



trinity @7

03.28.2021

welcome

Trinity @7 welcomes you via Zoom 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. 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 time brings you 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 minute for wilderness as we watch a brief video from nature365.tv

a centering prayer

Let us pray.

That from our depth new life emerges
thanks be to you, O God.

That through our body
and the bodies of men and women everywhere
heaven's creativity is born on earth,
children of eternity are conceived in time
and everlasting bonds of tenderness
are forged amidst the hardness of life's struggles,
thanks be to you.

That in our soul
and the soul of every human being
sacred hopes are hidden,
longings for what has never been are heard
and visions for earth's peace and
prosperity are glimpsed,
thanks be to you.

For those near to us who are in turmoil this day
and for every family in its brokenness,
for the woundedness of our own life
and for every creature that is suffering,
O God of all life, we pray.

amen

interlude

Opening prayer
written by John
Philip Newell.

Joy Harjo (b. 1951) is an internationally renowned performer and writer of the Muscogee (Creek) Nation. She is serving her second term as the 23rd Poet Laureate of the United States.

Remember

by Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.

Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time. Remember sundown
and the giving away to night.

Remember your birth, how your mother struggled
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of
her life, and her mother's, and hers.

Remember your father. He is your life, also.

Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.

Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.

Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the
origin of this universe.

Remember you are all people and all people
are you.

Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.

Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.

Remember language comes from this.

Remember the dance language is, that life is.

Remember.

interlude

A reading from "Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit"

by Jeanette Winterson

Of course that is not the whole story, but that is the way with stories; we make them what we will. It's a way of explaining the universe while leaving the universe unexplained, it's a way of keeping it all alive, not boxing it into time.

Everyone who tells a story tells it differently, just to remind us that everybody sees it differently. Some people say there are true things to be found, some people say all kinds of things can be proved. I don't believe them. The only thing for certain is how complicated it all is, like string full of knots. It's all there but hard to find the beginning and impossible to fathom the end. The best you can do is admire the cat's cradle, and maybe knot it up a bit more. History should be a hammock for swinging and a game for playing, the way cats play. Claw it, chew it, rearrange it and at bedtime it's still a ball of string full of knots. Nobody should mind. Some people make a lot of money out of it. Publishers do well, children, when bright, can come top. It's an all-purpose rainy day pursuit, this reducing of stories called history.

Jeanette Winterson (b. 1959) is a British novelist noted for her quirky, unconventional, and often comic novels.

interlude

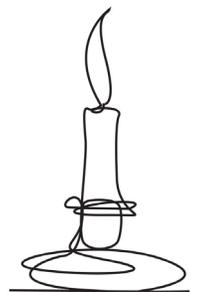
Eagle Poem

by Joy Harjo

To pray you open your whole self
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon
To one whole voice that is you.
And know there is more
That you can't see, can't hear;
Can't know except in moments
Steadily growing, and in languages
That aren't always sound but other
Circles of motion.
Like eagle that Sunday morning
Over Salt River.
Circled in blue sky
In wind, swept our hearts clean
With sacred wings.
We see you, see ourselves and know
That we must take the utmost care
And kindness in all things.
Breathe in, knowing we are made of
All this, and breathe, knowing
We are truly blessed because we
Were born, and die soon within a
True circle of motion,
Like eagle rounding out the morning
Inside us.
We pray that it will be done
In beauty.
In beauty.

the candle lighting

After Krista plays, feel free to light a candle and recite the prayer with our host.



interlude

A Map to the Next World

by Joy Harjo

In the last days of the fourth world I wished to make a map for
those who would climb through the hole in the sky.

My only tools were the desires of humans as they emerged
from the killing fields, from the bedrooms and the kitchens.

Continued on next page

For the soul is a wanderer with many hands and feet.

The map must be of sand and can't be read by ordinary light. It must carry fire to the next tribal town, for renewal of spirit.

In the legend are instructions on the language of the land, how it was we forgot to acknowledge the gift, as if we were not in it or of it.

Take note of the proliferation of supermarkets and malls, the altars of money. They best describe the detour from grace.

Keep track of the errors of our forgetfulness; the fog steals our children while we sleep.

