



trinity @7

08.23.2020

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.

Light
golden light
fresh from the source.

Colors
creation's colors
calling our senses.

Life
life in its oneness
life in its manifold oneness
all from you.

You are the Sun from whom the morning shines
You are the River in whom each life-form flows
each face
each race
each cell within our ever-living soul.
On this quiet evening we greet you.

amen

interlude

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.

Note that there are two versions of "Leaves of Grass" which includes *Song of Myself*; one published in 1855, the other in 1892, the year that Whitman died. The poem has 52 parts.

Rebecca Elson (1960 – 1999) was a Canadian astronomer and poet. This poem is undated, and may have been written before the poet was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin lymphoma, the disease from which she died at the age of 39.

Song of Myself (1892 version)

by Walt Whitman

Part 1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

interlude

Antidotes to Fear of Death

by Rebecca Elson

Sometimes as an antidote
To fear of death,
I eat the stars.
Those nights, lying on my back,
I suck them from the quenching dark
Til they are all, all inside me,
Pepper hot and sharp.
Sometimes, instead, I stir myself
Into a universe still young,
Still warm as blood:
No outer space, just space,
The light of all the not yet stars
Drifting like a bright mist,
And all of us, and everything
Already there
But unconstrained by form.
And sometime it's enough
To lie down here on earth
Beside our long ancestral bones:

continued on next page

To walk across the cobble fields
Of our discarded skulls,
Each like a treasure, like a chrysalis,
Thinking: whatever left these husks
Flew off on bright wings.

interlude

Girl with a Balloon

by Rebecca Elson

From this, the universe
In its industrial age,
With all the stars lit up
Roaring, banging, spitting,
Their black ash settling
Into every form of life,

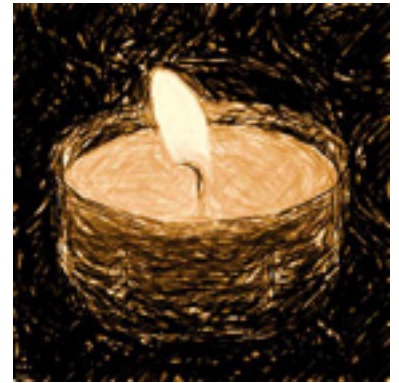
You might look back with longing
To the weightlessness, the elemental,
Of the early years.

As leaning out the window
You might see a child
Going down the road,
A red balloon,
A little bit of pure Big Bang,
Bobbing at the end of her string

interlude

the candle lighting

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



Singularity

by Marie Howe

Do you sometimes want to wake up to the singularity
we once were?
so compact nobody
needed a bed, or food or money—
nobody hiding in the school bathroom
or home alone
pulling open the drawer
where the pills are kept.

At the beginning
of this poem, Elson
notes that most of
the helium in the
universe was created
in the Big Bang. The
poem and *Antidotes
to Fear of Death*
are published in a
volume called "A
Responsibility
to Awe."

Marie Howe
(b 1950) in Rochester,
New York. She
has worked as a
newspaper reporter
and teacher and
currently serves on
the faculty of Sarah
Lawrence College.

For every atom belonging to me as good
Belongs to you. Remember?
There was no Nature. No
them. No tests
to determine if the elephant
grieves her calf or if
the coral reef feels pain. Trashed
oceans don't speak English or Farsi or French;
would that we could wake up to what we were
— when we were ocean and before that
to when sky was earth, and animal was energy, and rock was
liquid and stars were space and space was not
at all — nothing
before we came to believe humans were so important
before this awful loneliness.
Can molecules recall it?
what once was? before anything happened?
No I, no We, no one. No was
No verb no noun
only a tiny tiny dot brimming with
is is is is is
All everything home.

interlude

reflection

interlude

closing prayer

Beloved, send us
into the night renewed
and at peace
As you are nearer to us than we are to ourselves.

Center our hearts
in your presence
even as we are surrounded by others
That we may be patient with friends, enemies, and ourselves.

Assist us in our mindfulness
toward the wholeness of life;
that in becoming simple in action and in thought,
we return to our source.

and when it is time to stop
at an unexpected moment, or let go when we cannot see
the consequence, may we entrust ourselves to your love.
Open our minds for knowing,
Heal our hearts for loving.
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.

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.



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

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