

BRUNCHtalks – One – July 1, 2018

Welcome: We gather mindful
that we are settlers in these lands.

Holy Cross occupies the traditional territory of the

CHIPPEWAS OF LAKE SIMCOE

AND LAKE HURON

and the Anishiaabe

Indigenous Peoples.

We worship as we live,

in the presence of the ONE who IS

our Maker, Liberator, and Spirit, ONE.

WOW!

WHAT AN EXCITING TIME

TO BE CHURCH!

- Welcome to the first of our BRUNCHtalks

- A sort of progressive Christian laboratory where we hope to explore new ways of articulating what it means to journey into the MYSTERY that we call God, as followers of the Way

- We are making this up as we go along

- This morning we will enjoy a beautiful Brunch
We are grateful to Sylvia and Marg for daring to be the first to host our Summer brunch

- A few things about Brunch
We will sing our grace and then we will get our beverages and our food

- we can help ourselves as long as the food lasts

- the program part of the morning will take place over brunch

- we will take some time to create space for prayer

- at some time during our brunch we will remember Jesus through the Bread and the Wine

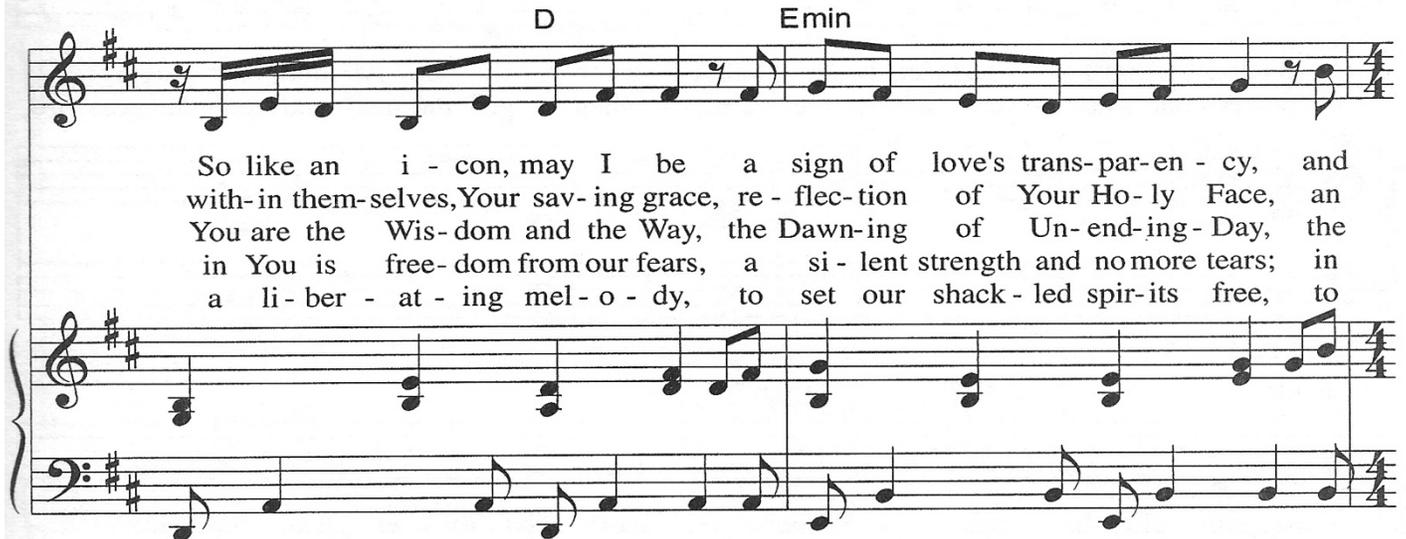
- The wine will be served in the common cup – there won't be any individual glasses – feel free to practice intinction – dipping the bread into the glass - or just pass the wine on to the next person – your presence here among us is enough to achieve communion
- We will take time for any announcements and a blessing
- Now I have prepared content – however this will all go so much better if you all interrupt me as I go along – the more questions the better

Sing as our Grace:

God of My Childhood

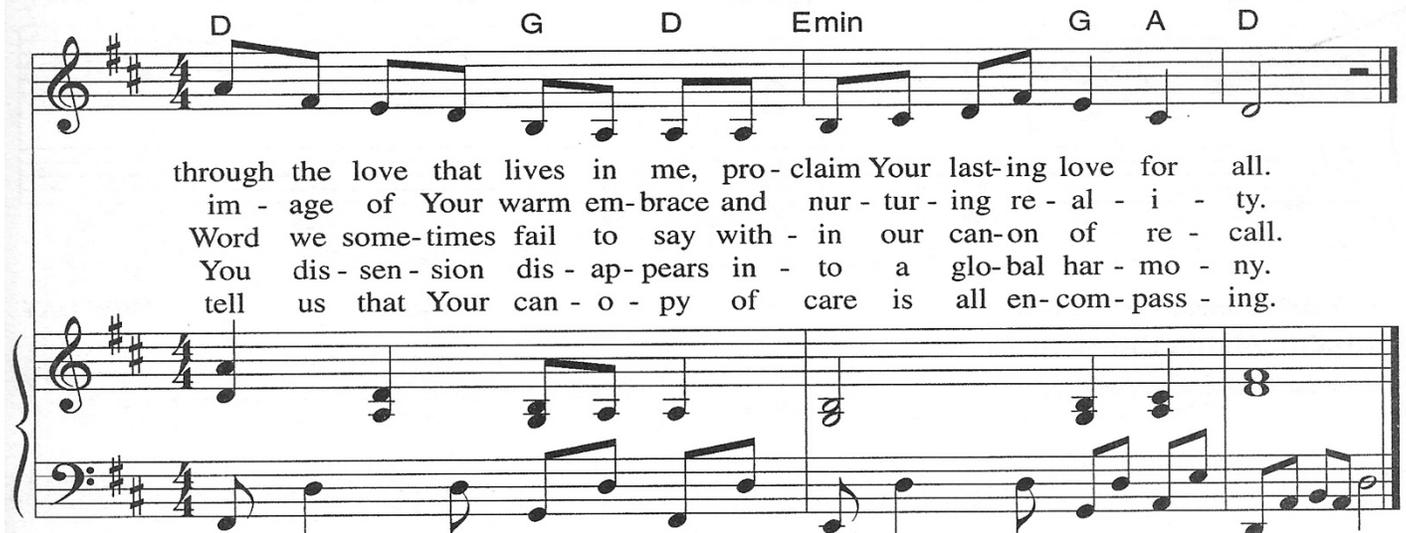


1 God of my child-hood and my call, make me a win-dow, not a wall.
2 Come, O my Ma-ker, make of me a mir-ror, so that all may see
3 Cre - a - tor, re - cre - ate us all. Come, lift us up be-fore we fall.
4 God of our fu - ture, help us see a vi-sion of the yet - to - be:
5 God of all gods, to You we sing a song of Your im - a - gin-ing:



D Emin

So like an i - con, may I be a sign of love's trans-par-en - cy, and
with-in them-selves, Your sav-ing grace, re - flec-tion of Your Ho-ly Face, an
You are the Wis-dom and the Way, the Dawn-ing of Un-end-ing - Day, the
in You is free-dom from our fears, a si - lent strength and no more tears; in
a li - ber - at - ing mel - o - dy, to set our shack - led spir-its free, to



D G D Emin G A D

through the love that lives in me, pro-claim Your last-ing love for all.
im - age of Your warm em-brace and nur - tur - ing re - al - i - ty.
Word we some-times fail to say with - in our can-on of re - call.
You dis - sen - sion dis - ap - pears in - to a glo-bal har - mo - ny.
tell us that Your can - o - py of care is all en-com-pass - ing.

Invitation to eat

Music videos designed to get us into the mood

Holy Now Peter Mayer 4:55

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KiyPaURysz4>

THE PLAY Peter Mayer 5:13

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ADI_q5u9dIU

Keynote: Progressive Christian Religion –

We here at Holy Cross been on a wonderful journey into the MYSTERY that we call God.

Visioning process:

Progressive in Approach: Christlike in action!

**Progressive in approach:
Christ-like in action!**

Progressive?

?

Christian?

?

Religion?

?

