



trinity @7

09.18.2022

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.

NOTE ABOUT THE SCHEDULE: We will meet next on October 2 and every Sunday night after that.

welcome

[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

Let us pray.

Set aside the noise.

Allow quiet prayer to enter my soul.

Silence creates a space for my:

Heartache to be felt

Anger to be heard

Tears to fall

Laughter to comfort

Gratefulness to flow

Joy to hold

Wonder to exist

Faithfulness to grow

Hear my intentions God:

Forgive my failings. See my intention to live in Your light.

To love as you love.

Help me feel the flow of your loving Spirit, I pray.

amen

interlude

What You Missed That Day You Were Absent from Fourth Grade

by Brad Aaron Modlin

"Mrs. Nelson explained how to stand still and listen to the wind, how to find meaning in pumping gas, how peeling potatoes can be a form of prayer. She took questions on how not to feel lost in the dark. After lunch she distributed worksheets that covered ways to remember your grandfather's voice. Then the class discussed falling asleep without feeling you had forgotten to do something else—something important—and how to believe the house you wake in is your home. This prompted Mrs. Nelson to draw a chalkboard diagram detailing how to chant the Psalms during cigarette breaks, and how not to squirm for sound when your own thoughts are all you hear; also, that you have enough. The English lesson was that I am is a complete sentence. And just before the afternoon bell, she made the math equation look easy. The one that proves that hundreds of questions, and feeling cold, and all those nights spent looking for whatever it was you lost, and one person add up to something."

Brad Aaron Modlin is a published poet and, a professor and The Reynolds Endowed Chair of Creative Writing at University of Nebraska, Kearney, where he teaches (under)graduates, coordinates the visiting writers' series, and gets chalk all over himself.

interlude

A Late-Summer Breakfast in a Mountain Ash

by Mark S. Burrows

All morning long she serves hunger's call,
this thrush who moves carefully from branch
to branch as she plucks her way through
the clumps of orange fruit, emptying
the tree of its harvest; in this she's drawn
not by appetite alone but by the stubborn
habits of desire, knowing she must feast
before turning south again away from
winter's hold, like the heart whose
yearning bounds the absences.

Mark S. Burrows is a speaker and a retreat leader in Europe, Australia, and the United States. A poet by nature and disposition, he has taught historical theology at the graduate and undergraduate level, always with a keen interest in religion and literature, mysticism and poetics.

interlude

The Children's Moon

by Marilyn Nelson

Marilyn Nelson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the daughter of a school teacher and a military man who was a member of the last graduating class of Tuskegee Airmen. She is the author or translator of more than 20 books and chapbooks for adults and children. A professor emerita of English at the University of Connecticut, Marilyn was Poet Laureate of Connecticut from 2001–2006, and founding director of Soul Mountain Retreat, a writers' colony from 2004-2010.

In my navy shirtwaist dress and three-inch heels,
my pearl clip-ons and newly red-rinsed curls,
I smoothed on lipstick, lipstick-marked my girls,
saluted and held thumbs-up to my darling Mel,
and drove myself to school for the first day.

Over the schoolyard a silver lozenge
dissolved into the morning's blue cauldron.
Enter twenty seven-year-old white children.
Look, children, I said as they found their desks:
The children's moon! A special good luck sign!

We pledged allegiance, and silently prayed.
George Washington watched sternly from his frame.
I turned to the blackboard and wrote my name.
I thought I heard, She's the REAL teacher's maid!
I thought I heard echoes of history.

But when I turned, every child in the room
had one hand up, asking, What is the children's moon?

interlude

Morning Poem

by Todd Davis

Blackberries hang in the darkest
creases of the trellis, each dimpled
to bursting. The black-eyed Susans
are mostly black, their yellow tresses
already rotted. Goldfinches wander
the air, meditate upon the cone flower's
sharp seed, trying to discern if it's time
to leave. This early, before anyone
has opened their doors, I watch chickadees
sidle up to sunflowers and cosmos
while cricket song sifts through the screens
like fog in the belly of this valley.
I've been making jam most of the month,
and the jars from last night's batch
have been talking, lids sinking toward sweetness
with a satisfied metallic ping. The weatherman warns
of frost, so after the air warms this morning
I'll scoop the last bits of black from the canes'
green strings, bottom press the potato-masher
to render the berry syrup into a bowl
the color of nightshade. Other birds will dawdle
through, but none will be dressed as brightly
as the finches who helped greet the dawn.
If there's any consolation in the dying
we must do, then let it be stored on a shelf
in a raised glass jar, adorned with pictures
of strawberries and cherries, grapes and pears,
the pale seeds that fix in the cracks
of our teeth, floating in a sticky infusion
we lick from the ends of our breakfast spoons.

