

Month: December 2018
Theme: Welcome Holidays

Source: http://www.uuspokane.org/images/SGM_Compiled_Topics.pdf

Opening Words

We gather in the chill of winter solstice, finding warmth from each other, nourishing hope where reason fails. Grateful for small miracles, we rejoice in the wonder of light and darkness and the daring of hope. Holy One of Blessing, Your Presence fills creation.— from Hanukkah Lights, Beth El Congregation, Sudbury, MA

Focus Reading

Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn – birth, growth, fading, death – the Wheel turns, on and on. Ideas are born, projects are consummated, plans prove impractical and die. We fall in love; we suffer loss; we consummate relationships; we give birth; we grow old; we decay.

The Sabbats are the eight points at which we connect the inner and the outer cycles: the interstices where the seasonal, the celestial, the communal, the creative and the personal all meet. As we enact each drama in its time, we transform ourselves. We are renewed, we are reborn even as we decay and die. We are not separate from each other, from the broader world around us; we are one with the Goddess, with the God. As the Cone of Power rises, as the season changes, we arouse the power from within, the power to heal, the power to change our society, the power to renew the earth. – from The Spiral Dance, Starhawk

When the song of angels is stilled, When the star in the sky is gone, When the kings and princes are home, When the shepherds are back with their flock, The work of Christmas begins: to find the lost, to heal the broken, to feed the hungry, to release the prisoner, to rebuild the nations, to bring peace among the [siblings], to make music in the heart. – The Work of Christmas, Howard Thurman

Focus Questions

- Which of the great winter traditions speaks most deeply to you at this time?
- How do you prepare for the holiday(s) that you celebrate?
- How do you hold on to the deeper meaning in the midst of the season's busyness?

Closing Words

For so the children come and so they have been coming. Always in the same way they come, born of the seed of man and woman.

No angels herald their beginnings. No prophets predict their future courses. No wisemen see a star to show where to find the babe that will save humankind.

Yet each night a child is born is a holy night, fathers and mothers – sitting beside their children's cribs feel glory in the sight of a new life beginning.

They ask, "Where and how will this new life end? Or will it ever end?"

Each night a child is born is a holy night – a time for singing, a time for wondering, a time for worshipping.

Go in Peace