

Northshore Unitarian Universalist Church

Sunday, December 13, 2020 via Zoom
10:15 AM Zoom site opens – 10:30 AM Service

This morning's service is dedicated to the memory of Leonard Swanson.

Music for Gathering	<i>Seasonal Carols</i>	Judy Putnam
Welcome		Jennifer Revill
Opening Words	by Jan Phillips	Marty Langlois
Chalice Lighting	by Cynthia Landrum	Jennifer Revill
Opening Song	<i>I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day</i> <i>traditional English melody, words by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	Singing Group
Sharing Cares and Celebrations		Jennifer Revill
Music	<i>Still, Still, Still</i> , Austrian folk tune	Andrea Kaiser
Meditation	<i>On Hope and Love in a Time of Struggle</i> by Alice Anachea-Naserman	Jennifer Revill
Music	<i>Hope Lingers On</i> by Lissa Schneckenberger	Pat Callahan, Jennifer Revill, Maria Scerri
Reading	<i>I Salute You</i> , by Fra Giovanni excerpts from a letter written in 1513, to a friend, a part of Christmas Revels performances	Beth Blanchard
Music	<i>In the Bleak Midwinter</i> , melody by Gustav Holst lyrics by Christina Rossetti, piano accompaniment by Rick Betts	Jennifer Revill
	<i>There's Still My Joy</i> , words and music by Melissa Manchester, Matt Rollings and Beth Chapman arr. Roger Emerson	Singing Group
Reading	Excerpted from <i>Future Tense: A Vision for Jews and Judaism</i> <i>in the Global Culture</i> , by Jonathan Sacks	Terri Hansen
Music	<i>Light One Candle</i> , by Peter Yarrow	Helen Brandt
Reading	by Ileana Bylyna	Barbara Reeder

Music	<i>Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas</i> by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane	Carol Strecker
	<i>The Gift</i> Terri Hansen, soprano; Judy Putnam, piano music by Frank Wildhorn words by Jack Murphy	
	<i>Music Alone Shall Live</i> , German folk song	Singing Group

Offertory

Offertory Music	<i>Hallelujah</i> , by Leonard Cohen	Gary Nelson
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Announcements

Closing Hymn	<i>It Came Upon the Midnight Clear</i>	Singing Group
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Closing Words	<i>Hope Continues</i> , by Kevin Jagoe	Jennifer Revill
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Blessing	May love surround us, May joy gladden us, May peace lie deep within. And may our lives, And the lives of all Those we touch, Go well.	Edwin C. Lynn
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Song Lyrics

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to all.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had roll'd along th'unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to all.

And in despair I bow'd my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
of peace on earth, good will to all."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to all."

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to all.

Hope Lingers On

My mother, when love is gone (2x)
In our darkest hour hope lingers on
My father, when peace is gone (2x)
In our darkest hour hope lingers on

**I will not hate
And I will not fear
In our darkest hour
Hope lingers here**

My sister, when equality's gone...
My brother, with tolerance gone...

The children, when their parents are gone...(their darkest hour....)
The parents, when the dream is gone...(their darkest hour...)
My love, when honor is gone...
My country, when justice is gone

In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign;
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But his mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give Him — Give my heart.

There's Still My Joy

I brought my tree down to the shore,
The garland and the silver star,
To find my peace and grieve no more,
To heal this place inside my heart.

On ev'ry branch, I laid some bread,
And hungry birds filled up the sky.
They rang like bells around my head,
They sang my spirit back to life.

One tiny child can change the world;
One shining light can show the way.
Through all my tears for what I've lost,
There's still my joy, there's still my joy
For Christmas Day.

The snow comes down on empty sand,
There's tinsel moonlight on the waves.
My soul was lost, but here I am,
So this must be amazing grace.

One tiny child

The Gift

Frost on the window and crystals of snow.
Soft colored lights shimmer and glow.
Here in the city, as night starts to fall,
God bless the child; God bless us all.

Close your eyes and listen, quiet as a pray'r
Heaven sent the one gift that we all can share.

When the gift is the music, it comes from the heart.
Simple and true, right from the start.
When the gift is the music, the words will find wings,
Bearing the gift back to the heart that sings.

Now that it's Christmas, let all blessed be.
Look for the best in all you see.
Raise up your voice to the angels above.
Let there be peace; let there be love.

Listen through the silence; listen for the song.
You will find the one gift there all along.

When the gift is the music

So I give to you something always true,
Something always new.

When the gift is the music

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men from heaven's all gracious King,"
the world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled;

And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sound the blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way, with painful steps and slow.
Look now, for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing,
O rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.

For lo! The days are hastening on, by prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years, shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own the Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.