

In Remembrance

Unitarian Universalist Community Church of Washington County, Hillsboro, OR: Kathryn

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Chalice Lighting: In our time of grief, we light a flame of sharing, the flame of ongoing life. In this time when we search for understanding and serenity in the face of loss, we light this sign of our quest for truth, meaning, and harmony. Christine C. Robinson

Singing: 389 Gathered Here: Singing the Living Tradition

Gathered here in the mystery of the hour.
Gathered here in one strong body.
Gathered here in the struggle and the power.
Spirit, draw near.

Opening Words: To Everything There Is A Season

To everything there is a season,
A time for everything under the sun
A time to be born and a time to die
A time to laugh and a time to cry
A time to dance and a time to mourn
A time to seek and a time to let go.
This is the time we remember
One who gave meaning to our lives.
This is the time we remember the bonds that tied us together,
The love that we shared,
And the memories that remain with us still.

Check-In: *How is it with your spirit? What have been the high points and low points in your life since we last met?*

Readings:

When death or dying comes calling at the door, like a bracing wind it clears our being of pettiness. It connects us to others. More alert to life's fragility, we reawaken to life's preciousness. To be fully human is to care, and attending to death prompts the most eloquent form of caring imaginable. -Rev. Forrest Church, Unitarian Universalist minister

It's only when we truly know and understand that we have a limited time on earth—that we have no way of knowing when our time is up—that we will begin to love each day to the fullest, as if it was the only one we had."-Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, MD, Swiss-American psychiatrist, author, and pioneer in studies of death and dying

To live in this world you must be able to do three things: To love what is mortal; to hold it against your bones knowing your own live depends on it; And, when the time comes to let it go, to let it go. - Mary Oliver

We know that all is impermanent; we know that everything wears out. Although we can buy this truth intellectually, emotionally we have a deep-rooted aversion to it. We want permanence; we expect permanence. Our natural tendency is to seek security where we believe we can find it. We experience impermanence at the everyday level as frustration. We use our daily activity as a shield against the fundamental ambiguity of our situation, expending tremendous energy trying to ward off impermanence and death. We don't like that our bodies change shape. We don't like it that we age. We are afraid of wrinkles and sagging skin. We use health products as if we actually believe that our skin, our hair, our eyes and teeth, might somehow miraculously escape the truth of impermanence.

-Pema Chödrön, American Tibetan Buddhist nun, author

A garden is always a series of losses set against a few triumphs, like life itself.

-May Sarton, American poet, novelist, and memoirist

Of course you do your absolute best to find and hone and wield your divine gifts against the dark. You do your best to reach out tenderly to touch and elevate as many people as you can reach. You bring your naked love and defiant courage and salty grace to bear as much as you can....with all the attentiveness and humor you can muster...*this is..... after all....a miracle in which we live....and we ought to pay ferocious attention every moment...if possible.*"—author and poet, Brian Doyle

Reflection/Questions:

1. What blessing from knowing _____ will you carry forward with you?
2. What gifts did our Cov Group give to _____ over this past year?
3. How will knowing and sharing your spiritual journey with _____ influence your beliefs about God/The Spirit of Life and what you believe about human nature ?
4. What might you do differently?
5. How would you like to be remembered?
6. Responses to any of the readings

Likes & Wishes:

Closing Words: A Powell Davies

When sorrow comes, let us accept it simply,
As a part of life.
Let the heart open to pain; let it be stretched by it.
In the desolate hour, there is an outcry;
A clenching of the hands upon emptiness;
A burning pain of bereavement;
A weary ache of loss.
But anguish, like ecstasy, is not forever.
There comes a gentleness, a returning quietness,
A restoring stillness.
This, too, is a door to life.
Here, also, is a deepening of meaning—
And it can lead to dedication;
A going forward to the triumph of the soul,

The conquering of the wilderness.
And in the process will come
A deepening inward knowledge
That in the final reckoning, all is well.

Singing: Dona Nobis Pacem, #388 Singing the Living Tradition

Dona nobis pacem, pacem, dona nobis pacem. Dona nobis pacem, dona nobis pacem.
Dona nobis pacem, Dona nobis pacem, dona nobis pacem.

Note: "In Remembrance" was created after a beloved member died at the end of September and after we had met only once to start the new church year. She was a member of our group for several years and our journey with her through her illness had a significant impact on our group. She was also a charter member of our congregation and had served as board president twice.