



trinity @7

09.13.2020

Cover photo:  
Castle Stalker  
(Scottish Gaelic:  
Caisteal an  
Stalcaire) is a  
four-storey tower  
house or keep set  
on a tidal islet  
on Loch Laich.

The centering  
prayer was written  
by Michael Leunig,  
an Australian  
cartoonist, writer,  
painter, philosopher  
and poet.

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*.  
Tonight's poem  
may be familiar to  
you as Ms. Angelou  
wrote it for and  
read it at the first  
inauguration of  
William J. Clinton  
in January 1993,  
becoming the first  
woman and African  
American to read  
a poem at an  
inauguration.

## 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.

We give thanks for the invention of the handle.

Without it, there would be many things we couldn't hold on to. As for the things we can't hold on to anyway, let us gracefully accept their ungraspable nature and celebrate all things elusive, fleeting, and intangible. They mystify us and make us receptive to truth and beauty.

We celebrate and give thanks.

**amen**

## interlude

### On the Pulse of Morning

by Maya Angelou

A Rock, A River, A Tree

Hosts to species long since departed,

Mark the mastodon.

The dinosaur, who left dry tokens

Of their sojourn here

On our planet floor,

Any broad alarm of their hastening doom

Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully,

Come, you may stand upon my

Back and face your distant destiny,

But seek no haven in my shadow.

I will give you no hiding place down here.

You, created only a little lower than  
The angels, have crouched too long in  
The bruising darkness,  
Have lain too long  
Face down in ignorance.  
Your mouths spelling words  
Armed for slaughter.

The rock cries out today, you may stand on me,  
But do not hide your face.

Across the wall of the world,  
A river sings a beautiful song,  
Come rest here by my side.

Each of you a bordered country,  
Delicate and strangely made proud,  
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.  
Your armed struggles for profit  
Have left collars of waste upon  
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.

Yet, today I call you to my riverside,  
If you will study war no more.  
Come, clad in peace and I will sing the songs  
The Creator gave to me when I  
And the tree and stone were one.  
Before cynicism was a bloody sear across your brow  
And when you yet knew you still  
Knew nothing.

The river sings and sings on.

There is a true yearning to respond to  
The singing river and the wise rock.  
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew,  
The African and Native American, the Sioux,  
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek,  
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheikh,  
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,  
The privileged, the homeless, the teacher.  
They hear. They all hear  
The speaking of the tree.

Today, the first and last of every tree  
Speaks to humankind. Come to me, here beside the river.  
Plant yourself beside me, here beside the river.

Each of you, descendant of some passed on  
Traveller, has been paid for.

You, who gave me my first name, you  
Pawnee, Apache and Seneca, you  
Cherokee Nation, who rested with me, then  
Forced on bloody feet, left me to the employment of  
Other seekers--desperate for gain,  
Starving for gold.

You, the Turk, the Swede, the German, the Scot...  
You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru,  
Bought, sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare  
Praying for a dream.

Here, root yourselves beside me.

I am the tree planted by the river,  
Which will not be moved.

I, the rock, I the river, I the tree  
I am yours--your passages have been paid.  
Lift up your faces, you have a piercing need  
For this bright morning dawning for you.

History, despite its wrenching pain,  
Cannot be unlived, and if faced  
With courage, need not be lived again.

Lift up your eyes upon  
The day breaking for you.  
Give birth again  
To the dream.

Women, children, men,  
Take it into the palms of your hands.  
Mold it into the shape of your most  
Private need. Sculpt it into  
The image of your most public self.  
Lift up your hearts.  
Each new hour holds new chances  
For new beginnings.

Do not be wedded forever  
To fear, yoked eternally  
To brutishness.

The horizon leans forward,  
Offering you space to place new steps of change.  
Here, on the pulse of this fine day  
You may have the courage  
To look up and out upon me, the  
Rock, the River, the Tree, your country.

No less to Midas than the mendicant.  
No less to you now than the mastodon then.

Here on the pulse of this new day  
You may have the grace to look up and out  
And into your sister's eyes, into  
Your brother's face, your country  
And say simply  
Very simply  
With hope  
Good morning.

## interlude

### The loveliness is everywhere

by Kenneth White

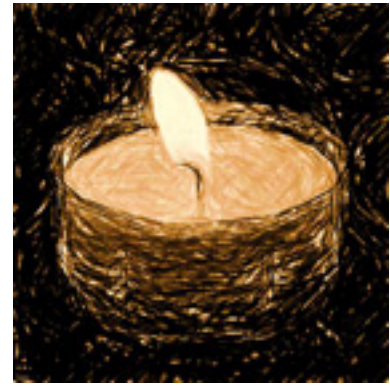
the loveliness is everywhere  
even  
in the ugliest  
and most hostile environment  
the loveliness is everywhere  
as the turning of a corner  
in the eyes  
and on the lips  
of a stranger  
in the emptiest areas  
where is no place for hope  
and only death  
invites the heart  
the loveliness is there  
it emerges  
incomprehensible  
inexplicable  
it rises in its own reality  
and what we must learn is  
how to receive it  
into ours

## interlude

Kenneth White  
(b 1936) in Glasgow,  
studied at both the  
University of Glasgow  
and the University  
of Paris. He has  
published volumes of  
poetry in both English  
and French.

# the candle lighting

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



## Achawakamik

by Kenneth White

Up on the edge of Hudson's Bay  
between the river Severn and the river Winisk  
there is a place called Achawakamik  
in the Cree language, that means  
« a place to watch from »  
they say, on the point of dying, an old man  
planted his wigwam there  
so that in his dying he might see  
the forests and the waters  
and the breath of the great spirit  
if you go up there one day  
try and see with his eyes

## interlude

## reflection

## interlude

## closing prayer

God - heart of the world:  
revealed through every aspect of creation:  
understood through our awareness.

May we honour the holiness of creation and act accordingly  
so that your love is reflected in the way we live.  
May we always be thankful for the food we eat  
and the friends we have.  
May we forgive those who transgress against us  
and be forgiven for our own.

In the freedom of love may we live as your heartbeat  
and not be compromised by hesitation.

Through our freedom, may your justice  
be seen and heard and experienced  
forever and ever.

**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.

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.

## 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.





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

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.

#### **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