

trinity

@7

06.28.2020

## welcome

*It's officially 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.*

Cover photo by  
Matt Lincoln

*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

Beloved,

open our minds and hearts.

Lift the barriers, unbind the strong grasp of our demands  
when we want everything to go our way.

God of spaciousness,  
reach into our inward space,  
sweep out all the old clutter,  
enlarge our capacities to receive.

God of wisdom,  
empty us of whatever impedes the growth of our relationship.  
Help us to recognize and accept you as a source of our growth.

God of light,  
be among us and within us this night.

**amen**

## interlude

### Summer in the South

by Paul Laurence Dunbar

The oriole sings in the greening grove  
As if he were half-way waiting,  
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of green,  
Timid and hesitating.  
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep  
And the nights smell warm and piney,

Paul Laurence  
Dunbar  
(1872 – 1906) was  
born in Ohio to  
former slaves. He  
was a poet and  
novelist, and the first  
African American  
author to gain  
national recognition  
and a wide popular  
audience.

*continued on next page*

The garden thrives, but the tender shoots  
Are yellow-green and tiny.  
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,  
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,  
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue  
And the woods run mad with riot.

## interlude

### Men Say Brown

by Henry M. Seiden

On the radio this morning: The average woman knows  
275 colors—and men know eight. Women say coffee,  
mocha, copper, cinnamon, taupe. Men say brown.

Women know an Amazon of colors I might have said  
were green, an Antarctica of whites, oceans of colors  
I'd stupidly call blue, fields of color, with flowers in them  
I would have said were red.

From women, I've learned to love the browns,  
the earths, the dusts, the clays, the soft colors, the colors  
brought out from the mines, hardened ones,  
hardened in fires I would call red; the colors of the furies;  
the reconciling colors of the cooling ash.

By myself I know the evening colors when the sky goes  
from blue to another blue to black—although it's a lonely,  
whitish black sometimes,  
like the color of sleep—  
the way dreams are lit by the light that's thrown  
from nowhere on the things you find in them. Last night  
there was a turtle, I would say it was brown or green,  
or it was a snake, mottled, a kind of grey, disguised  
as a turtle, red spots as if painted on the shell,  
a palish greenish underside—vulnerable, alone  
swimming in water I would say was colorless.

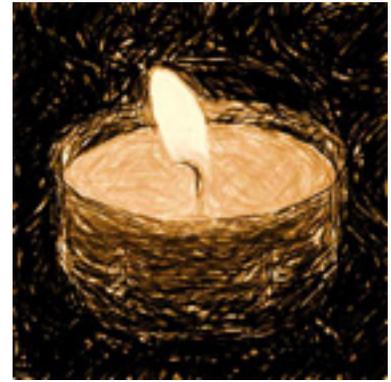
I woke to the pale colors of the morning—no one  
has a name for those: the white-rose white you see  
through the white of the curtains on the window,  
the milks, the creams, the cream a galactic swirl  
before it turns to brown when your wife stirs it in the coffee,  
the faint drying oval on the silver of the spoon.

## interlude

Henry M. Seiden  
(1940 – 2018) was a  
clinical psychologist  
licensed in  
New York State.  
He considered  
himself a serious  
amateur poet.

## the candle lighting

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



### Sunday

by Stephen Sondheim

Sunday, by the blue purple yellow red water  
on the green purple yellow red grass  
Let us pass through our perfect park  
pausing on a Sunday

By the cool blue triangular water  
on the soft green elliptical grass  
as we pass through arrangements of shadow  
toward the verticals of trees  
Forever . . .

By the blue purple yellow red water  
on the green orange violet mass of the grass  
In our perfect park  
made of flecks of light  
and dark  
and parasols

People strolling through the trees  
of a small suburban park  
on an island in the river  
on an ordinary Sunday.

### interlude

#### An excerpt from "The Color Purple"

by Alice Walker

Listen, God love everything you love - and a mess of stuff you don't. But more than anything else, God love admiration.

You saying God vain? I ast.

Naw, she say. Not vain, just wanting to share a good thing. I think it pisses God off if you walk by the color purple in a field somewhere and don't notice it.

What it do when it pissed off? I ast.

Oh, it make something else. People think pleasing God is all God care about. But any fool living in the world can see it always trying to please us back.

### interlude

Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930) is an American composer and lyricist for the Broadway stage. He is known for the startling complexity of his lyricism and music. Tonight's "poem" is the lyrics to a song from "Sunday in the Park with George."

Alice Walker (b. 1944) is an American novelist, short story writer, poet, and social activist. In 1982, she wrote the novel *The Color Purple*, for which she won the National Book Award for hardcover fiction, and the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction. This excerpt is a conversation between Celie and Shug, the two main characters. In the book, when using a pronoun for God, the women say "it," believing that God is neither male nor female. Note the frequent use of "it" in the excerpt above.

the reflection

interlude

closing prayer

Beloved God,  
our Mother,  
our Guide,  
our Father,  
our Seed,  
open the doors we need to pass through,  
light the path we need to walk.

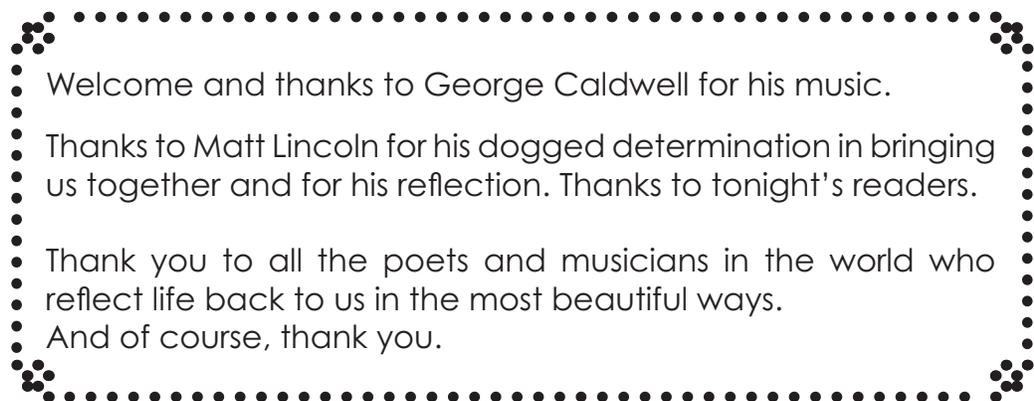
Gracious One,  
dwell in our breath,  
shine as our light,  
look through our eyes  
that we may see truth.

**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.



Welcome and 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.



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

## important notice

In previous summers, Trinity @7 has taken a hiatus. This summer, however, we need to stay connected to one another, and to keep a spark lighted in our spirits, so the service will continue on Zoom. Come back next week. See you then.

### 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