



trinity

@7

02.13.2022

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.

Given the increase in rates of COVID, we ask that those attending in the chapel wear a mask. Thank you.

welcome

a moment with nature

a centering prayer

Enter that still place within,
where we find not only our inmost selves,
but also our connection to that
creative and transforming mystery we call God.

(Silence)

We come into one another's presence seeking some part of ourselves,
knowing that we do not live alone,
knowing that we cannot live fully
if we are for ourselves alone.

We come as ordinary people,
each with strengths and each with weaknesses,
aware of our shortcomings.

Our lives set before us many tasks.

We are not always equal to them.

Too often we fall short of our best expectations of ourselves.

And yet, here we are,

not always perfect,

not always wise,

but always wondrously and mysteriously human.

May our time together renew our hope.

amen

[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.

This is an excerpt
of a prayer by
Rex A. E. Hunt,
a retired Uniting
Church in Australia
minister and
founding director
and life member
of The Centre
for Progressive
Religious Thought.

interlude

Still I Rise

by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.
Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.
Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.
Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?
Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.
You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?
Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and
fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors
gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the
slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

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*.

interlude

On May 28, 2021, *Morning Edition*, the daily news and culture show on National Public Radio (NPR), asked its audience to write a poem using Maya Angelou's poem *Still I Rise* as inspiration.

They received hundreds of responses, and NPR's resident poet Kwame Alexander took lines from submissions to create a community poem which NPR refers to as "crowdsourced" about the challenges of the past year and hope for times ahead. On this NPR webpage, you can find the poem and a list of all the contributing poets. <https://www.npr.org/2021/05/28/1000234056/i-wake-with-wonder-a-crowdsourced-poem-of-pandemic-pain-and-hope>

To fit in the Trinity @7 format, we have divided the one long poem into three readings.

I Wake With Wonder

by lots of contributors to National Public Radio and compiled by Kwame Alexander

Every Morning

I wake with wonder

and dive into the day

I grasp for my phone like a lifeline, a buoy,

I rise among the displaced dreams of yore

Supplanted plans, disrupted from the year

So distanced from all social life before

I set out on my way

To make snacks for three kids

because that's all I seem to do with them here all the damn day

And it's hard work.

'Cause it's heart work.

This is artwork.

I rise

Like the sap in the maple tree

knowing it's time to feed its budding branches.

Like seedlings struggling towards the light,

even though I need a baptism of magic waters to cure all that aches

I don my gowns and masks and gloves

Tend to the sick, the lost, the tired, the dead.

I say a prayer, talk to God

think of things I love:

Birds and flowers and books

dandelions, earthworms, mosses,

all those things I never thought

to love, or not enough.

I rise

even when the news of the day

makes me want to stay in bed

Even when the outlook is bleak:

I've not seen my eighth graders smile. Or smirk.

my neighbor cut down the massive oak

that shaded my yard,

My wife died alone In an skilled nursing facility bed.

Oh yes I mourn those we have lost

And the cost of human lives

But still I rise

Still ire eyes

Cry for those who are gone

Who have marched on

Kwame Alexander is a poet, educator, publisher, and *New York Times* bestselling author of 35 books, including children's books. He is a regular contributor on NPR's Morning Edition. And that's the tip of the iceberg. You can read more about him on his website. <https://kwamealexander.com/>

Still fire eyes
Burn for justice denied
Flame hot for truth

interlude

I Wake with Wonder Part 2

We rise
even when our spirits feel deflated
because this too shall be past
because we are made of stardust
I am A new breath in an older body
with A future to ponder.
I no longer take hugs for granted.
The music at church yesterday, with
full choir, was glorious.

I sing of loss and grief and hope,
Of joy and pain and memory,
Of yesterday and tomorrow.

I became best friends with my computer.
And learned something spectacular:
Disconnection has connected us more than ever.
The Zoom "LEAVE" button calls for me

So, I am easing out of this rabbit hole
I will find my equilibrium and my verve
Be who I am.
Lose 40 lbs and improve my mental health
meet every patient
as they are
and care for them
as best I can
Try to celebrate
The fact of my existence

Birds tweeting, wind blowing, leaves rustling. I notice it all now.
I like this new world.

Even though I'm in my nineties,
I have learned to love more
the old man across the hall
who has trouble with his eyes.
the touchy woman down the street

interlude

I Wake with Wonder Part 3

In this world of
Bad audio connections,
I have learned to listen
After such stillness,
Nothing's the same.

I rise on this new day
out of bed like a miracle.
I tie my own shoes.
I linger with a full
pot of Barry's Irish tea, each slurp
an act of contemplative prayer
I spend so many days watching my child grow
mourning dove pretends to be an owl,
a cardinal rides a slip of a limb, up and down.
What was simple is made extravagant.

So I lift my gaze
Forward, slowly
To hike up, not give up
To sing out, not cry out
to like who I am, even when, especially when, I stand alone.
return to my books to find support
to make the coffee.
to watch ducklings
drop to waterglory
following Mama hen
through fervent streams.

To fill each day, not miss one
to see the world full on.
to pace the house at midnight,
watching the moon wax and wane,
to live and love
to write
to work
to laugh
to share
to fight
To create a world of generosity
A world where we are inspired
To help each other in every moment

So rise, my friends, rise up
All one heart
Be the change
and when you wonder
How you will likely spend your life
With the time left to borrow
Know that
To fight is to be human, for times short or longer,
For through the struggle, we may hope to become stronger.

interlude

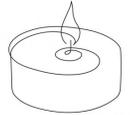
reflection

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

As we reflect on the issues of this day in our wider world
may we honour the many ways in which
our sisters and brothers in many places
weave healing and hope into the world.
Together, may our common desires for peace
create within us the courage and opportunity
to work together toward such peace.

(Silence)

**This is our prayer.
May it be so.**

postlude

This is an excerpt of
a prayer by Rex A. E.
Hunt.



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

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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.

If you'd like to visit Trinity Church in person for some quiet contemplation or to view the stunning stained glass windows, the church is open for private prayer or meditation by appointment. You are required to sign a registry at the entrance to be used in the event contact tracing is necessary. For private visits, masks are not required if you are fully vaccinated. Contact our parish administrator, Colleen O'Neill, at coneill@trinitybuffalo.org to schedule an appointment.



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