



People's Poetry Service
April 14, 2024

Gathering of Community

Music for Gathering Bryan Klinesteker
Opening Words & Welcome Don Miller
Announcements Matthew McCormick
Introit 'Gathered Here' (#389) Savannah Ramsey
Chalice Lighting Matthew McCormick & Oliver Peters-Sparling

Affirming our Connections

Story for All Diane Melvin
Children and Teacher Recessional 'Go Forth' (Ramsey/Drake)

*Go forth in peace, in search of wisdom,
With love to guide you on your way
And may the joy of life surround you
Wherever you may go.*

Offering Matthew McCormick
Offertory Jennifer Drake

Support the good and important work of People's Church:
www.tinyurl.com/givingtopeoples



Giving Thanks for All That Sustains Us

*From the countless gifts we each have been given,
gifts of life and love and sustenance,*

*we bring these small portions to share in the works of love
which none of us can accomplish alone.*

Joys and Sorrows

Beth Bullmer

To Begin Again...

Community Poem

Beth Bullmer, Mike Leonard, David Isaacson & Karen Tiklenberg

Musical Meditation

'Return Again' (#1011) Savannah Ramsey

Poets

Don Miller
Mary Doud
Oliver Peters-Sparling
Beth Bullmer
Dan Kelsey
Nancy Nott
Chris Schleuder
Leeanne Seaver

with interludes by Bryan Klinesteker

Returning to the World

Closing song

'Filled With Loving Kindness' (#1031)

Savannah Ramsey

Closing words

Leeanne Seaver

Postlude

Coffee Quarter breakout rooms

All are invited to stay on Zoom for 15 minutes of small group conversation.

People's Church Community Poem 2014:

(Contributors: Beth Bullmer, Bob Davis, Mary Doud, Jennifer Drake, David Isaacson, Maryesah Karelou, Dan Kelsey, Mike Leonard, Mary Lewis, Donna McClurkan, Don Miller, Nancy Nott, Karen Tinklenberg)

How We Begin Again

How do we begin again,
though layers of longing own the season?

One deer skull found, no jawbone.
Where the field burned, green now,
crocus ache to break the soil
singing their indigo mantra
to the early morning frost:
Yes! Begin again. Don't say 'When'!

Dreams dangle in this pink, pre-dawn moment,
ushered by red-chested robins
and yellow-eyed blackbirds to *Get up,*
get ready! Show up for life!
Find the voice for the voiceless. Begin again!

Live like you appreciate the chance
to greet the chilled murmur of a new day,
to build a nest to keep safe our suffering,
to be of service. Humble. Brokenhearted.
Still here to learn. I am a rose, even with thorns,
offering beauty to others.

Let this beauty lift your life-trodden heart.
Easy does it. Though we may not know the path,
be willing to wander toward sunlight;

losing our way, we find it in one another:
Retirement emptiness, choral singing,
fellowship, joy. We begin again, together—
seeds gathering strength beneath snow
in anticipation. Hope spins restive souls to gold.