

THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Sunday, April 27, 1969
Prairie U U Society

Motif: The Times They Are A-Changin'

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam--
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN'.

Come writers and critics Who prophecies with your pen
And keep your eyes wide The chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

Come mothers and fathers through out the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your commend
Your old road is rapidly agein'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.

Bob Dylan c1965

Order of Service

Opening Words--

Lanier Clance
Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight
and not tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and
not the history of theirs? The sun shines also today. There
are new lands, new men, new thoughts.

Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Opening Music "Zorba The Greek" by Mikis Theodorakis
Free album

Under the Technical Direction of George Calden

Meditation (to be read individually)

The Journey

Lillian Smith

"Selections from the Prologue"

(service con't on next page)

I went on this journey to find an image of the human being that I could feel proud of. I wanted to reassure myself of mortal strength, of man's power not only to survive on this earth but to continue growing in stature. I wanted the faith to believe that we can fulfill our role in this evolving universe of which we have been given such awesome glimpses.

WE HUMAN BEINGS.... What haunting words ! A tune one knows and can never quite begin and never quite finish. Did they hold a real meaning for me? I was not sure.

The trouble was, I could not match the words with a clear image. Too often I could not see the human being at all, so hidden is he behind masks of political differences, of color, and spurious normalities. Long ago, I had torn those masks--they were cheap in my sight--but the person behind the masks--??Had I caught more than a glimpse now and then?

It has not been easy for any of us, lately, to keep the image of man bright. Even in our own minds it has been trampled down, flattened by totalitarian beliefs that we are not aware we hold, torn by the Censors who fatten on our fears; made conforming, "normal," animal-like, machinelike, absolute.

Five words have no place in human values. For men tied fast to the absolute, bled of their differences, drained of their dreams by authoritarian leeches until nothing but pulp is left, become a massive, sick Thing whose sheer weight is used ruthlessly by ambitious men. There is the real enemy of the people: our own selves dehumanized into "the masses." And where is the David who can slay this giant?

I had been asking this for a long time, as have many others. One day, I realized that each of us has to find this David within himself. It is a job, like breathing, that no one else can do for us. And yet, I know too that as each discovers afresh the person within him--as sculptors, painters, dancers and writers, the poets and the prophets and the scientists put down in their unique ways what they find, the search grows easier for everyone. It is the individual's task, yes, but it is also this generation's historic mission to find and set up in a high place the human being revealed in his manifold differences and infinite possibilities, for all to see, to be exalted by, and to identify with."

The Spoken Word "Why I am not a liberal" R. Lanier Clance

Sources:

Primary source: Personal experience & perception

Secondary " : The Rebel by Albert Camus

Signs by Maurice Merleau-Ponty

Open Discussion "Debate & Dialogue" Prairie Society

Coffee & conversation

Coffee is available before service begins, during sermon and discussion. After you have a cup of coffee during . . . the discussion would you please wait until service is over for refill. Discussion may be limited in time this morning, if so, we encourage you to remain after service for more discussion and debate.

Musical interlude (Jewish Folk Melody)

Mandolin --George Calden

Guitar ---Martha Calden

Silent Meditation

Prairie Society

(service con't on next page)

The Celebration of Life in Song

"The Sounds of Silence"

George Calden

Martha Calden

Congregation (All are request to join in, words printed below)

Hello darkness my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,
Because a vision softly creeping,
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,
And the vision that was planted in my brain,
Still remains within the sounds of silence.

In restless streaks I walked along,
Narrow streets of cobblestone.
Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp,
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light.
It split the night and touched the sounds of silence.

And in the naked light I saw,
Ten thousand people, maybe more,
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening,
People writing songs that voices never shared,
No one dared disturb the sound of silence.

"Fool", said I, "You do not know,
Silence like a cancer grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell,
and echoed the walls of silence

And the people bowed and prayed,
To the neon god they made,
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming,
And the sign said the words of the prophet
Are written on the subway walls,
And tenement halls,
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

The Celebration of Life with wine

(As we stand together, would the men place all chairs against the walls. the service requires that we remain standing with lots of space.)

THE WINE CUP

When the chairs have been moved out of the way, will each person serve another a cup of wine. In this way, we will all be served by another. (Please hold cup till all have been served, then we can drink together) Cups may be placed in chairs, etc. After we finish with the wine, let us all join hands in a large circle on each side of George Calden.

Reflections on the fruit of the vine

"From wine what sudden friendship springs."

John Gay

"Wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

Old Testament, Psalms, CIV, 15

(Service con't on next page)

Reflections on wine, con't.

"In wine there is truth." Pliny
(In vino veritas)

"You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."
(Wer nicht liebt Weiber, Wein, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben Lang.)

--Johann Heinrich Voss

The Celebration of Life in Dance (Israeli Dance)

(Please join in large circle, George Calden will demonstrate
steps and lead. We hope the children will have joined us by
this time. Please try a few steps regardless of age, the
whole dance will be fairly simple.)

"Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful
of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction
from life;
IT IS LIFE ITSELF !"

--Havelock ELLIs, The Dance of life.

"They are waiting on the shingle--will you come life
and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join
the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join
the dance?

--Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland

The Closing song,

Please remain in circle as we close with Shalom Havayreem
(peace, comrades) lead by George Calden

Closing words

"Nothing else matters much--not wealth, nor learning,
nor even health--without this gift; the spiritual capacity
to keep zest in living.

This is the creed of creeds, the final desposit and
distillation of all man's important faiths:

That he should be able to believe in life.2

Harry Emerson Fosdick

This service was made possible with the help of many persons,
seen and unseen. Unseen helpers were members of Werner family
and others.

LOOK AROUND YOU. Literature in the room this morning is for your
reading pleasure. You may wish to take some to share with a
friend.

Minister-On-Loan, I will be leaveing Wednesday morning for
Cleveland.

Next Sunday--Meet at 10:30 at Prairie site.

COFFEE IS AVAILABLE AFTER SERVICE. FELLOWSHIP DOES NOT END
with the close of morning service.

The celebration of life with art, provided by Benita Byrd

"Two men look out through the same bars:
one sees the mud, and one the stars.

-F. Langbridge