



CANADIAN
UNITARIAN
COUNCIL

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DU CANADA

**SHARING OUR
FAITH
WORSHIP PACKAGE
2020
*"MAKING WAVES"***

Compiled by Rev. Frances Dearman



Canadian Unitarian Council
Sharing Our Faith Worship Package 2020

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Introduction

Sharing Our Faith is a program of the Canadian Unitarian Council. It encourages greater associational awareness in our congregations, the fostering of relationships, and a sense of community and connection among and between our member congregations and communities.

Each year, the CUC encourages all congregations to hold a Sharing Our Faith service and take up a special collection. The collection is administered by the CUC and given directly back in the form of grants to congregations applying for projects they may otherwise not afford to undertake, and which enhance ministry, growth and/or outreach for that congregation and for the Unitarian and Universalist movement

The theme of the 2020 Sharing Our Faith package is “*Making Waves.*” This is also the theme for the CUC’s 2020 National Conference held in Halifax NS from May 15-17, 2020. The theme encourages and challenges UUs to make waves that embody justice, practice radical inclusion, challenge the status quo, and push us to remain relevant into the future.

These concepts have been woven into this SOF worship package, created by Rev. Fran Dearman, retired minister residing in Victoria BC, and supported by material from Canadian UU ministers. It contains an eclectic collection of readings, reflections and sermons, with resources which we hope will be helpful for your use in religious exploration activities.

Please adapt for use as needed, as you your Sharing Our Faith services in 2020. It is the hope that as congregations create their worship service, they will know that others are using the same resource package, and that the connections and relationships between congregations and communities will be strengthened.

For more information about Sharing Our Faith, to access previous worship packages, or to apply for a Sharing Our Faith grant, please check out the information on the CUC’s website under Congregations and Leaders – Worship, or email sharing-our-faith@cuc.ca.



Section One: Arts, Music and Blessing

1. “Reflections on Waves” by Rev. Frances Deverell

This original painting was created by Rev. Frances Deverell and is shared for this Sharing Our Faith with permission.



2. Take Me to the Ocean – by Wendy Luella Perkins ©2018

Take me to the ocean
To the salty, salty sea
Where the waves, the waves
The waves keep rolling
Into eternity

NB: the tune for this, sung by Wendy Luella Perkins, is in an attachment



3. The Tide is Rising by Rabbi Shona Meira Friedman

Contributed by Rev. Debra Thorne

The tide is rising, and so are we
The tide is rising, and so are we
The tide is rising, and so are we
This is where we are called to be...
This is where we are called to be!

The waves are crashing... (added by Debra Thorne)
The task is mighty...
The storm is raging...
The land is holy...
The sun is shining...
The world is ready...

For music, see YouTube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YkomaxKJ34>; begins at 1:10

4. Come Drink Deep by Carolyn McDade

Download the music at <https://musescore.com/user/9320401/scores/5530783>

Come drink deep of living waters
Without cup bend close to the ground
Wade with bare feet into troubled waters
Where love of life abounds

I turn my head to sky rains falling, wash the wounds of numbness from my soul
Turn my heart in tides of fierce renewal, where love and rage run whole

Come rains of heaven on the dry seed, rains of love on every tortured land
Roots complacent awoken in compassion, so hope springs in our hands

Come drink deep of living waters
Without cup bend close to the ground
Wade with bare feet into troubled waters
Where love of life abounds



5. An Uplifting Wave of Blessing - Rev. Fred Cappucino

“Glowing - glowing deep - within each one of you - is a divine spark.

Though some of you may be skeptical, or feel you are unworthy -
yet the divine spark glows - there inside you.

Sometimes it is overlaid with self-interest;
sometimes it is encrusted with fear -
yet the divine spark illumines your soul.

We may tend to deny it -
knowing that we have done those things which we ought not to have done.
Yet the divine spark never leaves you.

Jesus said the same in his own idiom, “The Kingdom of God is within you”

This divine spark may surprise you as the future unfolds.
It may lead you to risk much in some wild act of compassion.

You are of infinite worth;
you possess a dazzling beauty that is irresistible.

Trust this divine spark glowing - glowing in your deepest being.”

