

Ancient Sea Island Continuum

Litha 2012, A Summer Solstice Ceremony.

Prelude

Summertime - Porgy & Bess by George Gershwin (Piano)

Welcome & Announcements

Opening Words for Litha, the Summer Solstice

We come together this morning as celebrants, as seekers and companions. We enter into this, the longest day, joyfully, allowing ourselves the beauty of this time together in which we may rest our cares and sorrows, and allow our hearts and spirits to be uplifted.

I invite you to take a deep breath, drink in the beauty and community that surrounds you in this place, and as you release it, become centered here, in the now.

B. Leslie Koons

Chalice Lighting

At the opening of our worship services, we light a flame inside a chalice. A flame within a chalice is a symbol of the Unitarian Universalist faith. It unites our members in worship and symbolizes the spirit of our work.

Hymn - Spirit of Life (Hymn 123)

Story For All Ages

The Woman Who Outshone the Sun

Adapted from a poem written by Alejandro Cruz Martinez, a young Zapotec poet. Martinez was killed in 1987 while organizing his people to regain their lost water rights. <http://uupuertorico.org/story/water.htm>

The day Lucia Zenteno arrived, everyone in the village was astonished. No one knew where she came from. Yet they all saw that she was amazingly beautiful and that she brought thousands of dancing butterflies and brightly colored flowers on her skirts. She walked softly yet with a quiet dignity, her long, unbraided hair flowing behind her. A loyal iguana walked at her side.

No one knew who she was, but they did know that nothing shone as brightly as Lucia Zenteno. Some people said that Lucia Zenteno outshone the sun. Others said that her glorious hair seemed to block out the light. Everyone felt a little afraid of someone so wonderful and yet so strange.

There used to be a river that ran by the town, almost the same river that runs by there now.

And people said that when Lucia Zenteno went there to bathe, the river fell in love with her. The water rose from its bed and began to flow through her shining black hair.

Fish jumped and swam, while otters dove and slithered.

When Lucia finished bathing, she would sit by the river and comb out her hair with a comb made from the wood of the mesquite tree. And when she did, the water, the fishes, and the otters would flow out of her hair and return to the river once more.

The old people of the village said, that although Lucia was different from them, she should be honored and treated with respect.

You should respect Lucia because she understands the ways of nature.

But some people did not listen to the elders. They were afraid of Lucia's powers, which they did not understand. And so they refused to answer Lucia's greetings, or offer her their friendship. They spied on her day and night. They even made up a cruel chant.

Lucia plays with otters! Lucia smells like fish heads!

Lucia did not return the meanness of the people. She kept to herself and continued to walk with her head held high. Her quiet dignity angered some of the people. They whispered that Lucia must be trying to harm them.

People became more afraid of Lucia and so they treated her more cruelly. They continued their chant, even louder than before.

Lucia plays with otters! Lucia smells like fish heads!

Finally, they drove her from the village.

Lucia went down to the river one last time to say good-bye. As always, the water rose to greet her and began to flow through her glorious hair.

But this time when she tried to comb the river out of her hair, the river would not leave her. And so, when Lucia Zenteno left the village, the river and the fishes and the otters went with her, leaving only a dry, winding riverbed, a serpent of sand where the water had been.

Everyone saw that Lucia Zenteno was leaving and that the river, the fishes, and the otters were leaving with her. The people were filled with despair. They had never imagined that their beautiful river would ever leave them, no matter what they did.

Where once there had been green trees and cool breezes, now no more rain fell, no birds sang, no otters played. The people and their animals suffered from thirst. People began to understand, as never before, how much the river, the fishes, the otters, even the trees and birds had meant to the

village. They began to understand how much the river had loved Lucia Zenteno.

The elders said that everyone must search for Lucia and beg her forgiveness. We must apologize for treating her so cruelly!

Some people did not want to. But when the drought continued, everyone finally agreed to follow the elders' advice. And so the whole village set out in search of Lucia.

After many days of walking, the people found the iguana cave where Lucia had gone to seek refuge. Lucia was waiting for them, but they could not see her face. She had turned her back to the people.

At first no one dared say a word. Then two children called out:

Lucia, we ask your forgiveness. Have mercy upon us and return our river!

There was no reply, so one of the townspeople called out: Lucia, we ask your forgiveness. Have mercy upon us and return our river!

Alas, there was no reply.

Please everyone, call out to Lucia

Lucia, we ask your forgiveness. Have mercy upon us and return our river!

Lucia Zenteno turned and looked at the people. She saw their frightened, tired faces, and she felt compassion for them. At last, she asked the river to return to the people. Lucia told them that, just as the river gives water to all who are thirsty, no matter who they are, they must treat everyone with kindness, even those who seem different.

The people remembered how they had treated Lucia, and they hung their heads in shame.

Narrator: Seeing that the people were truly sorry for what they had done, Lucia returned with them to the village and began to comb out her hair.

She combed out the water, she combed out the fishes, she combed out the otters, and she kept on combing until the river had returned once more to where it belonged. The people were overjoyed to have their river again. They poured water over themselves and over their animals, they jumped into the river, and they laughed and cried with happiness.

