



## I'd Like to Love More Than 75%

Don Miller

June 28, 2026

### Music for Gathering

*Enter Rejoice and Come In* (#361) Rachel Bair/Bob Davis

Words of Welcome and Announcements Bob Davis

Opening Song *Come, Come, Whoever You Are* (#188)  
Rachel Bair/Bob Davis

Chalice Lighting Bob Davis

*We ignite this flame, symbol of our faith,  
to beckon us into community,  
warm our hearts with love,  
and give us a light to follow as we carry our faith into action.*

by Chrystal Hogan

Joys and Sorrows Bob Davis

Silent Meditation

Musical Meditation: *We are Loved by Abett Brothers* Rachel Bair

Offering Bob Davis

Offertory Music: *Rainbow Connection* Rachel Bair

Giving Thanks for All That Sustains Us:

*For 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.*

### Readings

*What are Years?* by Marianne Moore

*Heart Like a River* by Thich Nhat Hahn

Song *Somewhere to Begin* by TR Ritchie Rachel Bair

Reflection: *I'd Like to Love More Than 75%* Don Miller

### Questions for Sharing and Listening

1) *Where do you go, what do you do, who are you with when you  
feel the most relaxed or at peace?*

2) *What are some of the roadblocks (if any) to enjoy feeling  
peaceful today?*

3) *When was the last time you felt surprised by the gift of joy?*

Guidelines for discussion: Please speak the truth as you  
understand it; please do not comment on others'  
comments until everyone has had a chance to do initial  
sharing.

Closing song *Go Forth* by Ramsey/Drake Rachel Bair/Bob Davis

Closing words Don Miller

People joining us via Zoom are invited to stay for small group  
conversation.

**People's Church: A beloved community embracing and  
serving our diverse world**

***What are Years?* by Marianne Moore is printed on the reverse  
side.**

What Are Years? (1941)

by Marianne Moore

What is our innocence,  
what is our guilt? All are  
naked, none is safe. And whence  
is courage: the unanswered question,  
the resolute doubt—  
dumbly calling, deafly listening—that  
in misfortune, even death,  
encourages others  
and in its defeat, stirs

the soul to be strong? He  
sees deep and is glad, who  
accedes to mortality  
and in his imprisonment, rises  
upon himself as  
the sea in a chasm, struggling to be  
free and unable to be,  
in its surrendering  
finds its continuing.

So he who strongly feels,  
behaves. The very bird,  
grown taller as he sings, steels  
his form straight up. Though he is captive,  
his mighty singing  
says, satisfaction is a lowly  
thing, how pure a thing is joy.  
This is mortality,  
this is eternity.