6. Selections of Songs and Readings from hymnals

From “Singing the Living Tradition”:

#25 “God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea”

#27 “I am that Great and Fiery Force”

#106 “Who Would True Valor See”

#205 “Amazing Grace”

#210 “Wade in the Water”

#291 “Die Gedanken Sind Frei”

#301 “Touch the Earth, Reach the Sky!”

#309 “Earth is Our Homeland”

#324 “Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads”

#339 “Knowledge, They Say”

#350 “The Ceaseless Flow of Endless time”

#351 “A Long, Long Way the Sea Winds Blow”

(or one could write yet new words, 4x8 syllables, set to the tune of Old Hundredth!)



Readings from “Singing the Living Tradition”:

- #438 “Morning”
- #526 “Trembling with Joy”
- #528 “I’ve Known Rivers”;
- #529 “The Stream of Life”
- #530 “Out of the Stars”
- #532 “The Music of the Spheres”
- #535 “Deep Calls to Deep”
- #665 “Transcendental Etude”
- #667 “The Cry of the Realist”
- #681 “Deep peace of the running wave to you”

From “Singing the Living Tradition”:

- #1020 “Woyaya”
- #1044 “Eli, Eli (Walking to Caesaria)”
- #1049 “Veni Spirito Creatore”
- #1064 “Blue Boat Home”

Words for the Offering - Rev. Debra Thorne

Today, as our congregation marks Sharing Our Faith Sunday, we will now take an offering on behalf of this program of the Canadian Unitarian Council.

The Sharing Our Faith program encourages greater awareness of our Canadian congregations and the work each is doing in the areas of justice, equity and the strengthening of community. This month Canadian Unitarian and Unitarian Universalist congregations are having services like this, using similar material that we might experience our associations and the interdependent links between us.

The collection that we will now take is in support of the Sharing Our Faith fund. This fund consists of monies collected by all the participating congregations now and through the year. We’ll send these funds to the CUC, and together with the Foundation Fund administered by the First Unitarian Congregation of Toronto, will be allocated in the form of grants to congregations applying for projects they may otherwise not afford to undertake, but which enhance ministry, growth and/or outreach for that congregation and for the Unitarian and Universalist movement in Canada.

Since 2001, through the generosity of our congregations and members, the Sharing Our Faith program has awarded over \$214,000 to congregations. Initiatives include:



- Support for professional ministry
- Communication, publicity and increasing visibility
- Religious exploration and music programs
- Youth programs
- Commissioning of music for “Missa Brevis Pro Serveto, a mass for UUs”

Thinking now on congregations like ours across Canada, let our giving this morning be a true expression of spiritual generosity.

(If your congregation has received a Sharing Our Faith grant you might use words such as: With gratitude for the Sharing the Faith grant that allowed (this congregation) to (name and description of the project) we extend our generosity to other Canadian congregations who will benefit as we have done. We will now take an offering for the Sharing Our Faith Program).

After Collection has been gathered:

Our relationship with the larger Canadian Unitarian Universalist movement is a gift. Our generous support today is an expression of our gratitude for the larger community and our hope that together we can serve the needs of our congregations, our communities, our country and our world.



Section Two: Reflections, Sermon and Social Justice

Time for All Ages

Higgins: A Drop with a Dream by Rev. Christopher Buice

A drop of water named Higgins wants to make a difference in the world. Despite the disbelief and even derision of the other drops of water, Higgins takes action, inspiring all to action.

<https://www.uua.org/worship/words/reading/higgins>

Tiddalik: The Frog Who Drank The Ocean

This is an indigenous Australian tale about a greedy frog named Tiddalik who drinks all the water in the world, causing environmental destruction. The other animals guess that they can get Tiddalik to release the water by making him laugh. Silly escapades don't work. Corny jokes don't work. Finally, one version of the story has it that a dancing eel slips off of Tiddalik's head and slides down his back, accidentally tickling him on the way down, making him laugh. The water comes gushing out.

Here's more background on the tale: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tiddalik>

Here's one version, a bit long: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7CzWkv1r8Hw>

Submitted by storytellers Lynn Torrie and Diane Bosman

Reflection: Like Water

Rev. Fiona Heath

We live in a time of hard edges.

Life is a competition and we need to be a winner.

We are encouraged to toughen up, to stick up for ourselves.

Be a fighter. Never give up.

Many of us rise to these challenges and thrive, but others struggle.

Winners need losers and some of us never reach the medal stand.

