

# *Northshore Unitarian Universalist Church*

Sunday, December 20, 2020 via Zoom  
10:15 AM Zoom site opens – 10:30 AM Service

**Music for Gathering**     *Dona Nobis Pacem*, Yo-Yo Ma  
from *Yo-Yo Ma and Friends, Song of Joy & Peace*

**Welcome**                     Marty Langlois

**Opening Words**             Lao-Tse

**Chalice Lighting**

**Advent Wreath Lighting**

**Opening Song**             *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*             Song Leader, Terri Hansen  
words by Edmund Hamilton Sears             Piano, Judy Putnam

**Video**                         Season's Greetings

**Sharing Cares and Celebrations**

**Story for All Ages**         *I Am Peace: A Book of Mindfulness*  
Susan Verde/Peter Reynolds

**Meditation**

**Music for Meditation**     *Breathing In, Breathing Out*  
by Betsy Rose & Thich Nhat Hanh

Breathing in, breathing out, Breathing in, breathing out,  
I am blooming as a flower, I am fresh as the dew.  
I am solid as a mountain, I am firm as the earth.  
I am free.

Breathing in, breathing out. Breathing in, breathing out.  
I am water, reflecting  
What is real, what is true. And I feel there is space  
Deep inside of me.  
I am free, I am free, I am free.

**Reading**                     from *Creating True Peace*,  
by Thich Nhat Hanh

**Reflection**                 Rev. Carol Strecker



*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, to all good will, from heaven the news we bring."  
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 sounds the blessed angels sing.*

*But with the woes of war and strife the world has suffered long;  
beneath the angel strain have rolled two thousand years of wrong;  
and we who fight the wars hear not the love song which they bring.  
O hush the noise of battle strife, and hear the angels sing.*

*For, lo! The days are hastening on by prophet bards foretold,  
when with the ever circling years comes round the age of gold:  
when peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,  
and the whole world give back the song which now the angels sing.*

### **My Peace**

*My peace, my peace is all I've got that I can give to you.  
My peace is all I ever had that's all I ever knew.  
I give my peace to green and black and red and white and blue.  
My peace, my peace is all I've got that I can give to you.*

*My peace, my peace is all I've got and all I've ever known.  
My peace is worth a thousand times more than anything I own.  
I pass my peace around and about 'cross hands of every hue;  
I guess my peace is justa 'bout all I've got to give to you.*

*My Peace* is a song that Arlo Guthrie wrote to his father's lyric, and one with which he has often closed his shows.

### **This Is My Song**

This universally known melody of Finnish composer Jean Sibelius appears in our hymnal twice – with these lyrics, by Lloyd Stone, written as a prayer of peace – and later in our journey as *We Would Be One*. And every time we use it, whichever lyrics we use, I am literally moved to tears. Because not only does the tune reach something deep in our souls, the lyrics reach something deep in our hearts: the call of peace, the call of humanity.

I sometimes think of this lyric as the First Principle on the national/global level. If we affirm and promote the inherent worth and dignity of every person, we must also affirm and promote the inherent worth and dignity of every nationality. – above excerpted from Notes from the Far Fringe

*This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for lands afar and mine.  
This is my home, the country where my heart is,  
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;  
but other hearts in other lands are beating  
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.*

*My country's skies are bluer than the ocean  
and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;  
but other lands have sunlight too, and clover,  
and skies are everywhere as blue as mine.  
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for their land and for mine.*