



 **olstice @ Trinity**

June 21, 2022

Welcome

Let us pray

Light and Darkness, night and day.

We marvel at the mystery of the stars.

Moon and sky, sand and sea.

We marvel at the mystery of the sun.

Twilight, high noon, dusk and dawn.

We celebrate Your creation.

Flesh and bone, steel and stone.

We dwell in all You have made.

Grant steadfast love, compassion, grace.

We must share Your resources among all.

Splendor, mercy, majesty, love endure.

*We are called to find justice for those
least among us.*

Prayer retrieved from the website of the Catholic Health Association of the United States, which in turn adapted it from a prayer of the Rabbinical Assembly of the United Synagogue of America.

Resplendent skies, sunset, sunrise.

The grandeur of Creation lifts our lives.

Evening darkness, morning dawn.

We are renewed in Your majestic creation.

Amen

First Reading – see insert

Musical Interlude

Prayer of Sorrow

Reader: We have forgotten who we are.

We have alienated ourselves from the unfolding
of the cosmos

We have become estranged from the movements
of the earth

We have turned our backs on the cycles of life.

All: *We have forgotten who we are.*

We have sought only our own security
We have exploited simply for our own ends
We have distorted our knowledge
We have abused our power.

All: We have forgotten who we are.

Now the land is barren
And the waters are poisoned
And the air is polluted.

All: We have forgotten who we are.

Now the forests are dying
And the creatures are disappearing
And the humans are despairing.

All: We have forgotten who we are.

We ask forgiveness
We ask for the gift of remembering
We ask for the strength to change.

Amen

Musical Interlude



Though we often think of wild fires as solely destructive, sometimes they are burning away old growth that makes room for new trees and shrubs. Take a slip of paper and pen and write down that which you would like to burn away. Perhaps it is a pain you've been carrying or a disregard for the natural world of which you are a part. When you are finished, fold your paper so it cannot be read and place it in the fire pit. Give yourself permission to heal. Make room in your heart for new growth.

Polar bear, above: According to the World Wildlife Fund UK, there are around 22,000 polar bears left in the wild, but man-made *climate change* and *global warming* are making life tough since these animals are dependent on melting Arctic ice.



Chant

Nothing can trouble, nothing can frighten
Those who seek god shall never go wanting
Nothing can trouble, nothing can frighten
God alone fills us.

Nada te turbe, nada te es pante
Quien a Dios tiene nada le falta
Nada te turbe, nada te es pante
Solo Dios basta.

Music: Jacques Berthier 1991 Les Presses de Taizé(France) by GIA Publications, Inc.

Second Reading — see insert

Prayer of Healing

Host: We join with the earth and with each other.
To bring new life to the land
To restore the waters
To refresh the air

All: We join with the earth and with each other.

To renew the forests
To care for the plants
To protect the creatures

**All: We join with the earth
and with each other.**



To celebrate the seas
To rejoice the sunlight
To sing the song of the stars

All: We join with the earth and with each other.

To recall our destiny
To renew our spirits
To reinvigorate our bodies

All: We join with the earth and with each other.

To create the human community
To promote justice and peace
To remember our children

*All: We join together as many and diverse
expressions of one loving mystery: for the
healing of the earth and the renewal of all life.*

Amen

Third Reading – see insert



*As you place your hand in the bowl, think of water as
the balm of compassion. Place your stone in the water
as a reminder that you are dependent on water, that
water is a gift not to be squandered, that we ourselves
are composed largely of water, that many people must
walk miles every day to obtain water while we here in
Buffalo have water all around us.*

Chant

Born of water
cleansing, powerful
healing, changing
I AM

Song: Born of Water sung by Lindie Lila:
Album: Return of the Goddess, Sacred Chants for Women



Host: We rejoice in all life.

We live in all things

All things live in us

All: We rejoice in all life.

We live by the sun

We move with the stars

All: We rejoice in all life.

We eat from the earth

We drink from the rain

We breathe from the air

All: We rejoice in all life.

We share with the creatures

We have strength through their gifts

All: We rejoice in all life.

We depend on the forests

We have knowledge

through their secrets

All: We rejoice in all life.

We have the privilege of seeing and
understanding

We have the responsibility of caring

We have the joy of celebrating.

All: We rejoice in all life.

We are full of the grace of creation

We are graceful

We are grateful

All: We rejoice in all life. Amen



Earth Ritual

You are welcome to take a flower and plant it in the designated pots. (We have wipes for your hands.)

Brief Period of Silent Meditation

Chant

The earth the air the fire the water

Return return return return (Repeat 2 xs)

I ae I ae I ae I ae

I oh I oh I oh I oh (Repeat 2xs)

Pagan/Wiccan- Earth Air Fire Water Elemental Chant.
Retrieved from youtube.com/watch?v=6RL_mgx-3L4

Closing Prayer

Let us give thanks for the world around us.
Thanks for all the creatures, stones and plants
Let us learn their lessons and seek their truths,
So that their path might be ours,
And we might live in harmony, a better life.

May the Earth continue to live,
May the heavens above continue to live,
May the rains continue to dampen the
land,
May the wet forests continue to grow,
Then the flowers shall bloom
And we people shall live again.

