Music and Meditation
Sunday, May 3, 2020
5:00 P.M.

—from John 14:27

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you.
I do not give to you as the world gives.
Do not let your hearts be troubled,
and do not let them be afraid.

"The peace may be exchanged." (Rubrics)

Dan Locklair (b. 1949)

Messenger - Mary Oliver

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflower, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young and still not half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium,
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind, a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.
Everything Has Its Time (*Ecclesiastes* 3:1-8)

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

If Thou but Trust in God to Guide Thee - Georg Neumark, trans. Catherine Winkworth

If thou but trust in God to guide thee,
with hopeful heart through all thy ways,
God will give strength, whate'er betide thee,
to bear thee through the evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
builds on the rock that nought can move.

Only be still, and wait God's leisure
in cheerful hope, with heart content
to take whate'er thy Keeper's pleasure
and all-discerning love hath sent.
No doubt our inmost wants are clear
to One who holds us always dear.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from God's ways,
but do thine own part faithfully.
Trust the rich promises of grace;
so shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
the soul secured by trust indeed.
If Thou but Trust in God to Guide Thee (Schübler Chorales)  
J. S. Bach

Pandemic - Lynn Ungar

What if you thought of it  
as the Jews consider the Sabbath-  
the most sacred of times?  
Cease from travel.  
Cease from buying and selling.  
Give up, just for now,  
on trying to make the world  
different than it is.  
Sing. Pray. Touch only those  
to whom you commit your life.  
Center down.

And when your body has become still,  
reach out with your heart.  
Know that we are connected  
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.  
(You could hardly deny it now.)  
Know that our lives  
are in one another's hands.  
(Surely, that has come clear.)  
Do not reach out your hands.  
Reach out your heart.  
Reach out your words.  
Reach out all the tendrils  
of compassion that move, invisibly,  
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love-  
for better or for worse,  
in sickness and in health,  
so long as we all shall live.
Psalm 23 - from The Message

13 God, my shepherd!
    I don’t need a thing.
You have bedded me down in lush meadows,
    you find me quiet pools to drink from.
True to your word,
    you let me catch my breath
and send me in the right direction.
4 Even when the way goes through
    Death Valley,
I’m not afraid
    when you walk at my side.
Your trusty shepherd’s crook
    makes me feel secure.
5 You serve me a six-course dinner
    right in front of my enemies.
You revive my drooping head;
    my cup brims with blessing.
6 Your beauty and love chase after me
    every day of my life.
I’m back home in the house of God
    for the rest of my life.

Pastorale on Psalm 23

Percy Whitlock (1903-1946)

-from Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

Above all
trust in the slow work of God.

We are,
quite naturally,
impatient in everything
to reach the end without delay.
We should like to skip the intermediate stages.

We are impatient of being
on the way to the unknown, something new.

And yet
it is the law of progress
that it is made
by passion through some stages of instability—
and that it may take a very long time.

And so I think it is with you.
Your ideas mature gradually—
let them grow,
let them shape themselves
without undue haste.

Don’t try to force them on
As though you could be today
what time
(that is to say, what grace and circumstances
acting on your own good will)
will make you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new spirit
gradually forming within you will be.
Give our Lord the benefit of believing
that God’s own hand is leading you,
and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself in suspense and incomplete.

Trust in the slow work of God.

Air from Suite in D J. S. Bach

Let Your God Love You - Edwina Gately

Be silent.
Be still.
Alone. Empty.
Before your God
Say nothing
Ask nothing
Be silent.
Be still.
Let your God
Look upon you.
That is all.
He knows.

He understands
He loves you with
An enormous love
He only wants
To look upon you
With his love.'
Quiet.
Still.
Be.

Let your God
Love you.

Come Down, O Love Divine (Down Ampney)       Herbert Sumption (1899-1995)

A Blessing for Traveling in the Dark - Jan Richardson

Go slow
if you can.
Slower.
More slowly still.
Friendly dark
or fearsome,
this is no place
to break your neck
by rushing,
by running,
by crashing into
what you cannot see.

Then again,
it is true:
different darks
have different tasks,
and if you
have arrived here unawares,
if you have come
in peril
or in pain,
this might be no place
you should dawdle.

I do not know
what these shadows ask of you, what they might hold that means you good or ill.
It is not for me to reckon whether you should linger or you should leave.

But this is what I can ask for you:

That in the darkness there be a blessing.
That in the shadows there be a welcome.
That in the night you be encompassed by the Love that knows your name.

**Aria**

Charles Callahan (b. 1951)
The Peace of the Wild Things - Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children’s lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light.
For a time I rest in the grace of the world,
and am free.

Song of Peace Jean Langlais (1907-1991)

Celtic Benediction - Philip Newell

The stillness of God be mine this night
that I may sleep in peace.
The awareness of the angels be mine this night
that I may be alert to unseen mysteries.
The company of the saints be mine this night
that I may dream of the river of love.
The life of Christ be mine this night
that I may be truly alive to the morning
that I may be truly alive.