

From "Light" Vol. 26, No. 2, Summer 2001  
**Parabola: Myth, Tradition and the Search For Meaning.**

The face of the Earth viewed from celestial space presents a unique appearance, different from all other heavenly bodies. The surface that separates the planet from the cosmic medium is the biosphere.... The sun has completely transformed the face of the Earth by penetrating the biosphere, which has changed the history and destiny of our planet by converting rays of the sun into new and varied forms of energy. At the same time, the biosphere is largely the product of this radiation.

Activated by radiation, the matter of the biosphere collects and redistributes solar energy, and converts it ultimately into a free energy capable of doing work on Earth. The outer layer of the earth must, therefore, not be considered as a region of matter alone, but also as a region of energy and a source of transformation of the planet.... The biosphere is at least as much a *creation* of the sun as a result of terrestrial processes. Ancient religious intuitions that considered terrestrial creatures, especially man, to be *children of the sun* were far nearer the truth than is thought by those who see earthly beings simply as arising from blind and accidental interplay of matter and forces. Creatures on Earth are the fruit of extended, complex processes, and are an essential part of a harmonious cosmic mechanism....

Vernadsky, Vladimir *The Biosphere*

**Questions for the Sermon Topic**

Does it make any sense to celebrate the Solstice? What can it mean to the modern sensibility? What good does it do? Can it be an effective spiritual symbol of the environmentalist movement?

Christians speak of a reason for the season. But the original meaning of these festivals were pagan. Does that mean in some strange way, there is a fundamentalist aspect to celebrating the solstice?

In a larger sense, why do we celebrate? How does the Solstice fit into this question?

***The Song of Wandering Aengus***

I went out to the hazel wood/Because a fire was in my head,  
And cut and peeled a hazel wand/And hooked a berry to a thread;  
When white moths were on the wing/And moth-like stars were flickering out  
I dropped the berry in a stream/And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor/I went to blow the fire a-flame,  
But something rustled on the floor/And someone called me by my name:  
It had become a glimmering girl/With apple blossoms in her hair  
Who called me by my name and ran/And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering/Through hollow lands and hilly lands,  
I will find out where she has gone/And kiss her lips and take her hands;  
And walk among long dappled grass/And pluck till time and times are done  
The silver apples of the moon/The golden apples of the sun.

~William Butler Yeats

*Summer Solstice  
Longest Day of the Year*



**Wiesbaden Unitarian Universalists  
15 Jun 2014**

**The Seven Principles**

- The inherent worth and dignity of every person
- Justice, equity and compassion in human relations
- Acceptance of one another and encouragement to spiritual growth in our congregations
- A free and responsible search for truth and meaning
- The right of conscience and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large
- The goal of world community with peace, liberty, and justice for all
- Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part

*Wiesbaden Unitarian Universalists*

**15 June 2014**

*Love is the spirit of this church, the quest of truth its sacrament, service its prayer.*

**Centering Thought:**

Buddha left a road map. Jesus left a road map. Krishna left a road map. Rand McNally left a road map. But you still have to travel the road yourself. Stephen Levine

**Prelude** *The Song of Wandering Aengus* words by W.B. Yeats  
from **Celtic Solstice** (99) Paul Winter, vocal by Karan

Casey

**Welcome and Announcements**

**Opening Reading**

*Oh, what a catastrophe, what a maiming of love when it was made a personal, merely personal feeling, taken away from the rising and setting of the sun, and cut off from the magic connection of the solstice and equinox. This is what is the matter with us, we are bleeding at the roots, because we are cut off from the earth and sun and stars, and love is a grinning mockery, because, poor blossom, we plucked it from its stem on the tree of life, and expected it to keep on blooming in our civilized vase on the table.*

D.H. Lawrence

**Hymn 188** *Come, Come Whoever You Are*

**Chalice Lighting** In unison:

*In this small flame dwell:*

*the beacon light of lanterns guiding travelers home;  
the warmth of hearth fires tended through the generations;  
the transforming energy of furnaces and the power and life of our sun.*

*May these blessings --*

*warmth and light and life-giving energy --  
be kindled in each of us.*

Jean L.

Wahlstrom

**Sharing of Joys and Concerns**

*We invite you to light a candle at this time as an expression of your joy or concern that you'd like to share.*

*"I light this last candle for all joys and concerns left unspoken this day."*

**Story for All Ages**

**Romany Free**

by Robert Vavra

Paintings by Fleur Cowles

**Hymn 298** *Wake Now, My Senses*

**Membership Ceremony** *"Forming the Circle"*

**Responsive Reading 548**

We stand at the edge of summer

*The sun has at last warmed us enough that we begin to trust in its presence.*

The last burst of spring blossoms, lavender and white and deep pink banks of rhododendron are giving way to summer peonies and roses.

*O source of the turning seasons,*

O earth, of life, of promise gradually becoming fulfillment,  
*May your people find a lightening of the burdens with the brightening of the sky.*

**Discussion & Meditation**

*Summer Solstice: The Longest Day of the Year*

**Solstice Song**

We are the dance of the moon and sun/We are the light that's in everyone  
We are the turning of the tide/We are the hope that's deep inside

**Benediction**

Wisdom, be thou more precious than possessions without end.

Truth, be thou more sacred than the pleasing of a friend.

Courage, be thou our strength to gain the distant goal.

Beauty, send thou a cleansing wonder to our souls.

Kindness, be thou our guide upon life's way.

Peace, be thou the benediction of our day. Amen.

~Reverend Don Harrington

**Extinguishing the Chalice** In unison:

*"We extinguish this flame, but not the light of truth, the warmth of community, or the fire of commitment which it here symbolizes. These, we carry in our hearts until we are together again."*