

Mark Your Calendars!

April 2010

- Apr 4 The Big Shift - *Dennis Gaumont*
S.L. *Valerie Jaeger*
- Apr 11 Canadian Cancer Society Services
- *Charmaine Grace* S.L. *Marie Belliveau*
- Apr 18 Kriya Yoga: Body, Mind, Heart and Soul
- *John Tonin* S.L. *Valerie Jaeger*
- Apr 18 Newsletter Deadline - *to Sofia Vuorinen please*
- Apr 25 Topic to be advised - *Lise Latremouille, USC*
S.L. *Julianne Momirov*

May 2010

- May 2 Who Will Defend Our Water? - *John Mayer*
- May 9 Celebrating the "T" in LGBTQ: one family's
sacred journey - *Joan Wiley*
- May 16 Topic to be advised - *Matthias Toepp*
- May 23 Religion and the Enlightenment
- *David Galston* S.L. *Tara Kriyachanda*
- May 30 Sociology of Religion and Raging Grannies
- *Dana Sawchuk* S.L. *Julianne Momirov*

Community Seder

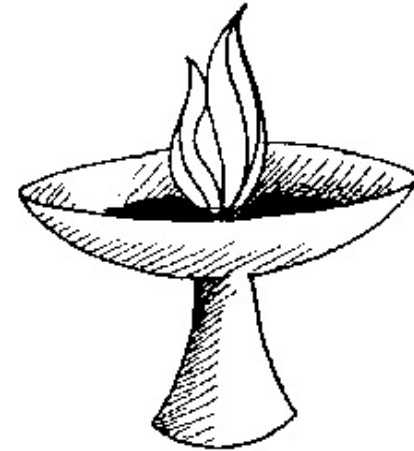
Friday, April 9

at the Unitarian Congregation of Niagara

Doors open at 6 pm

Our Seder will focus on the theme of liberation and freedom. If you have any thoughts about this or a short poem to share feel free to bring this. A donation of \$10 per person is suggested for dinner. As well, please bring a canned good for us to donate to the local food bank.

Unitarian Congregation of Niagara



**Belief: Confessions of a
Religious Naturalist**
Michael Battenburg

March 28, 2010

223 Church St., St. Catharines, Ontario
www.unitarian-stcatharines.org 905-687-8433

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Ed Gilbert Valerie Jaeger Julianne Momirov

Order of Service
Sunday, March 28, 2010

Speaker: Michael Battenburg
Service Leader: Julianne Momirov
Pianist: Theresa Pothier

Prelude:

Welcome and Opening Words:

Chalice Lighting:

Opening Hymn: **#309** *Earth is our Homeland*

Announcements:

Joys and Concerns:

Poem: ***The Summer Day*** *Mary Oliver*

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean—

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down,

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

Hymn: **#173** *In the Branches of the Forest*

Offertory:

Address: ***Belief: Confessions of a Religious Naturalist*** – Michael Battenburg

Discussion:

Closing Hymn: **#1064** *Blue Boat Home*

Closing Words: *Richard Dawkins*

After sleeping through a hundred million centuries we have finally opened our eyes on a sumptuous planet, sparkling with color, bountiful with life. Within decades we must close our eyes again. Isn't it a noble, an enlightened way of spending our brief time in the sun, to work at understanding the universe and how we have come to wake up in it? This is how I answer when I am asked – as I am surprisingly often – why I bother to get up in the mornings.

Postlude *(Please be seated)*