Flowers of rage spring up in the depression. Monsters are born there of nuclear anger.

Trees of ashes wave good-bye to good-bye and the map appears to disappear.

We no longer know the names of the birds here, how to speak to them by their personal names.

Once we knew everything in this lush promise.
What I am telling you is real and is printed in a warning on the map. Our forgetfulness stalks us, walks the earth behind us, leaving a trail of paper diapers, needles, and wasted blood.
An imperfect map will have to do, little one.

The place of entry is the sea of your mother's blood, your father's small death as he longs to know himself in another.

There is no exit.

The map can be interpreted through the wall of the intestine—a spiral on the road of knowledge.

You will travel through the membrane of death, smell cooking from the encampment where our relatives make a feast of fresh deer meat and corn soup, in the Milky Way.

They have never left us; we abandoned them for science.

And when you take your next breath as we enter the fifth world there will be no X, no guidebook with words you can carry.

You will have to navigate by your mother's voice, renew the song she is singing.

Fresh courage glimmers from planets.

And lights the map printed with the blood of history, a map you will have to know by your intention, by the language of suns.

When you emerge note the tracks of the monster slayers where they entered the cities of artificial light and killed what was killing us.

You will see red cliffs. They are the heart, contain the ladder.

A white deer will greet you when the last human climbs from the destruction.

Remember the hole of shame marking the act of abandoning our tribal grounds.

We were never perfect.

Yet, the journey we make together is perfect on this earth who was once a star and made the same mistakes as humans.

We might make them again, she said.

Crucial to finding the way is this: there is no beginning or end.

You must make your own map.

interlude

reflection

interlude

closing prayer

Now, as we come the setting of the sun,
and our eyes behold the vesper light:

Take us by the hand.

In the stillness of our hearts
and the silence between each beat:

Whisper in our ear.

As we peek into tomorrow
and wonder what it will bring:

Be present with us.

*When we prepare ourselves for rest
and seek the blessings of slumber:*

Surround us with your love.

Into the darkness of the night
and across the canopy of sleep:
Awake us to your best dream for us.
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.

announcements

**ATTENTION! PLEASE NOTE THAT TRINITY @7 WILL NOT GATHER NEXT SUNDAY, APRIL 4.
WE WILL RETURN APRIL 11.**

Make Me An Instrument of Peace: A Group Discussion on Civil Discourse

This Tuesday evening @7pm will be your final chance to join Tim Lane and Jeffrey Tooke for **Make Me An Instrument of Peace: A Group Discussion on Civil Discourse**. Designed by the Episcopal Church Office of Government Relations, Make Me An Instrument of Peace is a group discussion study designed to help us bridge the divides that keep us from moving forward. During our evening gatherings, the group will watch video material taught by a team of experts in civil discourse and then discuss the subject matter as a group.

The topic is **Going Forth Into the World**, in which we explore ways to bring civil discourse out of our discussion group and into our lives.

Download the participant's guide [here](#).

Use this zoom link for the discussion group on Tuesday at 7pm:

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

Meeting ID: 816-6863-4672

Passcode: trintalk

If you are interested in joining the discussion group or have questions about the group, please send an email to Jeffrey Tooke at jeffrey@bayharboradvisors.com to receive more information.



If you ordered Easter flowers, please remember to pick them up at church on **April 3** from noon to 3pm.



 www.facebook.com/TrinityBuffalo&TrinityatZ

 Instagram: [@trinitychurch.buffalo](https://www.instagram.com/trinitychurch.buffalo)

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

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.

Thank you to our pianist, Krista Seddon!

Thanks to Matt Lincoln for bringing us together virtually and for 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 building will be open on Thursdays from noon to 2pm or by appointment. Please wear a mask and sign the contact-tracing register at the entry.

Financial Support

Your financial support is meaningful in several ways. First it's a practical offering; Trinity has made a commitment to keep staff on the payroll during the pandemic. Plus, all the Trinity services are available online, either with Zoom or Facebook live streaming which requires just as much if not more work to carry out. Your donation can be a symbolic gesture, too, expressing your gratitude for 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.

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