



trinity

@7

09.06.2020

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.

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

Peachy

by W. T. Mack

One of those fruit stands
Out the back of a truck
In the middle of nowhere,
With a sign done in crayon,
"Five for a buck."

So I stopped to stretch, have a look,
The heat shooting up thirty degrees,
The whiff of boiled peanuts,
Moving on a hint of Georgia breeze.

He had peaches, he said,
Off the tree that very day.
Not gasses, not shipped,
He spit. No sir,
These babies are straight up gourmet.

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

W. T. Mack (b 1943) is a retired educator who says he enjoys fiddling around various parts of the South and communing with his dog.

Try this one for size.
He tossed one over.
Grinning like he knew
What his peaches could do.

The pink-yellow caress,
The bite and, oh, the juice,
Running down my chin
Leaning forward to keep it off my shoes.

The peach closed my eyes.
I was barefoot in summer
When all around was possible, possible
For a ten-year-old slugger.

And halfway through
Salty beach breezes blew.
The peach man's eyes twinkled
'cause he surely knew
What his peaches could do.

interlude

The Garden

by Maha Al Mansour

Seven months before we came to New Zealand
I went with my friends to our favourite garden.
It has high trees and lots of flowers
– red, yellow, pink – and it smells like perfume.
We walked, we played, we laughed together.
The ground is gravel, with a well in the middle.
We liked to throw a stone in the well
and listen to the voice that came from the water.

I felt the garden knew that it was
the last time that I would go there.
I felt that the well, the trees, the flowers
were telling us, 'Please don't go.'
I felt that they were speaking to us
in their own weird language
telling us not to leave our lives behind.

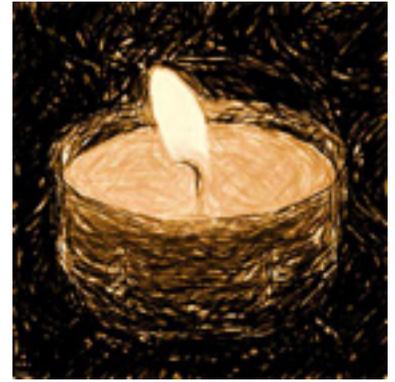
interlude

Maha Al Mansour emigrated to New Zealand from Syria in 2017. She wrote this poem when she was 15, and comments: "I chose to write this poem because I missed everything in my country, I missed when we used to go to the garden with my friends and just have fun as kids. It is a dream for me now to go to that garden and meet my friends again."

"When I came to this country, I felt so lonely, I needed some memories from home to be with me. I needed to feel that these memories wouldn't be just memories, they would be my positive motivation to continue laughing and living a happy life with my family here, because I believe that there are no limits to happiness."

the candle lighting

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



The Summer Palace

by Michael Leunig

Make a little garden in your pocket,
Fill your cuffs with radishes and rocket,
Let a passionfruit crawl up your thigh,
Grow some oregano in your fly.
Make a steamy compost of your fears,
Trickle irrigate your life with tears,
Let your troubled mind become a trellis,
Turn your heart into a summer palace.

interlude

From Blossoms

by Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes
this brown paper bag of peaches
we bought from the boy
at the bend in the road where we turned toward
signs painted Peaches.

From laden boughs, from hands,
from sweet fellowship in the bins,
comes nectar at the roadside, succulent
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,
comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,
to carry within us an orchard, to eat
not only the skin, but the shade,
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold
the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into
the round jubilation of peach.

There are days we live
as if death were nowhere
in the background; from joy
to joy to joy, from wing to wing,
from blossom to blossom to
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

Li-Young Lee (b. 1957) is the son of Chinese political exiles who brought him to the US in 1964. The Poetry Foundation says of Lee, "Though sometimes described as a supremely lyric poet, Lee's poems often use narrative and personal experience or memories to launch their investigations of the universal."

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.

Tonight's closing
prayer was written
and copyrighted by
Sherri Weinberg about
whom we could find
little information. She
was, at one time, a
Presbyterian minister
in New Zealand.



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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.

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