

A Gathering
at The Peepul Centre
Orchardson Avenue, Leicester

on Sunday 17th August 2008 at 11am

*A different way of being together for a time
to celebrate the value of each other and the world*

Today's theme is 'Gathering In'

Organised by members of Leicester Unitarian Fellowship



*Music: 'Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn'
(‘Watching the White Wheat’)(Welsh - Ar Log)*

*Welcome and introduction
Lighting the chalice candle & opening words*

*Song: ‘Give Thanks’
(Anon + W.Songsmith / Trad)*

*Give thanks for the corn and the wheat that are reaped,
For labour well done and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home.*

*Give thanks for the farmer whose husbanding skill,
Raises food from the dark soil, our baskets to fill;
May our fields and our hedgerows be hearty and whole,
May the pageant of seasons eternally roll.*

*Thank our Mother who gives her all so lovingly,
That all beings on earth might share lives that are free,
May our living and giving be in sacredness,
So the whole world can harvest this true joyfulness*

*Short talk: ‘Gathering In’
followed by a silent meditation.*

Reading: ‘Autumn Ways’ (Frederick Hosmer)

Floating Petals on Water

Our Joys and concerns voiced here today
Weave us together in the fabric of community.
The hopes and sorrows that remain unspoken
Live in the silent sanctuaries of our hearts.
They echo in the spaces between one breath and another,
Shared by us all in our song of life.

Walking Meditation Dance:
'Harvest Home' (Trad.)

Sharing Bread and Blessings:
'May the spirit of the Harvest nourish your soul!'

A time for Sharing & Reflection (thoughts, poems, readings ...)

Notices

Song: 'John Barleycorn' (Trad.)

*There were three men come out of the west, their fortunes for to try,
And these three men made a solemn vow - John Barleycorn must die,
They've ploughed, they've sown, they've harrowed,
Thrown clods upon his head,
'Til these three men were satisfied John Barleycorn was dead.*

(Chorus)

*There's beer all in the barrel and brandy in the glass,
But little Sir John with his nut-brown bowl,
proved the strongest man at last.*

*They've let him lie for a long long time till the rains from heaven did fall,
And little Sir John sprang up his head and so amazed them all,
They've let him stand till midsummer's day,
Though he looks both pale and wan,
Then little Sir John's grown a long long beard and so become a man.*

(Chorus x2)

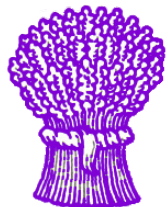
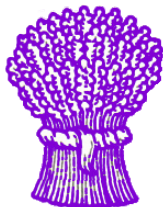
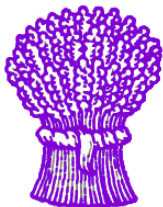
*They've hired men with the sharp-edged scythes to cut him off at the knee,
They've rolled him and tied him around the waist,
Treated him most barb'rously,
They've hired men with the sharp-edged forks to prick him to the heart,
And the loader has served him worse than that
for he's bound him to the cart.
So they've wheeled him around and around the field,
'Til they've come unto a barn,
And here they've kept their solemn word concerning Barleycorn,
They've hired men with the crabtree sticks to split him skin from bone,
And the miller has served him worse than THAT...
For he's ground him between two stones!*

(Chorus x2)

*And the farmer he can't sow his crops, Nor the hedger lay his thorn,
And the tinker he can't mend his pots, without John Barleycorn.*

Benediction

Music: 'Country Gardens' (Trad - Cry Havoc Morris)



Keep in touch at www.leicesterunitarians.org