

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

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

TIME FOR ALL AGES

Message Marci Beaudoin

GATHERING

Chalice Lighting Noell Hyman
*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
& Devid 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.

Benediction

Noell Hyman
Rev. Wooden

SONG LYRICS

Hush

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

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.
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?

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

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,
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.

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.