Amen.

This is a Hawaiian indigenous prayer. Hawaiian antiquities (Moolelo Hawaii) by David Malo. Translated from the Hawaiian, by Dr. N. B. Emerson, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, 1898.

You are welcome to stay
for refreshments.

Music & Vocals: Tim Lane

Host: Teresa Maciocha

Reader: Joy Scime

You are welcome at all of the services!

Sunday mornings — @ 10:30 am in the courtyard. Live and on Facebook

Trinity @7 — in-person and Zoom service on first and third Sunday of the month. At 7pm with jazz, poetry, and time to reflect

Thursday @7pm — 12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality. In person and Zoom

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First Reading

Remember

by Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that
you were born under,
know each of the star's
stories.

Remember the moon,
know who she is.

Remember the sun's
birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time.

Remember sundown
and the giving away to
night.

Remember your birth,
how your mother
Struggled to give you
form and breath.

You are evidence
of her life, and her mother's, and hers.

Remember your father. He is your life, also.

Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.

Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.

Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows
the origin of this universe.

Remember you are all people and all people are you.

Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.

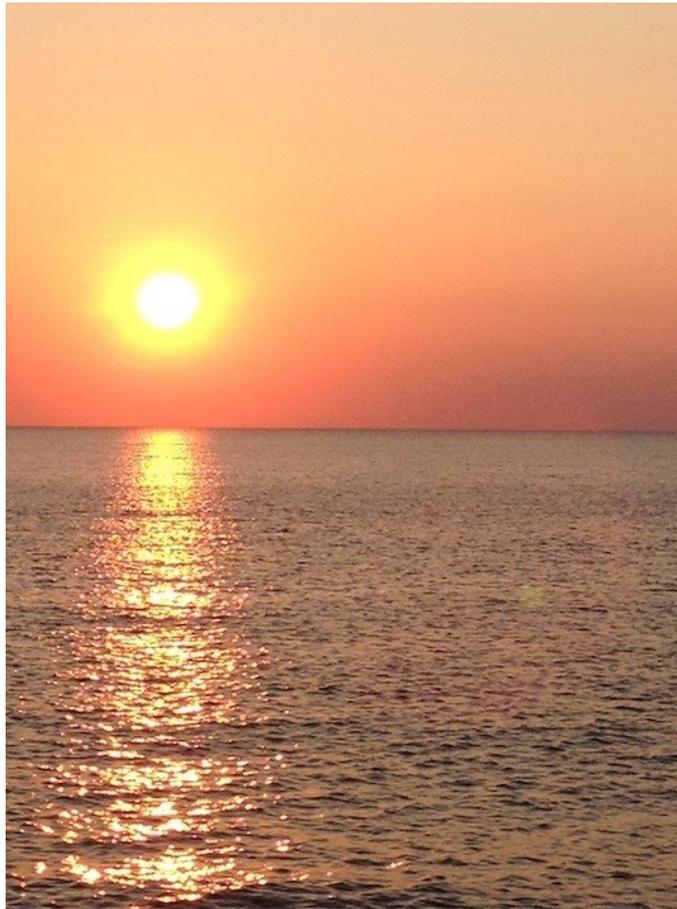
Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.

Remember language comes from this.

Remember the dance language is, that life is.

Remember.

Joy Harjo (b. 1951) is an internationally renowned performer and writer of the Muscogee (Creek) Nation. She is serving her second term as the 23rd Poet Laureate of the United States.



Second Reading

Light

by Bernadette Miller

I want to write of the
light

but I do not know
whether words can
illuminate
the way it hangs
upon branches and
bird wings and broken
things returning beings
to beauty.

Can words spin
substance from
sunshine and decay?

Can words cajole celebration from
night-weary birds?

Can words warm surfaces
of stones and sorrows?

Can words reveal richness
in mundane and battered things?

I do not know.

But if we would write
a tomorrow
which is wider than wounds
we have worn,
we might wield words
like benedictions
and remember
blessings
within brokenness,
beginnings
within endings,
and beauty
within all things.

Third Reading

Easy Pickings

by Kim Stafford

It's easy to laugh in the blueberry field,
staccato plink and plunk as berries plummet
into the pail, and you hear children banter
in a dozen languages among the green rows.

It's easy to forgive there, too —
viewing old betrayals sweetly diminished
by the honeyed crush of berries
on your tongue.

It's even possible to imagine peace
between people who hated each other
before their children met between these rows
and asked one another, "Shall we pick together?"

Come pick with me, my enemy, my angry self,
come, split couple bickering over money,
come to the blueberry field, Palestine & Israel,
come bow and squint under the sun-splashed leaves,
come peer into these dark shadows for blue.



Kim Stafford is the author of a dozen books of poetry. He has taught writing all over the world. From 2018 to 2020, he served as poet laureate of Oregon, where he currently resides.

Bernadette Miller's webpage is called "a serious frivolity." In it, one reads that she is a student of silences, wild places, and children and that she aspires to spend more time mucking about in gardens and streams, sunsets and impossible dreams.