go?

At first glance, it seems an easy answer. Those of us who have packed in more than a few decades of living on this earth can attest to the importance of that lofty ideal of letting go. Certainly, ALL things, ideals, jobs, beliefs, and people we surround ourselves with over the years, do eventually change, fade away, die or get forgotten in the meandering maze of modern life experiences.

Let's stop to think about one of the words or sentences we may have just thought about or jotted down on the "letting go" side of our crane squares. Does it feel uncomfortable to write it, never mind read it on the mandala? What will it feel like to let go of this thing, this expectation, this old way of thinking, that person? Will there be a void in the wake of its absence? Take a moment to honor the value of what will be lost after the letting go. Take a moment also to honor the value of the void left in its wake. What, if anything, is to be done about that Void?

As Lao Tzu once said:

*"The thirty spokes unite in the one center; but it is on the empty space for the axle that the use of the wheel depends. Clay is fashioned into vessels; but it is on their empty hollowness that their use depends. The door and windows are cut out from the walls to form an apartment; but it is on the empty space that its use depends. Therefore, whatever has being is profitable, but what does not have being can be put to use."*

Each of us knows that it is excruciating to accept, (especially when we go through a pattern of difficulties), that the skill of letting go of every single one of our expectations is crucial to our inner peace and sanity. If we wouldn't let go, we might insist on

keeping our yards filled with garden gnomes, fearing the loss of our very favorite one. We might remain obsessed with finding that one lost key, hidden among the overwhelming pile of the sum of beloved treasures and thoughts, (as opposed to going out and buying another one or of approaching our thinking more openly). Our adult children might never move out of the house, we'd be so afraid of change that we'd stay miserable and tied, to one horrendous job, or loyal to the friends who'd betrayed us repeatedly. Perhaps we'd stay in marriages and relationships that kept us from maturing and growing. Most importantly, without facing the difficult and scary process of letting go (for balanced, healthy and conscious reasons), we'd find it more difficult to bear the loss of a best friend, partner or parent, never mind facing the eventuality of our own deaths. If we don't ever meditate, or consciously embark on a process of letting go, we all know keenly that, upon death's untimely appearance, none of us have any choice. How many of us can say that we have ever meditated upon the moment just before our own death?

And so, thinking about the moment of this death, what will the sum of our regrets be? What if we've never lived a life of discernment, openness and awakening, in which ample amounts of embracing and letting go flowed freely as a constellation of life decisions we had made, passionately and fearlessly?

As strong-willed as we are to aspire to the ideal of letting go of all treasured things, ideals and beliefs, of shaking up the bag of life before we die, we also tend to waste a lot of time on cultivate inner states of regret and self/other-flagellation. God forbid that our last memory be that of not having emptied that overstuffed garage, of never having let go of winning that last tenacious argument with a spouse or friend, or of never having the courage to let go of our inhibitions enough to say I love you to our family members each and every day. All of us find ourselves in a daily struggle with judging ourselves, and each other, about BOTH letting go and embracing. To varying degrees, the choice of subtle discernment, within this ongoing struggle is ever-present, and it is one we must face every day. As both concepts seem inexorably entwined, it seems far more important to learn how to Observe what is going on in our hearts and minds with non-judgment, at all times; this seems also the key to achieving a healthy balance.

Philip Simmons, suffering from ALS, touches on a stark image paralleling Lao Tzu's wisdom in his book, *Learning to Fall*:

(Feel free to manipulate your own clay during this quote, as the image is quite stark and beautiful.)

"I have a friend here in town who is a potter, and one day last summer he showed us how to make a pot. You start by slapping a lump of clay on the wheel and centering it so that it spins smoothly. To shape the clay, you press the spinning lump between your palms, gouge your thumbs into its center, and pull the whole mass toward you so the clay's rotation is no longer centered on the wheel but on the space between your hands. Squeezing between thumb and fingertips, you pull upward from base to rim, pulling the pot into form and then gently releasing it to spin smoothly on the wheel again. In a master's hands, it takes three pulls to form a pot, and the hardest part is learning how to let the clay go each time. You must let go and let the clay find the center of the wheel; if you try to force it there, the pot will wobble."

As a violinist and teacher, I have instructed time and again that to hold a bow requires complete relaxation in the hand. Too tight a grip will destroy the sound production on

the string of the violin. What is interesting is that, nine times out of ten, a student will work overly hard to grasp the bow; the more stressfully the bow is held, the less successfully that a continuous sound will be produced. The task, as counterintuitive as it seems, is to let go of the grip, to the degree that the hand is completely relaxed, and it looks and feels absolutely effortless. If done successfully, this feels as if one is about to drop the bow altogether.

On the flip side of the same spiritual coin, sometimes life throws too many challenges at us at once. We don't like to suffer, so we often get pretty adept at letting go of everything, (including even our hope). At this point, we can even arrive at a place where we've embraced the idea of superhuman independence and self-righteousness. We might feel proud of having reached a state devoid of feeling in which we have successfully relinquished everything we have ever cared about, believing in the illusion of having single-handedly whipped the boogey man of "holding on." We can even come to feel so un-encumbered as to demonstrate to everyone just how detached from life, along with the slings and arrows of misfortune, our egos have become. This, too, can be equally a place of imbalance, just as holding on too tenaciously once was.

