

“Poem for Flight”
- Becky Bertha
(Quaker poet)

There will come a day--
it is not far off now--
when you wake up in the morning and know
you were meant to be happy
and that you want it
more than you want
things, or memories
any concrete place called home
all the strings of the past that fasten you,
more than you want
justice or pride:
your old clay image of yourself
or the faint chance
that all that has gone wrong
may still change.

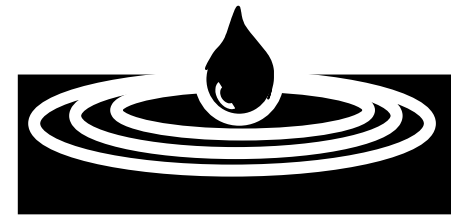
It is you who hold
the power to change.

And whatever it is that holds you
whatever it is you think you can not live without
the time has come to open your hands and
let it go.

Run
flee
disappear
break loose
take wing

fly by night
move like a meteor
be gone.

If you fear it will never be possible
think of Harriet
who traveled alone
the first time
who finally freed three hundred people
but first
had to free
herself.



SMALL GROUP MINISTRY
FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF
SAN JOSE

Resurrection

We need celebration that speaks the Spring-
inspired word about life and death, about us as
we live and die, through all the cycling seasons,
days, and years.

We need the sense of deity to crack our own
hard, brown December husks and push life out
of inner tombs and outer pain.

Unless we move the seasons of the self, and
Spring can come for us, the Winter will go on
and on.

And Easter will remain a myth, and life will
never come again, despite the fact of Spring.
- Hymnal 627, Max Coots

Preliminaries Announcements, chalice lighting, opening words, discussion, reading-round-the-circle, closing words

Opening / Chalice Lighting
- Hymnal #625,
Diego Valeri

You who have eye for miracles regard the bud now appearing on the bare branch of the fragile young tree.

It's a mere dot, a nothing.

But already it's a flower, already a fruit, already its own death and resurrection.

Check-in Take a minute or two to briefly share the high point or the low point of your life since we last met.

Reading-Round-the-Circle Read the poem on the back cover.

Sitting in Silence

Sharing / Deep Listening Please share your responses you have to the questions you answered prior to the session.

Singing
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia

Discussion Discuss your view of miracles and renewals.

Singing
- Hymnal #298,
"Wake, Now My Senses"

Wake, now, my senses, and hear the earth call;
feel the deep power of being in all;
keep, with the web of creation your vow,
giving, receiving as love shows us how.

Wake, now, my reason, reach out to the new;
join with each pilgrim who quests for the true;
honor the beauty and wisdom of time;
suffer thy limit, and praise the sublime.

Closing / Extinguishing the Chalice
-Hymnal #691,
May Sarton

Join hands or link arms as you read the closing words together.

Help us to be the always hopeful
gardeners of the spirit
who know that without darkness
nothing comes to birth
as without light
nothing flowers.