

ORDER OF WORSHIP
Sunday, September 20, 2020 10:30 AM
Join Online Zoom Meeting:

<https://zoom.us/j/92747785894?pwd=V01TR0h3dzJoZTZhcjZqL1BiRWhXZz09>

Prelude Music David Berry, Collaborative Pianist

INVOCATION The Reverend W. F. Wooden, Interim Minister

ANNOUNCEMENTS Marci Beaudoin, Director of Faith Formation

TIME FOR ALL AGES

Message Marci Beaudoin

GATHERING

Chalice Lighting Mary Rothschild, Worship Associate
We kindle this flame, symbol of our faith, for the light of truth, the warmth of community, and the fire of love which calls us to work for justice.

Welcome Mary Rothschild

*Hymn *Let It Be a Dance* Katie Seiferth, Director of Music Ministries
& David Berry

OFFERING

Offertory Words

CENTERING

*Centering Hymn *The Lone Wild Bird* Katie Seiferth & David Berry

Pastoral Prayer/Meditation The Rev. W. F. Wooden

*Special Music *“Waist Deep in the Big Muddy”* Katie Seiferth and
By Pete Seeger Andrew Seiferth

THEME

Sermon *“Waist Deep in the Big Muddy”* The Rev. W. F. Wooden

BLESSINGS ON OUR WAY

*Closing Hymn *May Nothing Evil Cross This Door* Katie Seiferth &
David Berry

Extinguishing the Chalice (our usual words are below, to be read in unison):

Though we extinguish the chalice, our connection to each other and this community remains. May its light guide us this week as we walk the path of justice, speak words of love, and fill our world with compassion until we meet again.

Benediction Mary Rothschild
The Rev. W. F. Wooden

SONG LYRICS

Let It Be A Dance We Do

Words and Music by Ric Masten,
Copyright 1977, Mastenville
Music (BMI), Arranged by Betty
A. Wylder, 1923-1994, Copyright
1992, UUA.

Let it be a dance we do.
May I have this dance with you?
Through the good times and the
bad times, too, let it be a dance.

Let a danc-ing song be heard.
Play the mu-sic, say the words,
And fill the sky with
Sail-ing birds.

Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
Learn to fol-low, learn to lead,
Feel the rhy-thm, fill the need
To reap the har-vest,
Plant the seed.
Let it be a dance.

Ev-ery-bod-y turn and spin,
Let your bod-y learn to bend,
And, like a wil-low with the wind,
Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
A child is born, the old must die;
A time for joy, a time to cry.
Take it as it pass-es by.
Let it be a dance.

Morn-ing star comes out at night,
With-out the dark
There is no light.
If noth-ing's wrong,

Then noth-ing's right.
Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
Let it be a dance.
Let the sun shine, let it rain;
Share the laugh-ter, bear the pain,
And round and round we
Go a-gain.
Let it be a dance.

The Lone, Wile Bird

Words by H.R. MacFayden, Music by
William Walker's *Southern Harmony*,
1835.

The lone, wild bird in loft-y flight
Is still with thee, nor leaves thy sight.
And I am thine! I rest in thee.
Great spir-it come and rest in me.

The ends of earth are in they hand,
The sea's dark deep and far-off land.
And I am thine! I rest in thee.
Great spir-it come and rest in me.

Waist Deep in the Big Muddy

Words and music by Pete Seeger,
Published by Melody Trails Inc.,
Copyright 1967, T.R.O. INC. (BMI).

It was back in nineteen forty-two,
I was a member of a good platoon.
We were on maneuvers in-a Louisiana,
One night by the light of the moon.
The captain told us to ford a river,
That's how it all begun.
We were -- knee deep in the Big Muddy,
But the big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure,
This is the best way back to the base?"
"Sergeant, go on! I forded this river
'Bout a mile above this place.
It'll be a little soggy but just keep
slogging. We'll soon be on dry ground."
We were, waist deep in the Big Muddy
The big fool said to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, with all this
equipment, no man will be able to
swim."
"Sergeant, don't be a Nervous Nellie,"
The Captain said to him.
"All we need is a little determination;
Men, follow me, I'll lead on."
We were, neck deep in the Big Muddy
The big fool said to push on.

All at once, the moon clouded over,
We heard a gurgling cry.
A few seconds later, the captain's helmet
Was all that floated by.
The Sergeant said, "Turn around men!
I'm in charge from now on."
And we just made it out of the Big
Muddy with the captain dead and gone.

We stripped and dived and found his
body stuck in the old quicksand.
I guess he didn't know that the water was
deeper than the place he'd once before
been.
Another stream had joined the Big
Muddy
'Bout a half mile from where we'd gone.
We were lucky to escape from the Big
Muddy
When the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not going to point any moral,
I'll leave that for yourself

Maybe you're still walking, you're still
talking you'd like to keep your health.
But every time I read the papers
That old feeling comes on;
We're, waist deep in the Big Muddy
The big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy
The big fool says to push on.
Waist deep in the Big Muddy
The big fool says to push on.
Waist deep! Neck deep! Soon even a
Tall man'll be over his head, we're
Waist deep in the Big Muddy!
The big fool says to push on!

May Nothing Evil Cross This Door
Words by Louis Untermeyer, Copyright
1923, renewed 1951 by Louis
Untermeyer, used by perm. of Harcourt
Brace Jovanovich, Music by Robert N.
Quaile.

May noth-ing e-vil cross this door,
And may ill for-tune nev-er
Pry a-bout these win-dows;
May the roar and rain go by.

By faith made strong, the raft-ers will
With-stand the bat-tering of the storm.
This hearth, though all the world grow
Chill, will keep you warm.

Peace shall walk soft-ly through these
Rooms, tough-ing our lips with ho-ly
Wine, till ev-'ry cas-ual cor-ner blooms
In-to a shrine.

With laugh-ter drown the rau-cous shout,
And, though these shel-tering walls are
Thin, may they be strong to keep hate
Out and hold love in.