**Progressive in approach:
Christ-like in action!**

**Progressive?
?**

**Christian?
?**

**Religion?
?**

open

Jesus

awe

scholarly

way/justice

connection

inclusive

peace

wholeness

LOVE

**Progressive in approach:
Christ-like in action!**

**Progressive?
?**

**Christian?
?**

**Religion?
?**

religion

“re” “lig”

awe

connection

wholeness

ONE

I believe that religion is above all else an art form.

Religion begins with awe and wonder and -and moves into the realm of story as we try to express our experiences of awe and wonder.

Some of us tell the stories with words, some with music, some with painting, or sculptor, others tell the story in dance, we humans are creatures who find, interpret and express meaning.

Like all artforms religion takes practice

Religion is never quite perfected.

Religion evolves as the artform is reinvented over and over again.

The root of the word religion is “l i g” lig, which is also in the word “ligament.”

It means to connect, to join together, to unite, to bring everything together in one body or one wholeness.

The little word “re” simply means “again.” Religion is a word that means to re – connect, to put together again.

Religion is about binding us together into ONENESS with the ONE who made us.

Religion is about connecting us to God, to Creation, and most importantly to one another.

We re-connect through the various religious artforms that express the who, what, why, and the how of who we are.

Genesis 28: 16-22

There is a story about one of our ancestors called Jacob.

The story takes place after Jacob has tricked his father into giving him the blessing that should have gone to his brother Esau.

Jacob has just left home and is travelling through the desert when he sets up camp for the night.

Jacob takes a rock and uses it as a pillow.

During the night Jacob has a dream in which he sees a ladder, that stretches from the ground all the way up into the realm of the Divine MYSTERY that we call God.

The Hebrew text uses the unspeakable name for God – YAHWEH – a word so sacred that the Hebrews did not speak it – I AM WHO I AM

Messengers of the Divine MYSTERY were travelling up and down the ladder.

Jacob could see the Divine MYSTERY standing over him and from the MSYTERY he received the knowledge that his descendants would be as numerous as the specks of dust on the ground; spreading out all over the earth and those descendants, that's us by the way, We, Jacob's descendants would see ourselves as blessed by our ancestor Jacob.

From the DIVINE MYSTERY, Jacob knew that the Divine ONE would never leave him.

Then Jacob woke and said, "Truly, YAHWEH is in this place and I never knew it!"

He was filled with trembling and said, "How awe-inspiring this place is!

This is nothing less than the dwelling place of God; this is the gate to heaven!

Jacob rose early the next morning, and took the stone he had used as a headrest and set it up as a monument, and anointed it with oil.

Jacob named the place Bethel – "House of God"

Awe came upon me one hot August night when I was only 17 years old.

A bunch of my friends and I had managed to talk our parents into letting us spend the night sleeping out under the stars.

There was supposed to be a particularly amazing meteor shower that night.

About a dozen of us headed down to the boardwalk to sleep out under the stars.

It was a fabulous night.

No adults to tell us what to do.

Good friends to talk to.

Swimming after dark.

An illegal campfire to make us feel just a little bit afraid that someone might catch us.

It was a brilliant night.

We were all convinced that we were wasted cause the beer went straight to our heads.

And we laughed and we played and we solved all the problems of the world and we never saw a single meteor.

Around about 3 o'clock in the morning we settled down and began to fall asleep.

I'm not sure what woke me up.

But I do remember looking up and seeing nothing but stars, and when the first meteor streaked across the sky,

I almost screamed out to my friends so that they could see what I saw.

But I just lay there watching as streak after streak stretched across the darkness.

I knew in my head that they were meteors, but it was as if the stars were putting on a show.

I'd never seen anything like it and I couldn't believe my eyes.

Suddenly space, was more than just a backdrop to my imagination. It was actually there, right there in all its glory.

It was the most beautiful display of grandeur I had ever seen and I was totally overwhelmed by the vastness of the universe.

Far from feeling small, I felt like I was big enough to reach out and touch the stars. It was wonderful right up to the moment when I felt that I wasn't the only one doing the watching.

There I was lying below the sky, looking up, feeling strangely at peace.

Suddenly, for the first time, it felt as though I was actually being watched and seen.

I was being seen and known by something bigger than the sky. In a sea of a billion galaxies, the Creator of all of it, was there, right there.

The gentle sea breeze seemed to caress me, and I knew that I was part of something far larger than myself.

I was conscious of tears streaming down my face. I could hear the heavy breathing of my companions.

I began to wonder about stardust, and breath, and wind, and Spirit, and I knew that somehow the heart of what I was staring into was kin to the heart that was beating in me, and the tears flowed and I knew such joy.

It was as if space itself had opened up inside of me, and for the first time I knew who and what I was. I also knew somehow, deeply knew, that the breath in me and the Spirit at the heart of the universe that was exploding before my eyes, is intimately related.

I remember that my joy was tinged with fear, because I knew that this was bigger than anything I'd ever been able to imagine and I wondered if my head was about to explode.

I remember chuckling as I wondered if this was what being drunk was like.

And then I remembered that I didn't even like the taste of the beer, and so I hadn't actually consumed any, even though I'd pretended to be tipsy.

I suppressed my laughter, because I didn't want my friends to wake up and find me deliriously happy. I knew I'd never be able to explain the joy I felt. Nothing had ever filled me so full. I had no words.

I still don't have the words to describe what was happening to me. I felt as though my whole being was going to burst open because the joy, and love that I felt simply couldn't be contained.

The only word that even comes close is: Awe.

But even Awe doesn't really begin to capture it. I remember thinking that God had better ease off just a little or I was going to entirely lose the plot. It was too much to take in.

I wasn't sure I could take much more, when suddenly; the sky began to change its hue. I was conscious of colour behind me.

Don't ask me how you can be conscious of colour, I just was. I was afraid to look toward the colour, because I knew that behind me the sun would be rising, and if tiny meteors streaking across the sky could do what they did to me, I wasn't sure I could handle the sun rising.

I closed my eyes, and in the darkness of my own mind, I felt the power of God overwhelming me. **Silence.**

It took a long time for me to have the courage to open my eyes and when I did, the light was blinding.

I remember struggling to get out of my sleeping bag, and when I finally stood before the orange ball of burning gas that was the sun rising over the treetops, I laughed out loud at the beauty of it all. Awakened by my laughter, my friends began to wax poetically or as poetically as a bunch of adolescents can be at an early hour and before long we were marveling about the beauty of a God who could make all of this.

Laid bare by the magnificence of a summer morning, we kept hugging one another as we declared how great it was to be alive.

I can't tell you how amazing it felt to be so totally connected to all that is and ever shall be: connection to God, Connection to Creation, Connection to the Universe, Connection to the Earth, Connection to my fellow travelers, Connection to those who were no more and those who are to come, Connection to the creatures of the earth, Connection to the Spirit that lives and breathes in us all. Awesome.

Looking back, I can now see that just like Jacob, I had found the Dwelling Place of the Divine MYSTERY that we call God.

I had found Bethel. I trust that you too have experienced BETHEL

I'd like to take a few minutes to hear about the various times along your Journey that you have found Bethel the Dwelling Place of the MYSTERY that we call God.

Mystery



1. When I stand on a rol - ling hill
2. When I walk through a wood - ed grove
3. As I run through the sun light
4. It's the song of the u - niv - erse



and I look out to the sea, I can feel the force of free - dom
to ad - mire na - ture's art, I can feel her weave, her wis - dom
and the sha - dows of the years, I can feel a strong sen - sa - tion
as the ae - ons fall a - way, It's the song that the stars sing



find - ing fel - low - ship with me.
on the web - bing of my heart.
through the si - lence of the spheres.
and all the plan ets play.



I can hear a call to cour - age to be all that I might be.
I can hear her in - vi - ta - tion to be part of all I see.
I can hear a call to lov - ing all, to im - mort - al - it - y.
It's a song to the pow - er neith - er you nor I can see.



Then I know, I have known mys - ter - y.
Then I know, I have known mys - ter - y.
Then I know, I have known mys - ter - y.
It's a song to the one who is Mys - ter - y.

AWE - & trembling in the presence of Divine MYSTERY – re – lig – religion is the artform that re-connects us, that enables us to know that we are ONE – religion at its best provides us with a vital connection.

Another word for vital connection is love.

