

Mother's Day NUUC

Morning Songs Mark Hoover

Prelude David Servias

Opening celebrant is LINDA

Opening hymn Gather the Spirit 347

Opening words

**The minute the sun comes ou
Everything is beside the point
It is enough
To open your eyes
To stretch your limbs like a cat
And all the rest
Philosophical political systems
Deep moral and aesthetic disquisitions
Are only a pleasant means of whiling away the time
Beautiful baroque flourishes from which you must retreat
To recover
Here in the sun
The simple pleasure of your own skin**

*The minute the sun comes out poem by Isabel Fraire
From a chorus for peace a global anthology of poetry by women*

Chalice lighting

Please join me in this Responsive reading

Mother's Day Proclamation by Julia Ward Howe see insert join along in your part

Mother's Day Proclamation - 1870

by [Julia Ward Howe](#) (excerpts)

Leader:

**Arise then...women of this day!
Arise, all women who have hearts!
Whether your baptism be of water or of tears!**

Congregation—

Say firmly: "We will not have questions answered by irrelevant agencies,
Our husbands will not come to us, reeking with carnage,

For caresses and applause.-
Our sons shall not be taken from us to unlearn
All that we have been able to teach them of charity, mercy and patience.

Women:

We, the women of one country,
Will be too tender of those of another country
To allow our sons to be trained to injure theirs."

Men:

From the voice of a devastated Earth a voice goes up with
Our own. It says: "Disarm! Disarm!
The sword of murder is not the balance of justice."
Blood does not wipe our dishonor,
Nor violence indicate possession.

Women:

As men have often forsaken the plough and the anvil
At the summons of war,
Let women now leave all that may be left of home
For a great and earnest day of counsel.

Leader:

**Let them meet first, as women, to bewail and commemorate the dead.
Let them solemnly take counsel with each other as to the means
Whereby the great human family can live in peace...
Each bearing after his own time the sacred impress, not of Caesar,
But of God.**

The choir will now share with us an anthem of peace

Special music Northlake Choir

Welcome and announcements Welcome to Northlake Unitarian Universalist church and happy mothers day if you are a person who has had a mother whether living or deceased whether known to you or not.....we welcome you. we are a lay led congregation who serve in ministry alongside our part time contract minister the Rev Amanda Aikman who will be in the pulpit next Sunday... Please join us after the service for coffee and conversation and to ask questions about this church. If there are announcements please come forward at this time...

Greeting each other please stand and introduce yourself and ask someone about his or her mother.....

Joys and concerns we invite you to come forward in the spirit of communal prayer and light a candle to share a brief prayerful joy or concern or light a candle in silence....

I lite this last candel

In support of each other on our individual and communal journey

In prayer for those who could not be present....amen

Offertory words

Our offering is a time for dedication of our pledges of financial support for northlake and for our church's commitment of a donation of 1000 a month for a project to end homelessness in king county....this month dedicated to tent city....please give generously if you wish your check to go straight to northlake please mark it as such....

Offertory music Four Fathers and a Mother

Message:

Looking for Peace on Mothers Day....

JANET:

How do we look for peace on mothers day with hope and empowerment?

We are numb with the war and the violence in America

Around the corner from the next national election we start to here the starting rhetorical line up...

We crave prophets.....

inspired by Julia Ward Howe to declare this a peace day...

I started looking for prophetesses....with the King County library web

site.....and....what I first came up with made me chuckle to realize what the key subject words mothers and peace apparently conjures up for many women in our time...

And I will read you some of my favorite titles from my library search....

“Every Mother is a Daughter the neverending quest for success, inner peace and a really clean kitchen”... one edition of this book even comes with recipes and knitting patterns! (Perri Kass)

“The frazzled mother’s guide to inner peace” (Pat Baker)

“I am my mother’s daughter... making peace with mom before its too late” well...that is important but not want I want to talk about on mothers day..Iris Krasnow

“A mother’s rule of life how to bring order to your home and peace to your soul” might make an interesting service...we could all share closet organizer ideas...(holly pierlot)....

And how about...”Taking the high road how to cope with your ex-husband maintain your sanity and raise your child in peace”...that’s getting pretty good....(by nailoh shanri)

And my all time favorite...

“Mama drama -making peace with the one woman who can push your buttons, make you cry and drive you crazy...” gosh I thought we were beyond all that.. (Denise mcGreg)

But then I Found what I was looking for “peace mom” by Cindy Sheehan

And numerous anthologies of women’s writing on war and peace...

Because our prophetesses say it better Linda Lane and I are going to share with you a little readers theatre...a few of our selections ranging from Emma Goldman’s thoughts on patriotism to Cindy Sheehan’s writings on matriotism...so with all due respect to the variety of your beliefs and viewpoints.....and with hopes of tolerance of the free pulpit.... and with hopes of inspiration...we bring you Emma to Cindy....

LINDA:

Emma Goldman was born in 1869 in Russian and immigrated to Rochester New York in 1886. She worked in clothing factories and in a few years became active in the anarchist movement of her day....and I think to understand what that means we have to put ourselves in the precarious 19th century the industrial revolution sweatshops ...everyday child labor ...the influx of immigrants...hey.... sounding a bit like today doesn’t it...Emma’s speeches to improve labor rights and concern for sweatshops attracted attention throughout N America....she was imprisoned for inciting a riot ..for promoting birth control and obstruction of the draft...she was deported to Russian but left there later due to disagreements with the Bolsheviks...and re entered the US on the condition of refraining from public lectures.....however she still managed to take a role on the issue of the Spanish American War.. from which came her writing Patriotism as a menace to liberty...

What is patriotism Is it love of one’s birthplace, the place of childhood?

Patriotism assumes that our globe is divided into little spots each one surrounded by an iron gate. Those who have the fortune of being born on some particular spot consider themselves nobler, better, grander, more intelligent than those living beings inhabiting any other spot. It is therefore the duty of everyone living on the spot to fight, kill and die in the attempt to impose his superiority upon all the others...

Thinking men and women the world over are beginning to realize that patriotism is too narrow and limited a conception to meet the necessities of our time...when we have

undermined the patriotic lie we shall have cleared the path for the great structure where all shall be united to a universal brotherhood a truly free society.

JANET:

Wislawa Szymborska

Was born in 1923 in Poland and received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1996. The poem answers all who suppose it is possible to be apolitical in precarious times.

We are the children of the epoch
The epoch is political.

All my daily and nightly affairs,
All your daily and nightly affairs
Are political affairs.

Whether you want it or not,
Your genes have a political past,
Your skin a political tone,
Your eyes a political color
What you say resounds
What you don't say is also
Politically significant.

Even coming through the rye
You walk with political steps
On political ground.

Apolitical poems are also political
And in the sky there's a moon
That's no longer moonlike.

To be or not to be, that is a question.
Oh darling, what a question, give a suggestion
A political question.

You don't have to be human
To acquire a political meaning.
It's enough to be petroleum
Cattle fodder, raw material.
Or just a conference table whose shape
Was disputed for months.

In the meantime, people were killed.
Animals died
Houses burned
Fields grew wilds,
As in distant
And less political epochs.

LINDA:

Margaret Atwood

Was born in 1939 an internationally known Canadian writer ...in her prose poem Bread she helps us to understand the basic desperation and primal reality that can lead to war.

Imagine a piece of bread.

You don't have to imagine it, its right here in the kitchen on the break board in its plastic bag,... You open the bag pull back the wrapper cut yourself a slice...you put butter on it...peanut butter,..honey...it happens to be brown but there is white bread in the refrigerator...occasionally you make bread..you think of it as something relaxing to do with your hands..

Imagine a famine ..imagine a piece of bread...you are now lying on a mattress in a hot room...the walls are made of dried earth and your sister is in the same room...she is starving.... her belly is bloated.... the piece of bread is the bread you've been saving for days.... it seems..you are as hungry as she but not as weak...when will someone come with more bread?..you think of going out to look for more but the streets are infested with scavengers and the stink of corpses is everywhere...
Should you share the piece of break or give the whole piece to your sister..you have a better chance of living...how long does it take you to decide?

JANET

Barbara Ehrenrich:

Is a leading feminist thinker who has written on the feminization of poverty.....this except is from a thesis on the origins of war...from a chapter called the religion of war.

Not only warriors are privileged to undergo the profound psychological transformation that separates peace from war. Whole societies may be swept up into a kind of latered state marked by fixation on totems such as sacred images, implements or in our own time yellow ribbons and flags....

The mass feelings inspired by war are similar to those aroused by religion. War may be a close relative or religion ..a basic level of human emotional experience . individually we are weak but with god or even of the working class or the fatherland we become greater than ourselves...

LINDA:

Robin Morgan

Is an award winning writer leader and theorist...former editor of Ms Magazine..she is founder of the sisterhood is global institute the first international women's thinktank.. Her work The Demon Lover gained resonance in the wake of Sep 11 and a new edition included as an afterword her emails from Ground Zero...

