

as the lost human voices speak through us and blend our complex love,  
our mourning without end.

—May Sarton ("All Souls")

### Meditation

"Fantasy on the Corpse" (A Buddhist Reality Meditation)

### Homily

"Lessons I Learned as a Hospice Chaplain"

by Vernon Chandler



### Hymn No.3

"We Laugh, We Cry" (#354, Singing the Living Tradition)

### Benediction

To live in this world  
You must be able  
To do three things:  
To love what is mortal;  
To hold it  
Against your bones knowing  
Your own life depends on it;  
And, when the time comes to let it go,  
To let it go.  
—Mary Oliver ("In Blackwater Woods" – excerpt)

### Extinguishing the Chalice

*In unison:*

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

### Announcements and Upcoming Events

December 6, 14:00 — Discussion Group, Hainerberg Chapel

December 19–20 — Solstice Party & Service

### Coffee Hour & Discussion of the Homily



wiesbadenuu.weebly.com  
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## "Lessons I Learned as a Hospice Chaplain"



Homily by Vernon Chandler  
Led by Terri J. Michos



November 15th, 2015

Love is the doctrine of this church.  
The quest for truth is its sacrament.  
And service is its prayer.

## Centering Thought

"In a little while I will be gone from you, my people, and whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset."

—Chief Crowfoot, Blackfoot Nation

## Prelude

"Requiem for the Static King (Part 1)" (A Winged Victory for the Sullen)

## Welcome and Greeting of One Another

## Chalice Lighting

*In unison:*

We gather this hour as people of faith with joys and sorrows, gifts and needs.  
We light this beacon of hope, sign of our quest for truth and meaning, in  
celebration of the life we share together.

—Christine Robinson



## Hymn No.1

"Abide With Me" (#101, Singing the Living Tradition)

## Opening Reading

You would know the secret of death.  
But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?  
The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the  
mystery of light.  
If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the  
body of life.  
For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the  
beyond;  
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring.  
Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.  
Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd when he stands  
before the king whose hand is to be laid upon him in honour.

Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling, that he shall wear the mark  
of the king?  
Yet is he not more mindful of his trembling?

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?  
And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides,  
that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.  
And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb.  
And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.  
—Kahlil Gibran ("On Death")

## Sharing of Joys and Concerns



## Hymn No.2

"Return Again" (#1011, Singing the Journey)

## Story for All Ages

"The Fall of Freddie the Leaf: A Story of Life for all Ages" (by Leo Buscaglia)

## Offertory

## Video

"Hurt" (by Johnny Cash)

## Second Reading (responsive)

Did someone say that there would be an end,  
an end, Oh, an end to love and mourning?  
What has been once so interwoven cannot be raveled,  
not the gift ungiven.  
Now the dead move through all of us still glowing.  
Mother and child, lover and lover mated,  
are wound and bound together and enfolding.  
What has been plaited cannot be unplaited--  
only the strands grow richer with each loss  
and memory makes kings and queens of us.  
Dark into light, light into darkness, spin.  
When all the birds have flown to some real haven,  
we who find shelter in the warmth within,  
listen and feel new-cherished, new-forgiven,