

## Longing for Belonging

♪ <b>Prelude</b> <i>Prelude from Suite No. 1</i> (J. S. Bach)	Tom Mirhady
<b>Board Greeting &amp; Land Acknowledgement</b>	Jane Ebbert
<b>Chalice Lighting</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
<b>Welcome</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
♪ <b>Opening Song</b> <i>Open the Door</i> (Joyce Poley)	
<b>CYRE Happenings</b>	Sheila MacMaster
<b>Centering Time</b>	
<b>Words</b> <i>Promises We Make</i> (Gretchen Haley)	Lara Shannon
<b>Silence</b>	
♪ <b>Musical Response</b> <i>Largo from Sonata No. 5</i> (A. Vivaldi)	Tom Mirhady
<b>Pastoral Moment/Candles of Care</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
<b>Member Moment</b>	Daria Skibington-Roffel
♪ <b>Song</b> #360 <i>Here We Have Gathered</i>	
<b>Reflection I: Longing for Belonging</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
<b>Responsive Reading</b> # 654 <i>Impassioned Clay</i> (Ralph Helverson)	
<b>Reflection II: Longing for Belonging</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
<b>Offering</b>	Jane Ebbert
♪ <b>Music</b> <i>Two Madrigals: "Fair Phyllis" and "Sisters Awake"</i> (arr. R. Dishinger)	Tom Mirhady
<b>Closing Words</b> <i>We Hold Hope Close</i> (Rev Theresa I Soto)	Lara Shannon
♪ <b>Closing Song</b> # 1028 <i>Fire of Commitment</i>	
<b>Benediction / Extinguish of Chalice</b>	Rev Debra Faulk
♪ # 123 <i>Spirit of Life</i>	TriUU

**Coffee Hour**

## **Open the Door (Joyce Poley)**

Open the door, step right inside  
Come into this place where love and hope will abide  
Reach out your hand, I'll welcome you in  
It's so good to be together again

Start out the day wearing a grin  
Joyful faces make the people want to come in  
Open your arms to show that you care  
And our little light will shine everywhere

When you're in pain, trouble or doubt  
Let the love come in to help the hurting get out  
Open your heart to share how you feel  
And we'll build a church of love that is real

**Repeat 1st verse**

## **#360 Here We Have Gathered**

Here we have gathered, gathered side by side;  
circle of kinship, come and step inside!  
May all who seek here find a kindly word;  
may all who speak here feel they have been heard.  
Sing now together this, our hearts' own song.

Here we have gathered, called to celebrate  
days of our lifetime, matters small and great:  
we of all ages, sibling, cousins, friends,  
infants and sages, sharing what we can.  
Sing now together this, our hearts' own song.

Life has its battles, sorrows, and regret:  
but in the shadows, let us not forget:  
we who now gather know each other's pain;  
kindness can heal us: as we give, we gain.  
Sing now in friendship this, our hearts' own song.

## #1028 The Fire of Commitment

From the light of days remembered  
burns a beacon bright and clear  
Guiding hands and hearts and spirits  
Into faith set free from fear.

Chorus:

When the fire of commitment sets our mind and soul a blaze  
When our hunger and our passion meet to call us on our way  
When we live with deep assurance of the flame that burns within,  
Then our promise finds fulfillment and our future can begin.

From the stories of our living rings a song both brave and free,  
Calling pilgrims still to witness to the life of liberty.

From the dreams of youthful vision comes a new, prophetic voice,  
Which demands a deeper justice built by our courageous choice

## # 654 Impassioned Clay (Ralph N. Helverson)

Deep in ourselves resides the religious impulse.

*Out of the passions of our clay it rises.*

We have religion when we stop deluding ourselves that we are self-sufficient, self-sustaining, or self-derived.

*We have religion when we hold some hope beyond the present, some self-respect beyond our failures.*

We have religion when our hearts are capable of leaping up at beauty, when our nerves are edged by some dream in the heart.

*We have religion when we have an abiding gratitude for all that we have received.*

We have religion when we look upon people with all their failings and still find in them good; when we look beyond people to the grandeur in nature and to the purpose in our own heart.

*We have religion when we have done all that we can, and then in confidence entrust ourselves to the life that is larger than ourselves.*

## #123 Spirit of Life (Carolyn McDade)

Spirit of life, come unto me.  
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion.  
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea;  
Move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice.  
Root hold me close; wings set me free.  
Spirit of life, come to me, come to me