In all the excitement, no one noticed at first that Lucia had disappeared again. But soon the children began to ask questions. Where did she go? Where can she be?

The elders replied that Lucia had not really left them. Though they would not be able to see her, she would always be there, guiding and protecting them, helping them to live with love and understanding in their hearts.

At long last, the skies opened, the rain came down and blessed the town.

Joys and Sorrows

Offering

Vivaldi, the Four Seasons
Concerto for Violin, "The Summer" Op. 8 no. 2 g-moll: Presto

Summer Solstice Meditation

Before Time Was

Before time was, there was The One;
The One was all, and all was The One.

And the vast expanse known as the universe was The One,
all wise, all pervading, all powerful, eternally changing.

And space moved. The One molded energy into twin forms,
equal but opposite, fashioning the Goddess and God
from The One and of The One.

The Goddess and God stretched and gave thanks to The One,
but darkness surrounded them.

They were alone, solitary save for The One.

So they formed energy into gases and gases into suns
and planets and moons;

They sprinkled the universe with whirling globes

And so all was given shape by the hands of the Goddess and
God.

Light arose and the sky was illuminated by a billion suns.

The Goddess and God, satisfied by their works,
rejoiced and loved, and were one.

From their union sprang the seeds of all life,
and the human race so that we might achieve incarnation
upon the Earth.

The Goddess chose the Moon as her symbol,
and the God the Sun as his to remind the inhabitants of Earth
of their creators.

All are born, live, die and are reborn

Beneath the Moon and Sun;

All things come to pass thereunder, and all occurs

with the blessings of The One, the Goddess and God,

as has been the way of existence since before time was.

The Thirteen Wonders of the Ancient Sea Island Continuum

I am the first of the spirits in this place.
The dawn of time is my sacred space.
I am of the Sun of the summer sky,
Life needs my light, glowing from on high.
Blessed be the Sun.

I am the second of the spirits in this place.
The Sun's warmth cools upon my embrace.
I am of the Sea, the boundless waters of the Earth.
Life begins within my shallows where I give birth.
Blessed be the Sea.

I am the third of the spirits in this place,
Rising from the Sea, with a solitary peaceful pace.
I am the Island, with waters upon every side.
Life abounds and flows with every turning tide.
Blessed be the Island.

I am the fourth of the spirits in this place,
Softening the shores, my breath upon its face.
I am of the Wind, the breath of the gentle breeze,
The sweltering storm and the frosty freeze.
Blessed be the Wind.

I am the fifth of the spirits in this place,
Swimming and schooling and giving chase.

I am of the Fishes in the Sea, the creature aquatic,
Large and small, feeding and fed upon. Life is so chaotic.

Blessed be the Fishes.

I am the sixth of the spirits in this place.

With fragrant scents and colorful grace.

I am of the Flowers on the Island, the drawing of desires,

A brightening burst of beauty that delicately transpires.

Blessed be the Flowers.

I am the seventh of the spirits in this place.

The shade on the ground, the canopy of airy space.

I am of the Trees of the forest, with leaves that touch the sky,

Deep roots anchor my strength, with dignity I tower high.

Blessed be the Trees.

I am the eighth of the spirits in this place.

With fur or with hide, the hunter and the hunted.

I am of the Animals, first here, then there, the Shape-Shifter

My protection goes forth

To those hiding silently or running swifter.

Blessed be the Animals.

I am the ninth of the spirits in this place.

Circling the islands together, quietly or at a jolting pace

I am of the Dolphins, swimming in an ocean heaven

My movements show the joy of Life,

A smile in every expression.

Blessed be the Dolphins.

I am the tenth of the spirits in this place.
Soaring o'er the trees on land, or over the ocean's surface,
I am of the Birds of the Air, flitting and flying effortlessly,
My flights inspire the wonder of Life, as I sing vicariously.
Blessed be the Birds.

I am the eleventh of the spirits in this place.
Walking through the village green,
Or on a beach that's timeless
I am of the Women,
The healers, the weavers, the Givers of Life.
Balancing logic and emotion, my Love can heal all strife.
Blessed be the Women.

I am the twelfth of the spirits in this place.
Hunting, farming, building homes,
I share my mate's embrace,
I am of the Men, designers, crafters, laborers,
Who work on land and sea,
Fathers to the ones we love, on this sylvan island sanctuary.
Blessed be the Men.

I am the thirteenth of the spirits in this place.
Native, European, African,
Or bearing another immigrant's trace,
I am of this Fellowship,
Connected by intent wherever we're from
To all the spirits within this ancient sea island continuum.
Blessed be the Community.

Closing Song

Bjork - Cosmogony (CD)

Extinguish the Chalice

Closing Hymn - Love Will Guide Us (Hymn 131)

Love will guide us, peace has tried us,
Hope inside us, will lead the way
On the road from greed to giving.
Love will guide us through the hard night.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot speak before thousands,
You can give from deep within you.
You can change the world with your love.

(Repeat first verse.)