Some of us need another way of being.

If we wish to reject the way of the warrior, why not try the way of water?

This soft, flowing kind of being is a radical challenge to current culture.

Water is a complex mystery.

Deep water is still yet always in motion.

The ocean responds daily to the moon and yet the currents follow their own path.



Water offers no resistance, separating to flow around obstacles yet stays wholly itself.
The way of water is compliant, soft, shifting, adaptable, yet always seeking its way.

Let us be like water.

The more water gathers, the more powerful it is.
Think of all the small streams that feed into the mighty St. Lawrence river
which becomes the great Atlantic ocean.
Water is stronger the more it gathers together.

The force of water only becomes apparent in necessity,
when the land drops away from under it and the river becomes Niagara Falls.
Water is peaceful until it can't be.

Let us be like water.

You may have heard this – be like water – before. It comes from martial artist Bruce Lee.
Bruce Lee's insight into the way of water came in a time of great personal frustration.
As a teenager in Hong Kong he was struggling to reach a deeper level in wing chun gung fu,
an ancient martial art.

He couldn't understand the concept of not asserting himself, of not being aggressive.
His teacher told him to take a week off and stop practicing.
Bruce Lee went home and kept practicing.
But he got no further and finally gave up and went sailing on the sea.

Lee was thinking of his training and got so mad at himself
he reached over the side of the boat and punched the water!
The water just flowed around his hand.
And Lee understood his teacher.

He had stuck the water but the water did not suffer any hurt. It made no difference.
Lee saw that water only seemed weak, passive but actually wears away mountains.
Lee understood his teacher.

To become a master martial artist he had to be follow the ways of nature,
to follow the energy of his partner and shift with it.
To not bluntly oppose but to move always towards his own purpose.
Shifting, adapting, softly, flowing.



Lee became an expert in gung fu,
making his way to the United States to become an actor and teacher.

In one show, where he was playing an expert martial artist, he spoke these words.
“Empty your mind, be formless, shapeless like water.

You put water into a cup, it becomes the cup.
You put water into a bottle, it becomes the bottle.
You put it into a teapot, it becomes the teapot.

Now water can flow or it can crash.
Be water, my friend.”

Be water, my friends.
As we come together in this water ceremony,
honouring the element of water, source of all life,
let us celebrate the way of water.

To flow, to adapt, to grow stronger together, to choose peace until we can’t.

Be water, my friends.
Today and all days.
So Say We All.

The Way of Water by Ursula K. LeGuin

Contributed by Rev. Fiona Heath

Source: “The Election, Lao Tzu, A Cup of Water” blogpost by Ursula K. Le Guin November 21,
2016, <http://bookviewcafe.com/blog/2016/11/21/the-election-lao-tzu-a-cup-of-water/>

We have glamorized the way of the warrior for millennia.
We have identified it as the supreme test and example
of courage, strength, duty, generosity, and manhood.

If I turn from the way of the warrior, where am I to seek those qualities?
What way have I to go?

Lao Tzu says of the way of water.

The weakest, most yielding thing in the world, as he calls it, water chooses the lowest path,
not the high road.



It gives way to anything harder than itself, offers no resistance, flows around obstacles,
accepts whatever comes to it, lets itself be used and divided and defiled,
yet continues to be itself and to go always in the direction it must go.

The tides of the oceans obey the moon
while the great currents of the open sea keep on their ways beneath.

Water deeply at rest is yet always in motion;
the stillest lake is constantly, invisibly transformed into vapor, rising in the air.

A river can be dammed and diverted, yet its water is incompressible:
it will not go where there is not room for it.
A river can be so drained for human uses that it never reaches the sea,
yet in all those bypaths and usages its water remains itself and pursues its course,
flowing down and on, above ground or underground,
breathing itself out into the air in evaporation,
rising in mist, fog, cloud, returning to earth as rain, refilling the sea.

Water doesn't have only one way.
It has infinite ways, it takes whatever way it can, it is utterly opportunistic, and all life on
earth depends on this passive, yielding, uncertain, adaptable, changeable element.

