

ORDER OF WORSHIP
Sunday, October 18, 2020 10:30 AM
[Click Here to Join our Zoom Worship Service:](#)

Prelude Music David Berry, Piano
INVOCATION Rev. Wooden
ANNOUNCEMENTS Marci Beaudoin, Director of Faith Formation

TIME FOR ALL AGES

Message Marci Beaudoin

GATHERING

Chalice Lighting Noell Hyman, 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 Noell Hyman
*Hymn “Hush”
Performed by Music Director, Katie

Seiferth

Noell Hyman, Music

Associate

OFFERING

Offertory Words Rev. Wooden

CENTERING

Hymn “Woyaya” Performed by Katie
Seiferth

Introduction, Noell

Hyman

Pastoral Prayer/Meditation Rev.
Wooden

*Special Music/Video “We Are” 2020 UUA Virtual
Choir

THEME

Sermon “Between the Quick and the Dead” Rev.
Wooden

BLESSINGS ON OUR WAY

*Closing Hymn “Blue Boat Home” Performed by Katie Seiferth

& David

Berry

Introduction Noell

Hyman

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.*

Noell Hyman
Rev. Wooden

Benediction

SONG LYRICS

Hush

Words and Music: African-American
spiritual, slavery period, Arranged by
Jason Shelton

Sounds like jus-tice,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.

Oh my Lord, oh my Lord,
What shall I do? What shall I do?

Hush, hush,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.
Hush, hush,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.
Hush, hush,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.

Oh my Lord, oh my Lord,
What shall I do? What shall I do?

Sounds like free-dom,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.
Sounds like free-dom,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.
Sounds like free-dom,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.

Oh my Lord, oh my Lord,
What shall I do? What shall I do?

Sounds like jus-tice,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.
Sounds like jus-tice,
Some-bo-dy's cal-lin' my name.

Woyaya

Words and music by Loughty Amoa,
Solomon Amarfio, Robert M. Bailey,
Roy Bedeau, Francis T Osei, Whendell
K. Richardson and Mac Tontoh.
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We are going, heaven knows where we
are going, but we know within.
And we will get there, heaven knows
how we will get there, but we know we
will.

It will be heard, we know, and the road
will be muddy and rough,
but we'll get there, heaven knows how
we will get there, but we know we will.

Woyaya 4 Xs

We are going, heaven knows where we are going, but we know within.
And we will get there, heaven knows how we will get there, but we know we will.

Woyaya, woyaya

We're sisters of mercy and brothers of love,
We are lovers of life and the builders of nations,
We're seekers of truth and keepers of faith, we are makers of peace and the wisdom of ages. 2 x

We are our grandmothers' prayers and we are our grandfathers' dreamings, we are the breath of our ancestors, we are the spirit of God.

For each child that's born, a morning star rises and sings to the universe who we are.

We Are

Words and music by Ysaye M. Barnwell
Copyright 1991 Barnwell's Notes Publishing (BMI)
Performed by UUA 2020 General Assembly virtual choir, directed by Benjie Messer, Video editing by Izzy Hyman.

For each child that's born,
A morning star rises and sings to the universe who we are. 2x

We are our grandmothers' prayers and we are our grandfathers' dreamings,
We are the breath of our ancestors, we are the spirit of God.
We are mothers of courage and fathers of time, we are daughters of dust and the sons of great visions,

Blue Boat Home

Music by Roland Hugh Prichard, adapted and words by Peter Mayer, Copyright 2002, Peter Mayer.

Though be-low me, I feel no mo-tion stan-ding on these moun-tains and plains.
Far a-way from the rol-ling o-cean still my dry land heart can say:

I've been sail-ing all my life now, nev-er har-bor or port have I known.
The wide un-i-verse is the o-cean I tra-vel and the earth is my blue boat home.

Sun my sail and moon my rud-der as I ply the star-ry sea,
lean-ing o-ver the edge in won-der, cast-ing ques-tions in-to the deep.

Drift-ing here with my ship's
com-pan-ions, all we kin-dred pil-grim
souls,
mak-ing our way by the lights of the
hea-vens in our beau-ti-ful blue boat
home.

I give thanks to the waves up-hold-ing
me, hail the great winds urg-ing me on,
greet the in-fi-nite sea be-fore me,
sing the sky my sai-lor's song:

I was born up-on the fath-oms,
nev-er har-bor or port have I known.
The wind u-ni-verse is the o-cean I
tra-vel, and the earth is my blue boat
home.

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