

trinity @7

11.07.2021

Cover photo:
Creative Commons
images, "Looking at
the Milky Way"

welcome

Trinity @7 welcomes you in person and via Zoom. This is a time where we enjoy jazz combined with poetry and a thoughtful reflection. We're always glad to see you and to share this special time together. Even though some of us are in person and others on Zoom, we are one community for a little while. What joy!

No matter the venue, may you experience stillness when it is needed and much joy and laughter when they are needed, or perhaps when least expected. Besides beautiful music and words, we hope this evening brings you a little bit of peace.

We will continue to have a candle lighting time, either at a candle wall in the chapel or in your home.

Those of us who are vaccinated for COVID may choose to wear a mask or not.

a centering prayer

For everything there is a season, and
a time for every matter under heaven:
a time for rebirth,
 a time for loss;
a time to invest all we have in one
special moment,
 and a time to guard against failure;
a time to call it quits on something we
don't want to give up on,
 and a time to allow our wounds
 to be touched and healed;
a time to analyze,
 and a time to intuit;
a time to put our heads on the chest of
another and sob,
 and a time to laugh until we cry;
a time to grieve until we are numb,
 and a time to dance with abandon;
a time to hold hands tenderly and
even to embrace,
 and a time to sit in silence
 together but apart;
a time to seek,
 and a time to rest in where we are;
a time to open ourselves and love so
much it hurts,
 and a time to understand we
hurt too much to love;

a time to insist on peace during war,
and a time to engage in conflict
during peace.

All this we know, deep down in our bones,
but what season it is so often eludes us.
Beloved, author of all wisdom, impart
to us just enough of your wisdom so
that we can discern what season it is – for us.

amen

interlude

The Inner History of a Day

by John O'Donohue

No one knew the name of this day;
Born quietly from deepest night,
It hid its face in light,
Demanded nothing for itself,
Opened out to offer each of us
A field of brightness that traveled ahead,
Providing in time, ground to hold our footsteps
And the light of thought to show the way.
The mind of the day draws no attention;
It dwells within the silence with elegance
To create a space for all our words,
Drawing us to listen inward and outward.
We seldom notice how each day is a holy place
Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens,
Transforming our broken fragments
Into an eternal continuity that keeps us.
Somewhere in us a dignity presides
That is more gracious than the smallness
That fuels us with fear and force,
A dignity that trusts the form a day takes.
So at the end of this day, we give thanks
For being betrothed to the unknown
And for the secret work
Through which the mind of the day
And wisdom of the soul become one.

interlude

John O'Donohue (1956-2007) was born in the Burren Region of County Clare, Ireland, and began writing poems during his college years. Ordained in 1982, John retired from public priestly ministry in 2000, living in a remote cottage in Connemara. He devoted himself full-time to writing and a life of public speaking.

Jeanne Lohmann
(1923 – 2016)
was born in Ohio,
and lived into her
90s in Olympia,
Washington.
Lohmann's poetry
has roots in her
Quaker beliefs and
sensibilities, and
each is a testimony
to simplicity, peace,
integrity, community,
equality, and service.

Reference to Ruskin
is John Ruskin,
(1819 – 1890)
English art critic and
philosopher, who
exhorted the clergy
of his day to preach
about the delights of
creation or the “duty
of delight,” rather
than dwell on the
duty of self denial.

Rosemerry Wahtola
Trommer is a
published Colorado
poet and acappella
singer. She wrote
a poem a day from
2006 until the death
of her son in August
2021. After taking a
break from writing,
she has resumed her
practice of a poem
a day. Visit her at
www.wordwoman.com

What the Day Gives

by Jeanne Lohmann

Suddenly, sun.
Over my shoulder,
in the middle of gray November.
What I hoped to do comes back,
asking.

Across the street the fiery trees
hold on to their leaves.
red and gold in the final months,
of this unfinished year,
they offer blazing riddles.

In the frozen fields of my life
there are no shortcuts to spring,
but stories of great birds in migration
carrying small ones on their backs,
predators flying next to warblers
they would, in a different season, eat.

Stunned by the astonishing mix in this uneasy world
that plunges in a single day from despair
to hope and back again, I commend my life
to Ruskin's difficult duty of delight,
and to that most beautiful form of courage,
to be happy.

interlude

Things to Know when Waking

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

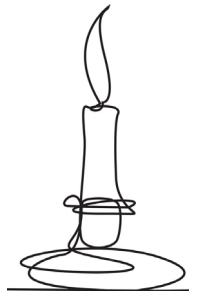
There will be weather.
There will be some measure of light.
The earth will not pause, will not stop
in its spinning. The morning
will stretch into night.
And whatever I feel,
I won't feel it forever.
And whatever I love
will someday be lost—
no matter how well I love it,
no matter my hopes,
no matter how tightly I grasp.
But the love itself, love

can continue to grow
in ways that defy
what I think I know—
if only I tend it, meet it.
And the mountains around me
are falling down.
Somewhere else,
mountains are being made.
Our Milky Way Galaxy,
sure in its course, will collide
with Andromeda Galaxy someday.
That someday will not be today.
Today there will be thousands of chances
to choose to be generous.
I am what I give.
I have a love light to carry.
Gravity wins.
Today is the day to live.

brief silent meditation

the candle lighting

While Krista plays, feel free to light a candle at one of the walls. Let's do so mindfully and one at a time, leaving space between you and the person in front. If you're lighting a candle at home, do so as if you were in a sacred space. You are.



