



trinity

@7

03.27.2022

Cover photo from
National Aeronautics
and Space
Administration
(NASA) Orion
spacecraft 2014

welcome

Trinity @7 welcomes you in person and via Zoom. This is a time where we enjoy jazz combined with poetry and a thoughtful reflection. We're always glad to see you and to share this special time together. Even though some of us are in person and others on Zoom, we are one community for a little while. What joy!

No matter the venue, may you experience stillness when it is needed and much joy and laughter when they are needed, or perhaps when least expected. Besides beautiful music and words, we hope this evening brings you a little bit of peace.

We will continue to have a candle lighting time, either at a candle wall in the chapel or in your home.

At this time, we leave the decision up to you whether or not to wear a mask in the Chapel. Thank you.

welcome

[Nature365.tv](https://www.nature365.tv)
posts a daily video,
usually 30 to 60
seconds long, with
beautiful sound as
well as images.
Check it out.

a moment with nature

a centering prayer

O Love,
Unfold me anew;
For my spirit easily tightens
Around yesterday's too much
Sadness and loss and worry.

Stretch me open
With an energy not my own
But given as the gift of Life
Revealing beauty within
Already formed by You
Before I even knew to notice.

Yes, Love, ground me
In Your forming grace
Always at work
In ways unnameable
Yet daring to name me
And everyone, Beloved

O Love,
Unfold me to this
Noticing You in others
Trusting Your desire

This prayer is called
"Unfolding" and is
written by David
Long-Higgins,
a minister in the
United Church of
Christ.

To meet every resistance
I hold as temporary truth
Until at last again and again
I am born anew
Into a beauty I cannot yet see
A birthright unbelievable
Brought to life by You
The One who is Life.

Yes, Love,
Unfold me anew to this
And let it be more
Than enough for today.

amen

interlude

Waiting

by John Burroughs

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

John Burroughs (1837 – 1921) was an American naturalist, essayist and poet. Walt Whitman was a close friend and encouraged his writing. The John Burroughs Association, a society to encourage writing in natural science, was established in his memory.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

interlude

Compass

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Every day we become
the self we once tried to imagine
but couldn't. Though we planned
future paths. Though we trained.
Though we took steps. Nothing
can stop us from becoming
exactly who we are. Sometimes
I see them, the ghosts
of the women I thought I would be—
I pass them in the airport or
see them in restaurants.
Can they see me, too?
I did not know, when I imagined them,
how the path that would come to matter most
would be the path that has heart.
I still can't see the woman
I will become. But I know how
to find her.

interlude

This poem by Maya Angelou is lengthy, and so, as we often do, we've broken it into two readings to fit our format.

A Brave and Startling Truth

by Maya Angelou

We, this people, on a small and lonely planet
Traveling through casual space
Past aloof stars, across the way of indifferent suns
To a destination where all signs tell us
It is possible and imperative that we learn
A brave and startling truth

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer is a published Colorado poet and acappella singer. She wrote a poem a day from 2006 until the death of her son in August 2021. After taking a break from writing, she has resumed her practice of a poem a day. Visit her at www.wordwoman.com

Maya Angelou (1928-2014) was a writer and civil rights activist, and also an actor, screenwriter and dancer. Her most popular work may be her autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*.

And when we come to it
To the day of peacemaking
When we release our fingers
From fists of hostility
And allow the pure air to cool our palms

When we come to it
When the curtain falls on the minstrel show of hate
And faces sooted with scorn are scrubbed clean
When battlefields and coliseum
No longer rake our unique and particular sons and daughters
Up with the bruised and bloody grass
To lie in identical plots in foreign soil

When the rapacious storming of the churches
The screaming racket in the temples have ceased
When the pennants are waving gaily
When the banners of the world tremble
Stoutly in the good, clean breeze

When we come to it
When we let the rifles fall from our shoulders
And children dress their dolls in flags of truce
When land mines of death have been removed
And the aged can walk into evenings of peace
When religious ritual is not perfumed
By the incense of burning flesh
And childhood dreams are not kicked awake
By nightmares of abuse

When we come to it
Then we will confess that not the Pyramids
With their stones set in mysterious perfection
Nor the Gardens of Babylon
Hanging as eternal beauty
In our collective memory
Not the Grand Canyon
Kindled into delicious color
By Western sunsets

Nor the Danube, flowing its blue soul into Europe
Not the sacred peak of Mount Fuji
Stretching to the Rising Sun
Neither Father Amazon nor Mother Mississippi who, without favor,
Nurture all creatures in the depths and on the shores
These are not the only wonders of the world

interlude

A Brave and Startling Truth was first delivered in June 1995, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the United Nations. In December 2014, seven months after Angelou's death, the text of this poem was flown on NASA's Orion voyage, a flight of more than 3,600 miles into space that tested thousands of hardware and software elements.

When we come to it
We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger
Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace
We, this people on this mote of matter
In whose mouths abide cankerous words
Which challenge our very existence
Yet out of those same mouths
Come songs of such exquisite sweetness
That the heart falters in its labor
And the body is quieted into awe

We, this people, on this small and drifting planet
Whose hands can strike with such abandon
That in a twinkling, life is sapped from the living
Yet those same hands can touch with such healing, irresistible tenderness
That the haughty neck is happy to bow
And the proud back is glad to bend
Out of such chaos, of such contradiction
We learn that we are neither devils nor divines

When we come to it
We, this people, on this wayward, floating body
Created on this earth, of this earth
Have the power to fashion for this earth
A climate where every man and every woman
Can live freely without sanctimonious piety
Without crippling fear

When we come to it
We must confess that we are the possible
We are the miraculous, the true wonder of this world
That is when, and only when
We come to it.

interlude

reflection

interlude

brief silent meditation

the candle lighting

While Krista plays, feel free to light a candle at one of the walls. Let's do so mindfully and one at a time, leaving space between you and the person in front. If you're lighting a candle at home, do so as if you were in a sacred space. You are.



closing prayer

Now, as we come to the setting of the sun,
and our eyes behold the vesper light:

Take us by the hand.

In the stillness of our hearts
and the silence between each beat:

Whisper in our ear.

As we peek into tomorrow
and wonder what it will bring:

Be present with us.

When we prepare ourselves for rest
and seek the blessings of slumber:

Surround us with your love.

Into the darkness of the night
and across the canopy of sleep:

Awake us to your best dream for us.

amen

postlude

see insert for announcements



Trinity is an Episcopal Church in the Diocesan Partnership of Western New York and Northwest Pennsylvania.

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www.trinitybuffalo.org • (716) 852-8314

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Thank you to Krista for the beautiful music.

Thank you to Matt Lincoln for bringing us together in every way he can imagine and then for being with us and reflecting from his heart.

Thank you to our host and readers.

Thank you to all the poets and musicians in the world who reflect life back to us in the most beautiful ways.

And of course, thank you.

Additional thanks to **Maria Geba** and **Jeff Wang** for allowing us to meet together on Zoom.

If you'd like to visit Trinity Church in person for some quiet contemplation or to view the stunning stained glass windows, you can schedule an appointment with the parish administrator Colleen O'Neill, coneill@trinitybuffalo.org.



Trinity has worked so hard during the pandemic to keep people's spiritual lives refreshed and engaged. We kept the whole staff on payroll. We learned how to make Trinity services available online, either with Zoom or Facebook live streaming or both. We've made a commitment to continue with our communities—online and in person. Your donation can be an expression of your gratitude for Trinity and all the blessings in your life and your hope for health in the world. You can [donate online here](#), or initiate an online donation by texting TRINITYBUFFALO to 73256, scan the QR code, or as you exit, you can make a contribution in the Big Blue Urn. Thank you for your participation and contribution. Peace.



All services are in person AND online:

Sunday @10:30am Includes communion at an open table

Sunday @7:00pm An encounter with God through poetry, jazz, and meditation

Wednesday @Noon Prayer and holy conversation

Thursday @7pm 12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality