



trinity @7

08.09.2020

welcome

Trinity @7 welcomes you all summer long via Zoom! We still need to keep our physical distance for the sake of our safety, but we can be together in spirit. On Zoom, we can at least see one another, smile, and chat. And of course, there's live music! We hope you find some gratification in that.

Like any other Sunday night, tonight we will share some music and some words and hopefully, a little bit of peace.

Before we get started, you're welcome to bring a candle and some matches for a brief candle lighting time. Place the candle near you so we'll see it on the screen.

If you'd like to stay online after the readings and music, we can check in with one another. If you'd rather leave the meeting, that's fine, too. Do what feels right.

a centering prayer

Let us pray.

Light
golden light
fresh from the source.

Colors
creation's colors
calling our senses.

Life
life in its oneness
life in its manifold oneness
all from you.

You are the Sun from whom the morning shines
You are the River in whom each life-form flows
each face
each race
each cell within our ever-living soul.
On this quiet evening we greet you.

amen

interlude

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer is a published Colorado poet. Since 1999, she's performed with Telluride's seven-woman acappella group, Heartbeat, and since 2006, she's written a poem a day. Trommer's favorite one-word mantra: Adjust. Visit her at www.wordwoman.com

Together

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

It smacks me, sometimes,
how connected we are—
though we draw boundaries,
build walls, fight wars,
call names, and kill. All it takes
is a photo of earth from space
and I'm stunned again,
how much we are in this together.
And though we'd rather not know it,
every choice we make
affects everyone, everything else.
Perhaps this is why I weep
when the woman I've barely met
embroiders me a sweater
with a word she knows I'll love
and then brings it to my home.
Because it's proof of kindness,
a confirmation that beauty
not only exists, it will lead us to each other.
How easily two strangers
might become friends.
It can happen anywhere
on this small blue and green planet—
anywhere two people co-exist,
the invitation to be generous,
thoughtful, to think of new ways
to be good to each other.
Each kindness a bridge that spans
the world's flaws. Each moment,
another chance to build another bridge.

interlude

Tired

by Irene Sipos

Sitting across the aisle
on the B train
I look at the row of weary faces
various shapes, sizes, colors, ages,
a horizontal explication of what it means
to have woken many mornings
to brave routine, to leave concerns at home
along with scattered laundry and unwashed
dishes to head for same/same at work.

Irene Sipos earned her Master of Arts in the legendary 1970s English Department of SUNY University at Buffalo. She recently retired from SUNY Buffalo State where she taught in the English Department and the College Writing Program and was a co-founder of Buffalo State's Rooftop Poetry Club. Currently, Irene works at the Writing Center at Buffalo State and is a freelance editor and tutor.

Maya Angelou (1928-2014) was a writer and civil rights activist, and also an actor, screenwriter and dancer. Her most popular work may be her autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*.

I picture each of you, one at a time. I try to observe without you knowing and suddenly I see round, soft faces, no creases in foreheads, no wrinkles like parentheses around eyes, no downturned mouths, no slumped shoulders. I see the plump babies you once were. And with that, a rush of hoping that you were affectionally held on generous laps, that you were sung tender songs, that you were offered a bowl of blueberries as initiation to the messy pleasures of this world. I hope that occasionally you reach back, even if only briefly to recall your beginning self as a visitor new to the planet, unencumbered and dear.

Human Family

by Maya Angelou

I note the obvious differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different
thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

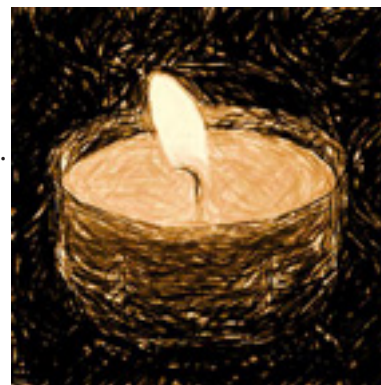
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Jacqueline C Nash
(b. 1951) in Enfield,
Middlesex, England.
She has recently
retired so now has
more time to pursue
her writing. Nash
has always loved
being creative, enjoys
making things or
renovating items. She
loves music, drawing,
painting, gardening,
reading, and of course
writing.

the candle lighting

after George plays, let's take a moment to light our candles.