As Anthony de Mello said in his book, *Awareness*: "Anytime you renounce something, you are tied forever to the thing you renounce. There's a guru in India who says, "'Every time a prostitute comes to me, she's talking about nothing but God. She says I'm sick of this life that I'm living. I want God. But every time a priest comes to me he's talking about nothing but sex.'" Very well, when you renounce something, you're stuck to it forever. When you fight something, you're tied to it forever. As long as you are fighting it you are giving it power."

De Mello points out that when we forcibly push our unwanted desires or feelings away, or when we eschew the idea of embracing altogether, then the very thing we wish to push away haunts us, which is just as unhealthy as holding on too tightly.

This Jesuit monk continues: "Some of us get woken up by the harsh realities of life. We suffer so much that we wake up. But people keep bumping again and again into life. They still go on sleepwalking. They never wake up. Tragically, it never occurs to them that there may be another way. Still, if you haven't been bumped sufficiently by life, and you haven't suffered enough, then there is another way: to listen."

Discernment invites us to wake up to honest and simple observation: sometimes when we think we are letting go, we may actually truly be grasping, and vice versa. And so, HOW DO WE DISCERN when our lens is out of focus, and how do we awaken enough so that we are free to discover creative ways to approach the achievement of balance?

Philip Simmons describes this so perfectly:

"This is the rhythm of our lives. We need the pulling, the striving, we need to be shaped by life. We need to be deformed so that we may return to form. For we are not angels but men and women of clay. All of us will be pulled off center, we will be shaped by both disaster and delight. So we need to learn the art of returning home, returning to center, letting go of all that binds us too tightly to both fear and to hope, letting go of our attachment to both doom and reward, letting go of all that leaves us wobbling. When we learn to return home in this way, we will return bearing gifts."

Many significant works of religious leaders, mystics, writers, terminal illness sufferers and Eastern philosophers remind mankind, throughout history, of the importance of Awareness as the key to unlock openness. These works encourage us all to enhance the quality of life by using Consciousness to help us reduce emotional responses to suffering. For those of us not fond of the practice of Buddhism or daily meditation, following the latest New Age guru, or of volunteering to put ourselves through the process of a horrendous disease, the art of cultivating spirituality and, thus, the Observer within each of us, can be developed by many creative and unique means:

For example, by working diligently to cultivate and listen to the voice of our instinct, a crucial drive within that calls strongly to us to embrace objectivity in action and depth, as we proceed throughout our days and way, every moment becomes a beautiful opportunity to shake up our respective bags of life, and to act in accordance with our most natural birthrights in context to our community.

By constantly re-igniting our unique sparks of inner passion, consciously looking at life through the lens of that timeless inner child, along with its untrammelled innocence, we express our most authentic selves, from which the delicate dance between letting go and embracing is set to flow freely, playfully, and with a beautiful sense of humor.

Living steadfastly by the Golden Rule keeps us honest and non-judgmental; it reminds us that empathy is the best way to measure our life's value here on earth.

By letting go of our inhibitions, walking from one moment to the next, never ceasing to see, taste, smell, dance, touch, hear and feel the miraculous wonderment, here and now, and by having absolutely no fear in sharing our love unabashedly with an ever-expanding community of loved ones, we remind ourselves that interdependence is not only a necessity, but a privilege we earn.

By resolving to grow old gracefully and practice a multitude of free forms of creativity eccentrically, we stoke a spirit of adventure and reckless abandon.

By considering all decisions as if they were to be made just before our last breath, we keep keenly alive the idea that of all things, our lives can indeed begin and end with a richness that is absent of any and all regrets, vessels alternating delightfully between many experiences of fullness and emptiness.

As I was completing this sermon, I came across a beautiful letter my fiancé Craig wrote to me two years ago; it speaks to the heart of this service. He has given permission for me to share it.

### *Time for a serenade*

*Time to make a big dent in the bottomless hat...time to let the adventure begin...time to dwell in the moment that never ends...time to reach beyond the ordinary, to the extraordinary...time for shared hopes and dreams to flourish...time to take risks, knowing and trusting that what comes our way is meant to be...time to experience and be ourselves, as individuals and as a couple...time to simultaneously seduce and be*

*seduced...time to be open, accepting and grow in awareness without judgment...time to rock the boat, feel the edge...time to be totally immersed...time to be and time to be alive...and afterwards, time to be thankful for all we have been given.*

So let's walk on today, with compassion, discernment, and joy in hand. Let us find joy, peace and acceptance in each and every moment. Life is precious, and I am thankful that you are all here today. If you'd like to stay awhile, complete some art projects, make a crane, or simply enjoy some social time, please feel free to join us. We'd love to enjoy your company, and if you like, we can save the tablecloths and cranes to share with our fellow UU Community in some way.

Please join us in singing: Go Now in Peace.

Postlude: Trumpet Voluntary: Henry Purcell

V\Bruce Cleaveland: Trumpet

Diana Sargent: Organ