The death way or the life way? The high road of the warrior, or the river road?

~~~ Ursula K. LeGuin continues:

I know what I want. I want to live with courage, with compassion, in patience, in peace....

The flow of a river is a model for me of courage that can keep me going —  
carry me through the bad places, the bad times.

A courage that is compliant by choice and uses force only when compelled,  
always seeking the best way, the easiest way,  
but if not finding any easy way still, always, going on.

The cup of water that gives itself to thirst is a model for me  
of the compassion that gives itself freely.  
Water is generous, tolerant, does not hold itself apart,  
lets itself be used by any need.



Water goes, as Lao Tzu says, to the lowest places, vile places,  
accepts contamination, accepts foulness,  
and yet comes through again always as itself, pure, cleansed, and cleansing.

Running water and the sea are models for me of patience:  
their easy, steady obedience to necessity,

to the pull of the moon in the sea-tides  
and the pull of the earth always downward; the immense power of that obedience.

I have no model for peace, only glimpses of it, metaphors for it,  
similes to what I cannot fully grasp and hold.

Among them: a bowl of clear water.  
A boat drifting on a slow river.  
A lake among hills.  
The vast depths of the sea.  
A drop of water at the tip of a leaf.  
The sound of rain.  
The sound of a fountain.  
The bright dance of the water-spray from a garden hose,  
the scent of wet earth.

### **A Meditation by Ursula K. LeGuin**

The river that runs in the valley  
Makes the valley that holds it.

This is the doorway:  
The valley of the river.

What wears away the hard stone,  
The high mountain?

The wind. The dust on the wind.  
The rain. The rain on the wind.

What wears the hardness of hate away?  
Breath, tears.



Courage, compassion, patience.  
Holding to their way:  
The path to the doorway.

## Sharing: Annual Genocide Memorial Service, Edmonton

Rev. Audrey Brooks

***Rev. Audrey Brooks shares the Annual Genocide Memorial Service for Social Justice from the Edmonton Interfaith Centre, led by Shiraz Kanji & Brian Kiely.***

United Nations Universal Declaration of Human rights:  
The United Nations came into being after the Second World War, in 1945.  
There are 192 nations who are members.  
The purpose of the UN is to bring peace to all nations.  
In this context, each of the rights of everyone in the world are described in this way:

### *Alternating Speakers:*

- We are all free and equal \* We all have the right to life
- These rights belong to everyone \* All have the same rights in law
- We are protected by the law \* The law is fair for everyone
- All have rights to a fair trial \* With no unfair imprisonment
- All innocent until proven guilty \* Torture abolished in all forms
- Abolishment of slavery \* We have the right to asylum
- We have the right to privacy \* The right to a nationality
- We have the right to travel \* The right to ownership
- The right to marriage & family \* The right to democracy
- To the freedom of expression \* Freedom of thought and belief\



- The freedom of association \* The right to social security
- To jobs, fair wages, trade unions \* The right to rest and play
- The right to an education \* And to food, shelter & care
- The right to copyright protection \* The right to a free & fair world

*Those assembled respond by saying:*

No one can take these rights and freedoms from us.

Prayer for Humanity, by H. Meserve

“From arrogance, pompousness,  
and from thinking ourselves more important than we are,  
may some saving sensibility liberate us.

For allowing ourselves to ridicule the faith of others, may we be forgiven.

For making war and calling it peace,  
special privilege and calling justice,  
indifference and calling it tolerance,  
pollution and calling it progress,  
may we be cured.

For telling ourselves and others  
that evil is inevitable,  
while good is impossible,  
may we stand corrected.

God of our mixed up, tragic, aspiring doubting and insurgent lives,  
help us to be as good as we have always wanted to be in our hearts.”

- Then follows the placing of memorial stones.

***“Why we have the annual genocide memorial service”***  
*by the Rev. Audrey Brooks*



None of us is an island unto ourselves: when something happens to one person, it happens to us. The Qur'an says if you kill one person, you are killing the whole world. We are all one people. We know that there is one interconnected web of life, and we are all part of it.

The annual Genocide Memorial Service, with the placing of memorial stones, is our witness to the lives of our beloved dead, who died unexpectedly and violently during wars they did not want or deserve.

(As the memorial stones are placed, Gordon Ritchie, who is a co-director, along with Karen Mills, of the Choreal choir of the Unitarian Church of Edmonton, play the harp.)

Placing the Stones: Somali, Nicaragua, Syria – and Karen Gall for her relatives killed during the Holocaust.

Prayer- in unison “We Remember Them”

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, we will remember them. In the blowing of the wind, and in the chill of winter, we will remember them.

In the blueness of the sky, and in the warmth of summer, we remember them. In the beginning of the year, and at its end, we remember them. When we are weary, and in need of strength, we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them. So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are a part of us, and we are always a part of them.

Closing Words: “If There is to be Peace” Rev. Audrey Brooks

These stones will stand as a lasting witness to the lives of all our relatives, wherever they lived in the world. Some governments tell us there are people who are not important, or who threaten our national and personal security. They use propaganda to set one group of people against another, making it all right to murder each other. Torture, rape, starvation and slaughter are the result. This is happening right now. We live in dangerous times.

The need to witness for peace has never been more important. We must join together in whatever ways that present themselves to keep working for peace: one person, one action at a time. Never think we are too small or too weak to make a difference. Find allies, for groups to make sure the truth and reconciliation recommendation for First Nations Justice are carried out; join the Raging Grannies, and other Social Justice groups.





Canadians need to be Idle No More, get out on the streets in thousand to protest against war, abuse of refugees, hate propaganda against any minority. We will not let the names of those who did not make it, or who died trying to gain their freedom, will not be forgotten. Thank you for your presence, and spread the word to all your contacts.

### Reflection from KAIROS Blanket Exercise

From the KAIROS Blanket Exercise, Scroll 22

Our Leaders need to show the way,  
but no matter how many deals and agreements they make,  
it is in our daily conversations and interactions  
that our success as a nation in forging a better place will ultimately be measured.

It is what we say to and about each other  
in public and in private  
that we need to look at changing.

- *The Hon. Justice Murray Sinclair, Chair of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada*

### Reading: Crossing James Island Sand Bar

Rev. Fran Dearman

Among the Gulf Islands just north of Victoria is James Island. They used to make dynamite there; now it is the home of birds and deer.

At the south end of James Island is a great sandy cliff, and south of the cliff, drawn down by the tides, is a sand bar, three miles long. And the depth of the water, lying over that sand bar, is four and a half feet deep. And the draft of my sailboat, under the water, is four and a half feet deep. So I steer well clear of the sandbar, south of James Island, most of the time.

But one time, one fine summer's day, long ago, the sea was like glass, calm and still, at the bar, and the tide was slowly rising, and the depth of the water, over the bar, was four and a half feet deep and a little bit more, and the lightest of airs filled the Genoa sail, and so, slowly and gently, wing on white wing, we drifted across the bar.

And the water was so clear you could see each grain of sand on the sea bed. And the sea was so still you could hear the birds splash as they dove. And the tang of the salt was alive in our breath, and the tiller was light in my hand.



And as we drifted across the still waters, the pull of our passage drew nutrients up from the sand, and looking astern we saw fish, half a dozen or more, following on in the path of our passage, companionable, grazing, so clear in the calm crystal waters, not much more than an arm's length away.

Now, sand bars build up, as well as drift down, so sometimes the keel just touched, just kissing the soft level sands.

And the wires of the rigging would tremble, in a high fine shiver, like a harp; moment to moment, the sands plucked the mast stays like harp strings, in a great marine harmony, and the sea still as glass as we drifted across the bright sands.

Some things happen once, only once..... And all the more precious because of that.

Rev. Fran Dearman, 28th June 2009, Winnipeg, *et alia*



## **Sermon: *Making Waves***

Rev. Fran Dearman, written for Sharing Our Faith 2020

Once I was sailor.

Once I went down to the sea in ships  
and occupied my business on the great waters.

I saw the wonders of the deep,  
saw the mists of creation that float above the ocean,  
saw the wind blow and the waves drive forth across the seas.

Our Canada is a great land, a fair land,  
a land surrounded and sustained by three oceans,  
a land bordered by great lakes and waters,  
and within the great waters, an ocean of prairie grasslands,  
water everywhere, water beneath our feet, if we dig deep enough,  
water in our food and bodies, water in the very air we breathe.

Water is life.  
Clean water sustains us.  
Creeks, streams, rivers,  
and the seas to which they make their way,  
and the winds that stir their waters, raising gyres of nutrients—these sustain us all.

Waves are the disturbance in the medium,  
the stress and strain and deformation that break stagnation,  
that lead to oscillation and frequency and amplitude  
—that lead to change and life,  
from the cosmic void to the very atoms.

The math is elegant,  
the graphs are the sinuous curve,  
like the curve of a baby's cheek seeking its mother's breast,  
like the curve of a mountain valley, or a tumbling river, or a worn pebble lying on a beach.

Waves seem like physics at play—  
rough play sometimes, with vortices and shock waves,  
with tsunami and tidal wave and seismic shift.



Or a delicate play, the merest touch—  
the waves of light and sound, of magnetism and electrons:  
the feint call of a radio wave cast into deep and distant space,  
the caress of a Chopin étude on the ear,  
the petal of a rose.

Or, perhaps, a working wave, where sailors make their way  
with the splash of an oar,  
the chuckle at the chine of a sloop under sail,  
the “bone in the teeth” of a great ship pulsing ahead,  
pushing a white wave before her with the thud of a diesel engine.

We also speak of making waves, of rocking the boat, when we speak of generating change.

Waves on the water have force and direction,  
as do the vessels that make their way upon them.

We who venture forth upon the great waters would do well to be mind that.

Thus the Beaufort Scale of wind measures:

Is the sea like a mirror; does smoke rise vertically from a chimney?

Do we see ripples, like little cats’ feet, but no crests?

Are there breaking crests now, like scattered or frequent white horses?  
(Remember, Poseidon is god to ancient Greeks,  
of sea, and horse, and sudden earthquakes—  
a god of motion.)

Are the waves becoming longer, of more pronounced form? With spray?  
Does the sea heap up,  
does white foam from breaking waves begin to be blown in streaks  
along the direction of the wind, does spindrift begin to be seen?

Do whole trees show themselves in motion?  
Does a pedestrian have difficulty walking against the wind?



Are the waves very high, with long overhanging crests,  
with foam in great patches blown in dense white streaks along the direction of the wind?  
Is the whole the surface of the sea taking on a white appearance, and rolling heavily?

Are there exceptionally high waves,  
so high that small- and medium-sized ships  
might be for a long time lost to view  
and everywhere the edges of the wave crests are blown into foam?

Is it a hurricane? Is the air just filled with foam and spray?  
Is the sea is completely white with driving spray,  
so that one can no longer see one's way?

And you, are you safe ashore, warm and dry;  
but in the stillness and the quiet  
does a wave of loneliness and separation wash over you?

Are the circumstances of your life such  
that you feel storm-driven, to the ends of the earth and to utter desolation?

Do you see your neighbour in such straits?

*(If you lived in Sicily, or some other places,  
you might indeed see your neighbour driven ashore,  
storm-driven, fleeing violence and economic chaos, desperate to find refuge,  
desperate enough to trust their life to desperate men on an ill-found ship.  
I would invite you to read Andrea Camillieri's final detective mystery story,  
"The Other End of the Line", 2019, for an account of this wave of migration.)*

Do you say yes, I am my brother's keeper,  
and I will make change to heal the world?

We humans have often used wind and wave to express how we feel,  
and what we intend. Waves of anger and destruction. Waves of despair.

The figure of Odysseus, storm-driven on his raft across Homer's wild sea,  
has been read as the journey of the soul in search of home,  
or as the voyage of a mind set on a purpose.



Waves can also convey exciting new ideas:  
new wave cinema, waves of fashion or invention, waves of compassion.

Waves also speak to us of human ambition,  
for better—or for worse, perchance—and may it be for better—  
perhaps rising to wash the earth clean of error and begin again,  
or to convey some new idea, or somehow to build a better world.

I know that I cannot see too far into tomorrow;  
but I can indeed see the immediate impact of my immediate actions.

I do not believe that the means justify the ends;  
I believe that most often the means are themselves the ends.

Accordingly, I hold myself to mindfulness in my endeavours,  
to conduct my undertakings with transparency and civility.

Also, I like doing things that work. But what to do?  
If you figure this out, please let me know.....

Me, I am a simple girl from the country; so I like to start small.

A gentle ripple, lapping at our feet as we walk along the shore  
may well invite us to wade deeper into some initiative to heal the world,  
a gentle invitation, slow and quiet of approach,  
but inexorable like the rising of the tide.

For example, the mere exercise of civility in our day to day interactions  
may well make the world a better place.  