interlude

reflection

interlude

brief silent meditation

Todd Davis teaches creative writing, American literature, and environmental studies at Pennsylvania State University's Altoona College. He has published or edited many volumes of poetry. His work has also been anthologized in books and published in journals and magazines.



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

Let us pray aloud:

Written by
John Philip
Newell, *Sounds of
the Eternal*

That from our depth new life emerges
thanks be to you, O God.
That through our body
and the bodies of men and women everywhere
heaven's creativity is born on earth,
children of eternity are conceived in time
and everlasting bonds of tenderness
are forged amidst the hardness of life's struggles,
thanks be to you.
That in our soul
and the soul of every human being
sacred hopes are hidden,
longings for what has never been are heard
and visions for earth's peace and
prosperity are glimpsed,
thanks be to you.
For those near to us who are in turmoil this day
and for every family in its brokenness,
for the woundedness of our own life
and for every creature that is suffering,
O God of all life, we pray.

amen

postlude



Sign up [here](#) to get Trinity's eNews to stay in touch!

announcements

TRINITY @7 MEETS NEXT ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Tech Volunteer Needed

Do you have a facility in using a laptop? Familiar with Zoom or other remote meeting programs? Interested in a volunteer job that won't eat up a lot of your time? Trinity @7 (which meets in the Chapel on Sunday nights @7pm) needs someone to run Zoom during the service. We're talking about arriving at 6:30 and departing around 8pm. As a bonus, you get to hear Krista's great playing and experience a lovely quiet atmosphere. Matt will teach you what you need to know. Plus, he'll usually be there should any snafus occur. If you're interested, please email Teresa Maciocha at tmaciocha@aol.com.

Friends of Night People

We are looking for volunteers to help out at Friends of Night People. Friends of Night People provides food, clothing, medical care, counseling and other necessities to people in our community experiencing homelessness and poverty. We would love to have you join us on the **second Monday** of each month from 4:45-7. For more information, please speak to Emily Carlin or email: emily.g.carlin@gmail.com

The Story of God

On **Wednesday evenings @7pm**, Tim Lane and Jeffrey Tooke are facilitating discussions on the "The Story of God" series with Morgan Freeman which looks at the world's religions and the important questions we all ask. On **Wednesday, September 21**, starting at 7pm, we will watch "Beyond Death" in which we will explore how different religions of past and present answer the question: What happens when we die?

You are invited to join Tim and Jeff on Wednesdays @7pm using the zoom link below:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81668634672?pwd=eTVJZXFoNzVYdHZvSHZONG1NUUowZz09>

Meeting ID: 816-6863-4672 Passcode: trintalk

If you have questions about the group, please send an email to Jeffrey Tooke at jeffreytooke@outlook.com.

Trinity Spaces for Rent

Our church still has the first floor of 393 Delaware available for rent. See <https://www.trinitybuffalo.org/copy-of-trinity-center-rentals>. We hope to rent to a group and individuals that share our vision of community betterment. If you know someone that would be a good fit, please have them call Colleen O'Neill at 716-852-8314 ext 1 or send an email to coneill@trinitybuffalo.org.



Pet Blessing

Sunday, Oct 2 from 2 to 3:30 in the courtyard, all furry, feathered, hairy creatures welcome! Amphibians and reptiles, too! Why? In honor of the feast of St. Francis, the patron saint of animals and the environment, on Oct 4.



A warm welcome to returning pianist, Krista Seddon.

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.



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](#), 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.
Meets next on October 2, and weekly thereafter.

Wednesday @Noon Prayer and holy conversation

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