



trinity @7

07.19.2020

welcome

It's summer! We intend to keep meeting on Zoom for Trinity @7 all season. 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.

What is firmly established cannot be uprooted.

What is firmly grasped cannot slip away.

It will be honoured from generation to generation.

Cultivate Virtue in yourself,
And Virtue will be real.
Cultivate it in the family,
And Virtue will abound.
Cultivate it in the village,
And Virtue will grow.
Cultivate it in the nation,
And Virtue will be abundant.
Cultivate it in the universe,
And Virtue will be everywhere.

Therefore look at the body as body;
Look at the family as family;
Look at the village as village;
Look at the nation as nation;
Look at the universe as universe.

How do I know the universe is like this?
By looking!

amen

interlude

Our opening prayer
is by Lao Tzu from
the *Tao Te Ching*.

Walt Whitman (1819 – 1892) was born in Brooklyn, and lived and worked the early part of his life in New York. He spent time in an Army hospital in Washington, DC during the Civil War and stayed for eleven years. Whitman struggled to support himself through most of his life. In Washington, he lived on a clerk's salary and modest royalties, and spent any excess money, including gifts from friends, to buy supplies for the patients he nursed.

From the Song of the Open Road

by Walt Whitman

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel, do you say to me Do not leave me?
Do you say Venture not—if you leave me you are lost?
Do you say I am already prepared, I am well-beaten and undenied, adhere to me?

O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love you,
You express me better than I can express myself,
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles,
I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me shall like me,
I think whoever I see must be happy.

interlude

Nostalgia

by Billy Collins

Remember the 1340s? We were doing a dance called the Catapult.
You always wore brown, the color craze of the decade,
and I was draped in one of those capes that were popular,
the ones with unicorns and pomegranates in needlework.
Everyone would pause for beer and onions in the afternoon,
and at night we would play a game called "Find the Cow."
Everything was hand-lettered then, not like today.

Billy Collins (b. 1941) is an American poet who has published numerous volumes of poetry, was appointed as Poet Laureate of the United States from 2001 to 2003, and has taught at Columbia University and City University of New York.

Where has the summer of 1572 gone? Brocade and sonnet
marathons were the rage. We used to dress up in the flags
of rival baronies and conquer one another in cold rooms of stone.
Out on the dance floor we were all doing the Struggle
while your sister practiced the Daphne all alone in her room.
We borrowed the jargon of farriers for our slang.
These days language seems transparent, a badly broken code.

The 1790s will never come again. Childhood was big.
People would take walks to the very tops of hills
and write down what they saw in their journals without speaking.
Our collars were high and our hats were extremely soft.
We would surprise each other with alphabets made of twigs.
It was a wonderful time to be alive, or even dead.

I am very fond of the period between 1815 and 1821.
Europe trembled while we sat still for our portraits.
And I would love to return to 1901 if only for a moment,
time enough to wind up a music box and do a few dance steps,
or shoot me back to 1922 or 1941, or at least let me
recapture the serenity of last month when we picked
berries and glided through afternoons in a canoe.

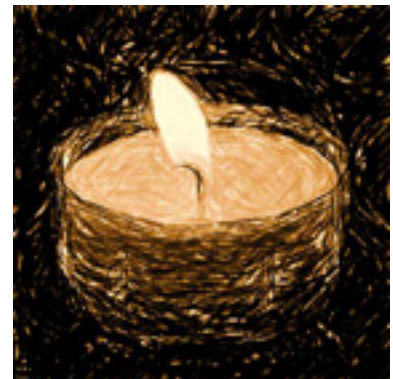
Even this morning would be an improvement over the present.
I was in the garden then, surrounded by the hum of bees
and the Latin names of flowers, watching the early light
flash off the slanted windows of the greenhouse
and silver the limbs on the rows of dark hemlocks.

As usual, I was thinking about the moments of the past,
letting my memory rush over them like water
rushing over the stones on the bottom of a stream.
I was even thinking a little about the future, that place
where people are doing a dance we cannot imagine,
a dance whose name we can only guess.

interlude

the candle lighting

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



Robert Frost (1874 – 1963) is one of the most widely read and beloved of American poets. He taught at a number of New England colleges, doing what he called “barding around.”

Hafiz was a 14th-century Sufi mystic who expressed love for the divine through poetry. In introductions to his books, Daniel Ladinsky notes that he offers interpretations and renderings of the poets, rather than literal or scholarly translations. *The Sun* magazine says, “Ladinsky’s half dozen books are perennial bestsellers in the poetry category, earning widespread praise for popularizing the mystical verse of medieval Muslims among modern English-speakers of many faiths. They have also earned the ire of others who consider his work to be an act of charlatanry or spiritual opportunism and say he is dishonoring Iranian culture and Islamic tradition.”

The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

interlude

Now is the time

by Hafiz

(interpreted by Daniel Ladinsky)

Now is the time to know
That all that you do is sacred.
Now, why not consider
A lasting truce with yourself and God.
Now is the time to understand
That all your ideas of right and wrong
Were just a child’s training wheels
To be laid aside
When you finally live
With veracity
And love.
Hafiz is a divine envoy
Whom the Beloved
Has written a holy message upon.

Continued on next page

My dear, please tell me,
Why do you still
Throw sticks at your heart
And God?
What is it in that sweet voice inside
That incites you to fear?
Now is the time for the world to know
That every thought and action is sacred.
This is the time for you to compute the impossibility
That there is anything
But Grace.
Now is the season to know
That everything you do
Is sacred.

interlude

the reflection

interlude

closing prayer

May the light of your soul guide you.
May the light of your soul bless the work
You do with the secret love and warmth of your heart.
May you see in what you do the beauty of your own soul.
May your work never weary you.
May it release within you wellsprings of refreshment, inspiration and excitement.
May you be present in what you do.
May you never become lost in the bland absences.
May the day never burden you.
May dawn find you awake and alert, approaching your new day with dreams,
Possibilities and promises.
May evening find you gracious and fulfilled.
May you go into the night blessed, sheltered and protected.
May your soul calm, console and renew you.

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.

The closing prayer
is a blessing from
John O'Donohue.



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

So Long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen, Adieu

Our own Tim Lane, whom we have watched grow up, is leaving soon for a new career as a teacher in Fredericksburg, VA. If you missed the Open Courtyard farewell to Tim this afternoon, be sure to stay online after tonight's service to give him your good wishes.

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.

Online Services:

Sunday @10:30am

Reflection, prayer, and music

Sunday @7:00pm

An encounter with God through poetry and jazz

Wednesday @Noon

Prayer and holy conversation

Thursday @7pm

12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality