

- Silence
- Opening reading
- Questions to consider:
- Prayer concerns / pray
- Closing reading/blessing.

JUBILEE — *Mary Chapin Carpenter*

I can tell by the way you're walking
 That you don't want company
 So I'll let you alone and I'll let you walk on
 And in your own good time you'll be
 Back where the sun can find you
 Under the wise wishing tree
 And with all of them made we'll lie under the
 shade
 And call it a jubilee

And I can tell by the way you're talking
 That the past isn't letting you go
 There's only so long you can take it all on
 And then the wrong's gotta be on its own
 And when you're ready to leave it behind you
 You'll look back and all that you'll see
 Is the wreckage and rust that you left in the
 dust
 On your way to the jubilee

And I can tell by the way you're listening
 That you're still expecting to hear
 Your name being called like a summons to all
 Who have failed to account for their doubts
 and their fears
 They can't add up too much without you
 And so if it were just up to me
 I'd take hold of your hand, saying come hear
 the band
 Play your song at the jubilee

I can tell by the way you're searching
 For something you can't even name
 That you haven't been able to come to the
 table
 Simply glad that you came
 And when you feel like this try to imagine
 That we're all like frail boats on the sea
 Just scanning the night for that great guiding
 light
 Announcing the jubilee

And I can tell by the way you're standing
 With your eyes filling with tears
 That its habit alone keeps you turning for
 home
 Even though your home is right here
 Where the people who love you are gathered
 Under the wise wishing tree
 May we all be considered then straight on
 delivered
 Down to the jubilee

'Cause the people who love you are waiting
 And they'll wait just as long as need be
 When we look back and say those were
 halcyon days
 We're talking 'bout jubilee

For FREEDOM — *John O'Donohue*

As a bird soars high
In the free holding of the wind,
Clear of the certainty of the ground,
Opening the imagination of wind.
Into the grace of emptiness,
May your life awaken
To the call of its freedom.

As the ocean absolves itself
Of the expectations of land,
Approaching only
In the form of waves
That fill and please and fall
With such gradual elegance
As to make of the limit
A sonorous threshold
Whose music echoes back along
The give and strain of memory,
Thus may your heart know the patience,
That can draw infinity from limitation.

As the embrace of the earth
Welcomes all who call death,
Taking deep into itself
The tight solitude of a seed,
Allowing it time
To shed the grip of former form
And give way to a deeper generosity
That will one day send it forth,
A tree into springtime,
May all that holds you
Fall from its hungry ledge
Into the fecund surge of your heart.

CAGED BIRD — *Maya Angelou*

A free bird leaps on the back of the wind
and floats downstream till the current ends
and dips his wing in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage
can seldom see through his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill
of things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill
for the caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing
trees and the fat worms waiting on a dawn
bright lawn and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill of
things unknown but longed for still
and his tune is heard on the distant hill
for the caged bird sings of freedom.