Dear friends

You response is overwhelming...not only friends but also strangers from Serbia, Korea, Fiji, Zambia, and all across America have repliedIncredibly a week has passed now...abnormal normalcy has settled in...from a distance you can see the lattices of one of the towers....Its skeletal bones the sole remains...

....it's the details, fragile and individual that melt numbness into grief...an anklet with Joyleen engraved upon it...the sirens have lessened but the drums are beginning...funeral drums...war drums... a state of emergency... In addition the justice dept is seeking authority for wider surveillance...

I urge you to talk about the route causes of terrorism...we must expose the mystique of violence ...I keep seeing ghosts.....I hear echoes..... Ground Zero is a huge mass grave...I think Bosnia...Uganda..

More than 6300 people missing the tv anchors choke up...I see ghosts... Nagasaki Hiroshima... Dresdan... Vietnam...

I watch the mask covered mouths and noses on the street and I see the eyes of women wearing the hajib or burka against their will...

I see missing posters and thinks of the mothers of the disappeared circling the plaza in Argentina...

I worry for people who have lost their homes but I see ghosts of perpetually homeless. I watch people sob on the street...I see my friends in Gaza and the West Bank,women who have lived in the same emotional condition for four generations...

The ghosts stretch out their hands...now you know...oh please do you finally see?

This is opportunity....we could choose now to begin to understand and join the world....I join the words of Viginia Woolf: As a woman my country is the whole world.....

In mourning and in absurd tenacious hope, Robin Morgan New York City

JANET:

Flora Brovina...is a contemporary Albanian poet, doctor and activist of Kosovo..active in the resistance against Slobodan Milosevic...captures the simple hope some of you may have felt when gradually awakening from a nightmare in your life to a dawn of hope..

A new dawn in town

The streets are stirring early.
All's quiet in town.
I observe the silent steps of a new beginning.
People pass, walking to somewhere,
Optimism on their lips offering
A greeting of good morning.

Their footsteps ring on the washed sidewalks
Like factory mallets or typewriters.
The morning passes briskly.
The streets have awakened early.
There's the newspaper editor
There the shoe shine man, the milk man:
Passersby, simply walking, walking some place,
And a woman with a baby in her arms.

LINDA:

Daisy Zamora

Was director of the Sandanista Radio station during the years it struggled to free the Nicaraguan people from Anastasio Somoza. Her poems have won the national poetry prize of her homeland.

when we go home again

When we go home again to our old land
The one we never knew
And we talk of all those things
That have never happened
We'll go on our way leading by the hand
Children that have never existed
We will listen to their voices and we'll live
The life we talked about so much
And have never lived.

JANET

Sibilla Alerma yes to the Earth

Sibilla Alermo was an Italian poet who worked to alleviate labor conditions of Roman workers...wrote the first feminist novel of Italian Literature...she published novels and poetry in the 1920s ...this poem embodies the spirit of ecofeminism in response to oppression and destruction.

Yes to the earth...

So shines the Earth in certain mornings light
With its roses and cypresses
Or with its grain and its olives,

So suddenly does it shine on the soul
And isolates it and makes it forget everything
Even if an instant earlier the soul
Was suffering to the quick or mediating, bitter,
So shines the Earth in certain mornings light
And in its silence reveals itself
A marvelous lump spinning from the skies.
And beautiful in its tragic solitude so laughs

That the soul, although cannot asked
Answers, yes, yes, to the earth
To the indifferent Earth yes.

Even if in an instant the skies and the roses
And the cypresses should turn dark
Or the labor of living be made more burdensome
And breathing yet more heroic,

Yes the subjugated soul answers the Earth
So does it shine in certain mornings light
Beautiful over all things and human hope.

LINDA

Carly...Cindy's friend...poem for Casey's funeral.....

JANET or responsive reading

Cindy sheehan....a new world is necessary and it can be possible.

LINDA

Cindy Sheehan matriotism...

Closing celebrant is Janet:

Hymn Gonna Lay Down My Sword and Shield #162

Reverberations

Extinguishing the Chalice

So shines the Earth in certain mornings light

And in its silence reveals itself

A marvelous lump spinning from the skies.

And beautiful in its tragic solitude so laughs

That the soul, although cannot asked

Answers, yes, yes, to the earth

To the indifferent Earth yes.

Closing song....

Reprise...

Ain't gonna study war no more

Ain't gonna study war no more

Ain't gonna study war no more.

two times.....

Closing words a new world is necessary and it can be possible

Go in Peace and walk softly on this earth.

Blessed be.....amen!