The Most Subversive Invitation

by John O'Donohue

excerpted from *To Bless the Space Between Us*

Humans have an uncanny ability to domesticate everything they touch. Eventually, even the strangest things become absorbed into the routine of the daily mind with its steady geographies of endurance, anxiety and contentment. Only seldom does the haze lift, and we glimpse for a second, the amazing plenitude of being here. Sometimes, unfortunately, it is suffering or threat that awakens us. It could happen that one evening, you are busy with many things, netted into your role and the phone rings. Someone you love is suddenly in the grip of an illness that could end their life within hours. It only takes a few seconds to receive that news. Yet, when you put the phone down, you are already standing in a different world. All you know has just been rendered unsure and dangerous. You realise that the ground has turned into quicksand. Now it seems to you that even mountains are suspended on strings. If you could imagine the most incredible story ever, it would be less incredible than the story of being here. And the ironic thing is that story is not a story, it is true. It takes us so long to see where we are. It takes us even longer to see who we are. This is why the greatest gift you could ever dream is a gift that you

Continued on next page

can only receive from one person. And that person is you yourself. Therefore, the most subversive invitation you could ever accept is the invitation to awaken to who you are and where you have landed.

interlude

reflection

interlude

closing prayer

Now, as we come to the setting of the sun,
and our eyes behold the vesper light, remind us that

**all shall be well,
and all manner of thing shall
be well.**

In the stillness of our hearts
and the silence between each beat, remind us that

**all shall be well,
and all manner of thing shall
be well.**

As we peek into tomorrow
and wonder what it will bring, remind us that

**all shall be well,
and all manner of thing shall
be well.**

When we prepare ourselves for rest
and seek the blessings of slumber, remind us that

**all shall be well,
and all manner of thing shall
be well.**

amen

postlude

Transforming Through Love: A Video Discussion Series

On **Tuesday evenings @7pm**, Tim Lane and Jeffrey Tooke are facilitating **Transforming Through Love**, a three-week video series produced by *The Work of the People*, to discover how we are participating in God's dream of wholeness. Each session includes watching a video together and then discussing themes brought out in the video.

During our gathering on **Tuesday, November 9 @7pm**, the group will explore the mission of the Church, the Church's role in God's dream, and how we and our faith community can get in on what God is doing. Join Tim and Jeff on Tuesday @7pm using this zoom link for the discussion group:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81668634672?pwd=eTVJZXFoNzVYdHZvSHZONG1NUUowZz09>

Meeting ID: 816-6863-4672 Passcode: trintalk

If you have questions, please email Jeffrey Tooke at jeffrey@bayharboradvisors.com.

**FRESH
VOICES**
@TRINITY

Seeking the
Sacred in Our
Broken World



Nadia Bolz-Weber

An ordained Lutheran Pastor,
founder of House for All Sinners & Saints, Denver, CO,
the creator and host of The Confessional,
and the author of three NYT bestsellers.

Saturday, November 13, 2021 | 7:30pm

Trinity Church | 371 Delaware Ave, Buffalo, NY

\$25 Admission | Attend **in person** or **online**

Advance tickets only, visit TrinityBuffalo.org

Nadia will also preach at Trinity's 10:30am service the following morning

**EventBrite
Direct Link**



For tickets,
[click here.](#)





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

 Facebook: [@Trinitybuffalo](https://www.facebook.com/Trinitybuffalo)

 YouTube: [Trinity Church Buffalo](https://www.youtube.com/TrinityChurchBuffalo)

 Instagram: [@trinity.church.Buffalo](https://www.instagram.com/trinity.church.Buffalo)

 Twitter: [@trinitybuffalo1](https://twitter.com/trinitybuffalo1)

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

371 Delaware Ave Buffalo, NY 14202

Thank you to Krista for the beautiful music.

Thank you to Matt Lincoln for bringing us together in every way he can imagine and then for being with us and reflecting from his heart.

Thank you to our host and 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 church is open for private prayer or meditation by appointment. You are required to sign a registry at the entrance to be used in the event contact tracing is necessary. For private visits, masks are not required if you are fully vaccinated. Contact our parish administrator, Colleen O'Neill, at coneill@trinitybuffalo.org to schedule an appointment.



Trinity has worked so hard during the pandemic to keep people's spiritual lives refreshed and engaged. We kept the whole staff on payroll. We learned how to make Trinity services available online, either with Zoom or Facebook live streaming or both. We've made a commitment to continue with our communities—online and in person. Your donation can be an expression of your gratitude for Trinity and all the blessings in your life and your hope for health in the world. You can [donate online here](#), or initiate an online donation by texting the word "give" to (716) 221-8580 OR as you exit, you can make a contribution in the Big Blue Urn. Thank you for your participation and contribution. Peace.

All services are in person AND online:

Sunday @10:30am Includes communion at an open table

Sunday @7:00pm An encounter with God through poetry, jazz, and meditation
Weekly services continue up to and including Dec 19.

Wednesday @Noon Prayer and holy conversation

Thursday @7pm 12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality