

Service of Celtic Worship

February 4, 2020



*We are a Celtic spiritual community grounded in sacred love,
which is at the heart of the Christian message.*

**St. John's Episcopal Church
679 Farmington Avenue
West Hartford, Connecticut**

Celtic Worship

Welcome!

We are delighted that you have joined us today – we cherish your attendance.

To prepare for worship, our time this afternoon commences with a period of silence, which you may enjoy in any way that is meaningful to you:

prayer, meditation or simple reflection. We ask that you observe this silence immediately upon entering and turn off all electronic devices.

There are several stations of interest around the church that you may visit at any time before, during or after the service. You may wish to light a candle at the candle station, browse the Celtic station icons and information, or write a prayer request for yourself or others at the prayer station. Know that your written prayers will be prayed in the coming days by members of the Celtic Worship Guild.

During the period of extended silence later in our worship, healing ministers will be available to offer you the prayer or blessing you ask for. Children are welcome at our worship.

At 4:50 p.m., a singing bowl tone will break our preparatory silence and today's service will commence.



The theme for our worship this month is Love.

Words of Welcome *Molly Loudon*

Opening Reading

September 1, 1939 by W. H. Auden

Read by John Hardy

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade:
Waves of anger and fear
Circulate over the bright
And darkened lands of the earth,
Obsessing our private lives;
The unmentionable odour of death
Offends the September night.

Accurate scholarship can
Unearth the whole offence
From Luther until now
That has driven a culture mad,
Find what occurred at Linz,
What huge imago made
A psychopathic god:
I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn,

Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.

Exiled Thucydides knew
All that a speech can say
About Democracy,
And what dictators do,
The elderly rubbish they talk
To an apathetic grave;
Analysed all in his book,
The enlightenment driven away,
The habit-forming pain,
Mismanagement and grief:
We must suffer them all again.

Into this neutral air
Where blind skyscrapers use
Their full height to proclaim
The strength of Collective Man,
Each language pours its vain
Competitive excuse:
But who can live for long
In an euphoric dream;
Out of the mirror they stare,
Imperialism's face
And the international wrong.

Faces along the bar
Cling to their average day:
The lights must never go out,
The music must always play,
All the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home;
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

The windiest militant trash
Important Persons shout
Is not so crude as our wish:
What mad Nijinsky wrote
About Diaghilev
Is true of the normal heart;
For the error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.

From the conservative dark
Into the ethical life
The dense commuters come,

Repeating their morning vow;
"I will be true to the wife,
I'll concentrate more on my work,"
And helpless governors wake
To resume their compulsory game:
Who can release them now,
Who can reach the deaf,
Who can speak for the dumb?

All I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie,
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual man-in-the-street
And the lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police;
We must love one another or die.

Defenceless under the night
Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironic points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:

May I, composed like them
Of Eros and of dust,
Beleaguered by the same
Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.

Song

The Gates of Love by Andrew Calhoun

Please stand.

Chorus:

Who will throw open the gates of love?
Who will throw open the gates of love?
Hung in the silence and darkness around us
Who will throw open the gates of love?

People get drunk and get used to it
People get lost and get used to it
People see love and they shake and they quake and they cry
And they never get used to it

Chorus

I was forgotten and self-deceived
Cried out forsaken and was not believed
I was lost in a crowd until with you and lying
Safe under this cloth that we wear and we weave

Chorus

I have a friend in Oconomowoc
And he understands me, so we never talk

We stand around awkward, our minds shake hands
On the floor of the forest we walk

Chorus

My wife and I, we watch our weight
But still we keep stumbling on a hill of hate
With better times coming, and better times gone
Hurry up, wait for me, come along, carry on

Chorus

Ignorance circles the world at war
And tries to tell us what we are for
Government, power and armies and money
Run father and mother, and baby born

Chorus

Please be seated.

Reflection

from *Listening for the Heartbeat of God* by J. Phillip Newell

Jeff Verney

“Because Pelagius saw God as present within all that has life, he understood Jesus’ command to love our neighbors as ourselves to mean loving not only our human neighbour but all the life forms that surround us. ‘So when our love is directed towards an animal or even a tree,’ he wrote, ‘we are participating in the fullness of God’s love.’” (p.11)

All you need is love
All you need is love
All you need is love, love
Love is all you need

from *All You Need is Love* by The Beatles

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Danny Boy, lyrics by Frederick E. Weatherly

Chant

Please stand.

Ubi caritas et amor,
Ubi caritas, Deus ibi est.

Silence

We enter now into an extended period of silence, which you are invited to use in whatever way you are called today. You are welcome to sit or move about the church in silent prayer, meditation, or reflection.

Feel free to visit all of the stations. Write a prayer request, light a candle, contemplate upon the Celtic saints, or pray with a healing minister near the baptismal font.

Intercessory Prayers

Led by Sarah Kiefer

Feel free to pray your own thanksgivings, petitions, and desires silently or aloud.

Holy One, we give you thanks for our beloved Celtic Community, for all of us who sit here today and all who connect with us online.

We give loving thanks for your beautiful, abundant creation that we witness from each sun-bursting dawn of day to each infinite star-sprinkled blackness of night.

Shepherd us with love and insight to be responsible, compassionate citizens of our country and our world.

Teach us new ways to love and preserve this precious blue marble of our planet Earth.

Connect us through your wellspring of love. That we may develop new patterns of communication to live in harmony with each other.

Send your living, loving Spirit to comfort and strengthen all of us who suffer with illness, loss, deprivation, addiction, poverty, injustice, and disaster. May Spirit bring hope for healing and renewal.

Open up our hearts. That all of humankind - departed, alive, and yet to come - may know your eternal love and light.

Closing Reading From *Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom* by John O'Donohue
Read by John Hardy

“When love awakens in your life, in the night of your heart, it is like the dawn breaking within you. Where before there was anonymity, now there is intimacy; where before there was fear, now there is courage; where before in your life there was awkwardness, now there is a rhythm of grace and gracefulness; where before you used to be jagged, now you are elegant and in rhythm with your self. When love awakens in your life, it is like a rebirth, a new beginning.”

Threshold Blessing

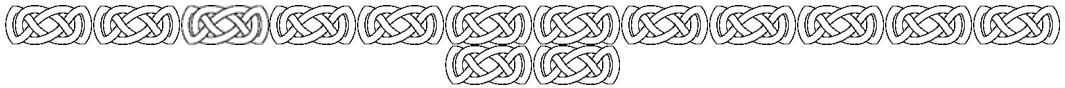
J.P.Newell & K.Baard, heartbeatjourney.org

Led by Molly Loudon

We first hold our hands over the candle and then up to our eyes as a signal of our desire to see light in each other and all of creation. We then hold our hands over the candle to our heart as a signal of our desire to know light deep within ourselves. A singing bell tone will signal the end of the service.

You are invited to join us for a reception in Hubbard Hall after the service.

You are also welcome to come participate in a discussion group on today's theme of "Love" in the Reception Room.



Greeter: Sarah Kiefer and Bruce Loudon

Healing ministers: Jane Cloutier, Sarah Kiefer and Molly Loudon

Reception Hosts: Jane Cloutier and Cheri Evans

Set-up Crew: Holly Fenn, John and Ann Walsh, Carey Downes, Florence

Nicholas, Charmaine Harkins, and Eleanor Blake

*Restrooms are in the corridor just beyond the parish hall,
located through the doorway to the right at the front of the church.*

Celtic Worship Guild

Jane Cloutier
Mary Davies Cole
John Hardy
Sarah Kieffer
The Reverend Dr. Molly O'Neill Loudon
Tom Neal
The Reverend Susan Pinkerton
Norb Spencer
Jeff Verney

- Mark your calendars -

Sunday, March 1, starting ~ 6 pm after Celtic Worship. Watch the awe-inspiring video *Journey of the Universe*, an epic story of cosmic, earth, and human transformation. At St. John's Church in West Hartford.

Sunday, March 15, 2 - 5 pm. *Introduction to the Practice of Meditation.* Led by Mike Smoolca, Coordinator of Contemplative Outreach of CT. In the Education Wing at St. John's Church in West Hartford.

Follow us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/CTCelticWorship.
See our web page and video at www.sjparish.net/celtic-worship.

Schedule of Celtic Worship at St. John's Episcopal Church

Thank you for spending time with us.
Please join us at 4:30 p.m. on the first Sunday of each month,
October through June.

Sunday, October 6, 2019 - Rebirth
Sunday, November 3, 2019 - Welcome the Stranger
Sunday, December 1, 2019 - *Cancelled due to inclement weather*
Sunday, January 5, 2020 - Meditation
Sunday, February 2, 2020 - Love
Sunday, March 1, 2020 - Betrayal
Sunday, April 5, 2020 - Forgiveness
Sunday, May 3, 2020 - Nature
Sunday, June 7, 2020 - Joy