Love born of connection, real connection to that which is beyond ourselves, that kind of Love never stops with the connection it moves on beyond that to loving, the other, this kind of loving, is, what I believe, prayer is. Prayer: born out of the awe that comes when we experience the connection to that which is beyond ourselves, prayer born out of that kind of awe, may begin with thanksgiving, but that awe that inspires thanksgiving, will also compel us to love.

It's like a kind of spiral, connection, spirals outward through awe, to love, to that which is beyond us, to loving, to connection, to God, who is in all and through all, until you can't distinguish between awe and thanksgiving, between prayer and loving, between God and Love, between other and self, between Creation and Creature, between God and self, we are all intimately connected and my prayer, our prayer, is the stuff of that connection.

Prayers

Communion:

So here we sit in the midst of MYSTERY.

Doing what our ancestors did before us,

Sharing a meal.

We have this story about a meal that was shared among friends.

It is a story that has nourished generations

for nearly 2000 years

a meal where Jesus took the ordinary stuff that came as pure gift from the cosmos.

Bread and Wine.

The Creative Energy that gave birth to the cosmos is the same energy

that gives birth to all that is.

Just as we are made up of the elements

that burst forth from the initial flaming forth,

the essence of bread and wine

is of the same stuff of the universe as we are.

So, just as Jesus took bread and said,
Take and eat, this is my body given for you,
We re-connect with our sisters and brothers of every time and space as we take, eat and
remember Jesus.

Just as Jesus took wine and gave thanks,
proclaiming that the wine was his very being poured out for all,
we take and drink trusting that this wine and bread join us in solidarity with all those who
hunger and thirst.

So, on this journey into the MYSTERY that we call God,
Let us re-connect one with another by proclaiming the mysteries of our faith:
Christ has died! Christ rises in us!
Christ comes again and again!

Repeat During the distribution of Communion **VU#410** **O God We Call**

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "O God We Call". It is written in 4/4 time and consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics: "O God we call, O God we call, from deep in-side we yearn, from". The second system contains the next two lines: "deep in-side we yearn, from deep in-side we yearn for you." The score includes a treble clef and a bass clef. Chord symbols are placed above the treble clef staff: Csus2, C, F, Csus2, C, F, Am, Fsus2, Am, Fsus2, and C. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

Blessing:

As we celebrate this Canada, we know that,

We have been richly blessed.

And to those whom much has been given,

much is expected.

We have been blessed to be a blessing.

Let us set our minds upon

the ways in which

we might embrace our blessings

so as to be a blessing to others.

May all the world know in you,

the LOVE that is God,

the peace that is Christ,

and the power that is the Spirit.

Amen.

Announcements:

God of the Sparrow

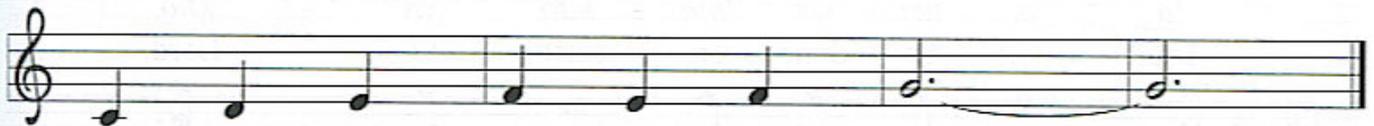
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1 God of the spar - row God of the whale God of the swirl - ing
2 God of the earth - quake God of the storm God of the trum - pet
3 God of the rain - bow God of the cross God of the emp - ty
4 God of the hun - gry God of the sick God of the prod - i -



stars How does the crea - ture say Awe
blast How does the crea - ture cry Woe
grave How does the crea - ture say Grace
gal How does the crea - ture say Care



How does the crea - ture say Praise
How does the crea - ture cry Save
How does the crea - ture say Thanks
How does the crea - ture say Life

5 God of the neighbor God of the foe God of the ages God near at hand
God of the pruning hook God of the loving heart
How does the creature say Love How do your children say Joy
How does the creature say Peace How do your children say Home

Dismissal:

Go in Peace! Be LOVE in the World! Thanks be to God.

Please share a sign of God's peace with one another for even though the peace of God surpasses our understanding we can experience it here and now. Peace. Shalam, Shalom.