Everything Is Interconnected

by Jacqueline C. Nash

Last night I dreamt that I could fly,
effortlessly, so weightless and free.
My spirit rose and touched the sky
and although alone I did not feel lonely,
for I felt connected to all I passed by
and felt everything connected to me.

I surveyed the earth from a great height,
the beauty below was amazing to see.
It stretched far and wide in my sight
showing nature's wondrous scenery,
illuminated by the moon's bright light
and the stars that twinkled all around me.

Rivers wound through forests of trees,
through patchworks of fields to the sea.
Cascading waterfalls in mountain ranges
splashing to the ground dramatically.
I could feel the slightest hint of a breeze
but my destination was not clear to me.

So I flew on, never tiring of the views,
flying over the homes of many a family,
feeling their happiness and their blues,
I felt so many emotions rising up at me.
Babies being born bringing joyful news,
the dead, their souls rising - set free.

Suddenly I knew my journey was ending,
the destination was knowledge it brought to me.
Last night the universe had been my awakening,
for as I slept, it had taught with such clarity
that everything in the universe is interconnecting,
I am the universe and the universe is me.

interlude

the reflection

interlude

closing prayer

Beloved, send us
into the night renewed
and at peace
As you are nearer to us than we are to ourselves.

Center our hearts
in your presence
even as we are surrounded by others
That we may be patient with friends, enemies, and ourselves.

Assist us in our mindfulness
toward the wholeness of life;
that in becoming simple in action and in thought,
we return to our source.
and when it is time to stop
at an unexpected moment, or let go when we cannot see
the consequence, may trust ourselves to your love.
Open our minds for knowing,
Heal our hearts for loving.
amen.

postlude

invitation

Please stay online if you'd like to say hello to others and/or to bring up something from the readings or the reflection that moved you or prompted a question.

Trinity's chicken barbeque fundraiser will be on Sunday, Aug 23, from 4 - 5:30PM. Weidner's signature barbeque 1/2 chicken, with sides of their buttered spuds, and classic macaroni salad, fresh baked roll and butter. Served up to go by friendly Trinity volunteers. \$15.00 a dinner. Help support your Trinity community! Presales only, please order by Sunday, Aug 16, so you don't miss out. Buy one for yourself and one for a neighbor who wants to stay safe at home!



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www.trinitybuffalo.org • (716) 852-8314

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Trinity is an Episcopal Church in the Diocesan Partnership of Western New York and Northwest Pennsylvania.

Thanks to George Caldwell for his music.

Thanks to Matt Lincoln for his dogged determination in bringing us together and for his reflection. Thanks to tonight's readers.

Thank you to all the poets and musicians in the world who reflect life back to us in the most beautiful ways.
And of course, thank you.

If you'd like to visit Trinity Church in person for some quiet contemplation or to view the stunning stained glass windows, the building will be open on Thursdays from noon to 2pm and Mondays from 5 to 7pm. Please wear a mask and sign the contact-tracing register at the entry.

Financial Support

Your financial support is not only a practical necessity. It can also be a very meaningful symbolic gesture, expressing your gratitude for all the blessings in your life and your hope for health in the world.

While the church is not open, Trinity has made a commitment to keep staff on the payroll. Plus, all the Trinity services are available online, either with Zoom or Facebook live streaming.

You can [donate online here](#), text the word "give" to (716) 221-8580, or send a check to the address at left.

Thank you for your participation and contribution. Peace.

Online Services:

Sunday @10:30am

Reflection, prayer, and music - Facebook live.

Sunday @7:00pm

An encounter with God through poetry and jazz - Zoom

Wednesday @Noon

Prayer and holy conversation - Zoom

Thursday @7pm

12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality - Zoom