

Unitarian Congregation of Niagara



Religion Beyond Belief - Ed Gilbert

December 19, 2010

"I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is an expression of his will" William Ellery Channing

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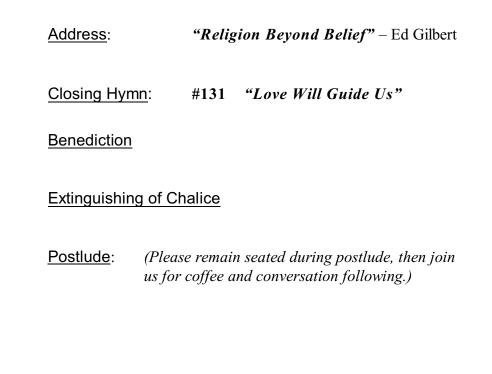
Order of Service			
Sunday, December 19, 2010			

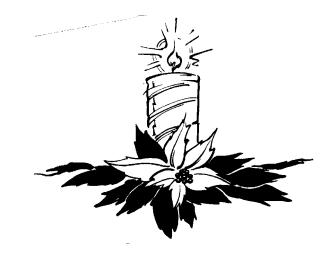
	Speaker:		Ed Gilbert	
	Service Leade	er:	Ed Gilbert	
	Musician:		Theresa Pothier	
Prelude				
Welcom	<u>1e</u>			
<u>Announ</u>	<u>cements</u>			
Opening Words: #431				
Chalice Lighting				
<u>Hymn</u> :	#193	"Our Fait	h Is but a Single Gem"	
<u>Joys an</u>	d Concerns			
<u>Hymn</u> :		"Good K	ing Wenceslas " (See insert)	
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Offertory

Responsive Reading: #466 "Religion"

<u>An offering by the choir</u>: *"Who Sweeps the Stable?" –written by Austen C. Lovelace (music) and Shirley E. Murray (lyrics).*





Good King Wenceslas

(All - regular type, *Good King Wenceslas - Italics (Men)*, Page - **Bold type (Women)**

Good King Wenceslas looked out, On the Feast of Stephen - (Harper?), When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cruel, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, telling, Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain; Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hither: Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch, forth they went, Forth they went together; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather. "Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page; Tread thou in them boldly: Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the very sod Which the saint had printed. Therefore, Unitarians, be sure, Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find blessing.

> -written by Austen C. Lovelace (music) and Shirley E. Murray (lyrics).