

Original Liturgy

written by Rev. Sara LaWall

Prayer For Christmas Eve

Spirit of life and love:

We come together on this sacred night to awaken ourselves to the joy of Christmas;
To the miracles of life.

*The birth of a baby,
The rise of the sun once more,
The magic of this earth, of Mother Nature herself,
The love of one another.*

This Christmas myth calls us to remember...
To remember that the ordinary can become extraordinary,
To remember that any child, our own children,
can become great prophets, teachers, leaders of nations,
Saviors even, not of souls but of lives,
Working to end the ills and suffering in our world.

This is our prayer.

We give thanks for our many blessings.
We are reminded this night to share our blessings
With as many people as possible;
 To consider that even the smallest gift,
 The smallest effort,
 Can make a difference in someone's life,
 In the world, for this is the season of giving.

This Christmas Myth reminds us
That the tradition of giving gifts symbolizes Divinity.
 When we give we honor the Divine in each other;
 We acknowledge the common link among us all,
 The common ancestral blood we all share,
 The blood that is meant to unite us once and for all.

This is our prayer.

We pray for peace, that war may end.
We pray for food, that none may go hungry.

We pray for forgiveness, that our world may begin to heal.
We pray for dignity and worth
Respect and love,
Liberty, justice and equality for all.

But this prayer alone is insufficient.
We pray knowing that this prayer
Holds the thought in the forefront of our mind.
This prayer focuses our energy on the needs of the world.

We know that this prayer also requires action;
And with this very prayer we resolve to act,
To seize the moment,
To seize our own power.

This is our prayer.

This Christmas myth reminds us
That this moment is precious
This moment is holy
This moment is powerful
This moment is love
This moment is full of hope and possibility
This moment is all we need
This is our Christmas prayer.
On this silent and holy night, Amen.

Out of the Flames

(reading composed for a service about UU Martyrs, inspired by the book of the same title on Michael Servetus)

Out of the flames of fear
We rise with the courage of our deepest convictions
to stand for justice, inclusion and peace

Out of the flames of scrutiny
We rise to proclaim our faith
With hope to heal a fractured and hurting world

Out of the flames of doubt
We rise to embrace the mystery, wonder and awe
of all there is and all that is yet to be

Out of the flames of hate
We rise with the force of love
Love that celebrates our shared humanity

Out of the flames we rise.

Call to Worship for New Year's Service
(January 2020)

Because resolutions feel too constricting
And far too fragile,
Let's make promises.
Promises of imagination,
Making manifest the little dreams buried this year,
And bigger hopes crushed by a thousand little cuts,
By the sweeping tidal waves of 2020.

And also,
Promises to hold on to the lessons
Lingering in the muck and beauty of it all.

Promise to get outside everyday.
To drink in the cool air and look up at the sky,
To hug trees and smell flowers,
And to bring more green inside.
Promise to water those plants too.

Promise to stay slow.
To sit and stare,
To take more naps,
To say no . . . and yes more often.

Promise to love more feely.
To keep cooking and making bread,
Knitting, painting, writing,
Creative crafts or just creative thoughts.

Promise to say thank you.
For the little things
and big things,
Everyday.

Promise not to get too comfortable.
Or too righteous,
To let in enough pain to stay fired up,
Committed to the dream of belovedness;
The dream of the emerging world,
Where our liberation is bound up with everyone and everything.
Always beckoning us,
To see more clearly,
And love more deeply.

Promise to let the fires burn away the old, crusty obstacles and excuses.
And make space for new dreams;
for all that imagination can conjure.

Promise to notice the light and let it shine.
To fan the flames of hope,
And cleanse the spirit,
And let life begin again,
Renewed
Gentle
Following the sparks
Into the next unknown.
Promise.

Come, let us worship together.

Closing Blessing (Benediction)

(written September 18, 2022 for service reflecting on Sabbatical)

Let us journey into the wilderness together

Beyond the boundaries of where we've been warned to go

Let us stretch ourselves to embrace the fullness of life and vitality of the soul

Even in the grief and heartbreak

Let us remember that life has not forgotten us but holds us in its hands

And that if we do nothing but love each other

And try to love the world

it is time well spent

Blessed are we all, Go in Peace.

Prayer for the Women's March 2021

(co-written with Rev. Marci Glass)

Good morning! It is a deep honor and truly thrilling to be up here with you today.

I am the Rev. Sara LaWall serving the Boise Unitarian Universalist Fellowship.

I am the Rev. Marci Glass serving Southminster Presbyterian Church.

We are here today as ministers of two very different faith communities, part of a much larger group of progressive clergy and faith communities dedicated to the pursuit of justice, equality, and freedom; to the power of human goodness when it taps into that love of neighbor.

Spirit of Life and Love, God of Many Names and No Name, Holy Mystery:

Here we gather as a community at the ready
Ready to mobilize, ready to make change,
ready to make history--again!

Here we gather as a community of power! Woman - led!
Women and men, children, parents, neighbors
Queer and straight, non-binary, non-conforming
people all nationalities, ethnicities, religions, identities
Rallying together with our collective vision for a world where all can thrive.

May we work together to cultivate connection
and honor belovedness
Committed to the worth and dignity of every person
to equity and compassion
To justice and liberation for all.

May we work for planet and not against it
In harmony with its cycles and life giving forces that sustain us
That it may heal from our destruction and thrive for generations

May we honor our ancestors
The women known and unknown who charted their own course,
who fought injustice and oppression
Who paved the way for us today,
to claim our power
To lead our communities
To make a difference in the lives of others
May we continue their legacies far into the future.

May we welcome the exuberant, demanding vision of our youth
Ready to listen, to follow, and to take action.
May we make space for them to lead

As we unite together today - on this sacred ground,
at the people's house. **We give thanks!**
For our leaders who truly represent us
may they know we have their backs.

For the energy and commitment of all those here right now,
and those in cities around the country.

May we keep on moving forward, never turning back,
may we feel the collective power and love present among us
and know that it will sustain us, always.

We give thanks for the men who journey with us
every step of the way.
Hearts open; fists raised in solidarity,
For the men who marched 100 years ago,
who march with us today
and who will march with us well into the future.

We celebrate this day, this moment, this gathered community,
and our commitment to staying with it.
Reaching out our hands and hearts,
drawing the circle so wide that no one stands outside.

When we work together as a beloved community
for the collective whole; for our shared humanity--change happens.
Glass ceilings shatter, our democracy grows stronger, communities thrive.

The world needs us.
Our planet, our country, our community is calling.

Let us answer with the courage of our convictions
With open minds, open hearts, and open arms.

Let us lead with the prevailing force of love.
In the name of all that is holy we pray. Amen.

In the Face of Tragedy

*(For a worship service following the Umpqua Community College shooting in Roseburg, Oregon
October 2015)*

Spirit of life and love, God of Many names and no names,

Though our spirits may be broken and hurting
Our hearts crying out, why? Why?
Still we sing, we love, we hope
With all the stirrings of compassion for . . .

The victims of the Umpqua Shooting -
we mourn for you, we cry with you, we will rise up with you
For the victims of the near daily shootings we never hear about –
we mourn for you, we cry with you, we will rise up with you

May we find in one another way forward
A way toward action
Toward “giving life the shape of justice”
Where all can know what it means to be free
As we work to heal our broken and hurting world

May we be vessels of comfort and compassion
May we be vessels of peace and justice
May we be vessels of hope and healing
May love prevail

In the name of all that is holy we pray.

Amen and blessed be.
