

**Gathering :** WATUH

**Gathering Prayer:**

In the infinity of night skies  
in the free flashing of lightning  
in whirling elemental winds  
you are God.

In the impenetrable mists of dark clouds  
in the wild gusts of lashing rain  
in the ageless rocks of the sea  
you are God and I bless you.  
You are in all things

and contained by no thing.  
You are the life of all life  
and beyond every name.  
You are God and in the eternal mystery I praise you.  
- John Philip Newell

**Reflective Reading:**

Befriend Your Pain

I want to say to you that most of our brokenness cannot be simply taken away. It's there. And the deepest pain that you and I suffer is often the pain that stays with us all our lives. It cannot be simply solved, fixed, done away with. . . . What are we then told to do with that pain, with that brokenness, that anguish, that agony that continually rises up in our heart? We are called to embrace it, to befriend it. To not just push it away . . . to walk right over it, to ignore it. No, to embrace it, to befriend it, and say that is my pain and I claim my pain as the way God is willing to show me God's love.

Henri J. M. Nouwen

**Participatory Prayers:** W/ INSTRUMENTAL

With gratefulness of the day that has been...

Send me forth O Holy One

With the assurance that all those I love are held gently in the palm of your hand...

Send me forth O Holy One

With the invitation to release all that burdens my heart, body, and soul...

Send me forth O Holy One

With the fullness of hope that the new day will dawn upon my face and fill me with endless possibility...

Send me forth O Holy One

-Brian N. Prior

**Reflective Music:**

**Sending Prayers:**

May God give you grace never to sell yourself short; grace to risk something big for something good; grace to remember that the world is too dangerous for anything but truth and too small for anything but love.

-William Sloane Coffin

As the day transitions to night, and our bodies transition from awake to sleep, keep our dreams, our hopes, our desires, our

passions ever at the forefront of our being -so when the morning dawns we are that much closer to that which we so deeply long for....rest, sleep, dream, well this night. Amen  
- Brian N. Prior

**Sending Music:** *SING INSTRUMENTAL*

**OPENING**

This blessing *. LOVE XZ*  
had big ideas *. JOY*  
about what it wanted  
to say,  
what it wanted you  
to know,  
to see.

This blessing wanted  
to open your eyes  
to the joy that lives  
in such strange company  
with sorrow— *GRIEF*

This blessing wanted  
to make sure  
to tell you,  
lest you forget,  
that no matter how long  
it seems absent,  
no matter how quiet  
it becomes,  
joy has never  
been far from you,  
holding a space  
of celebration,  
watching for you,  
humming as it  
keeps vigil. *FAITH  
. HOPE*

But now that  
it comes time  
to speak it—  
comes time to  
lay these words  
on your brow,  
your beating heart—  
all this blessing  
can think to say is  
Look—  
your life  
a candle,  
this day  
a match.  
Strike it and see  
what blazes,  
what fire comes  
to sing in you. *LOVE*  
-Jan Richardson

**INTRO**

It is not so much that the boat passed  
and you failed to notice it.

It is more like the boat stopping  
directly outside your bedroom window,  
the captain blowing the signal-horn,  
the band playing a rousing march.  
The boat shouted, waving bright flags,  
its silver hull blinding in the sunlight.  
But you had this idea you were going by train.  
You kept checking the time-table,  
digging for tracks.  
And the boat got tired of you,  
so tired it pulled up the anchor  
and raised the ramp.  
The boat bobbed into the distance,  
shrinking like a toy—  
at which point you probably realized  
you had always loved the sea.

Missing the Boat \*\*\*\*\*  
by Naomi Shihab-Nye