(And sometimes, in my impatience, I find myself having to work at it!)

Still, we might want to bend the arc of the universe towards justice a wee bit more forcefully.

No doubt each of us could name the people, the connections and organizations  
with whom we work for social justice,  
the folks with whom we pull an oar in the row towards hope.

Waves of change have force and direction.  
What is the direction of the change we wish to see?



How would we know we were there?  
What would success look like?  
What are the engines at my disposal?

When a navigator shapes their course,  
the first thing they consider is the desired destination.  
Whither are you bound?

The world abounds with worthy goals for social justice.  
Water is one of them.

Wherever you make your home, or bend your journey,  
there will be issues of water for discernment.  
I urge you, be mindful of this.

What does it mean, where you live?  
Where does your drinking water come from? And your neighbour's?  
Where does your sewage go, and the storm drains?

What does it mean, where you live, to keep the water resource clean, and for all?  
Would planting a tree help?  
Would careful choice concerning what fish you eat help?  
Would walking the beach or a creek-side to pick up plastic debris and other trash help?

Here's a specific, simple and do-able:  
I urge you, pick a day, and pick up some trash, to keep it out of the water.

Also, pick your battles:  
what can you do, to make the world a better place, that would be a joy?

(Me, I ran away to sea. Not many women made their living at sea, as a ship's officer, as I did,  
when I did; I nudged glass ceilings, just for the fun of it; perhaps other women found it easier to  
make a life at sea after that; and I had fun, and made a living at it!  
Love what you do. Please. Love what you do.)

I urge you, pick your battles, as you bend that arc of the universe towards justice.



How fast can I run that engine in the vessel of my undertaking  
before the “bone in my teeth”  
puts at hazard the helpers I seek on this voyage?

Far be it from me to swamp other vessels with my own wake.

Moreover, the prudent mariner does not rely on one navigational resource alone;  
if the lighthouse flashes danger, and the echo sounder starts to ping rapidly,  
pay attention, alter course as needed;  
and may you never need the life raft that you keep at hand.....

If there is something new, be prepared to learn it.

I don't need to be the first one at the dock.  
I don't need to drown out the songs of the whales with my own engine.

I do need to choose my own course carefully.  
And keep my own vessel sound.

Even at the calm eye within the heart of the hurricane,  
where the winds are for a moment still,  
still the waves slop back and forth without direction;  
part of making waves, making change, is keeping oneself on an even keel.

Where is the calm centre, the place of deep feeling, deep learning,  
the place that generates the wave of compassion that drives the ark towards justice?  
Where is my buoyancy, my resilience?

If all the world's troubles were at rest, where would I rest?  
Where would be my joy?  
Where is the harbour of home and hope?

A well-found ship can ride out the great waves of a great storm,  
and continue on her way.

Breathe in, breathe out.....

And may fair winds and a following sea be with you.





*Notes from Rev. Fran:*

*About 1700 words; 15-17 minutes to deliver*

*Bibliography:*

*For bibliography on the science of waves, google wave theory, wind waves, and particle theories of light: the graphs are gorgeous, the field is endless, the articles include recent scientific publications on the topic. For descriptions of beach pick-up initiatives, see the website for Point Pelee National Park.*

## Resources – Rev. Rodrigo Solano Quesnel

**Rev. Rodrigo Emilio Solano-Quesnel shares some source materials on water and social justice.** Rod reminds us of the importance of access to sanitation, the impact on safe water and global health, and offers some links to videos on the topic.

### #World Toilet Day: Where You Go, Matters

Ministry of the Environment and Water Resources, Singapore

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K12osl3B8co>

### What is World Toilet Day?

Global News: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EPKa8A8Pm3U>

### What Happens After You Flush? (SciShow)

Hank Green: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xyU34Fhi0FY>

## Instructions for Sharing Our Faith Collection

The CUC will issue tax receipts for donations over \$20.

1. All cheques should be written to 'Canadian Unitarian Council' with 'Sharing Our Faith 2020' in the memo line
2. Collect all cash and loose change and write one cheque to the CUC for the total amount. Include the donation envelopes for those who require tax receipts. Full names, addresses, postal codes and amount donated need to be included.

Donations can also be made online at <https://cuc.ca/about-cuc/support-subsidies/sharing-our-faith/>

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**Thank you!**