

“Movement”
Youth-Led Worship
Script
April 15, 2018

(At one minute before worship begins, Ann will play, “May Nothing Evil Cross This Door.”)

Chime (Emily ring the small chime to signal the beginning of worship)

Processional: “Do You Hear The People Sing?” from Les Miserables, music by Claude Michel Schonberg, original lyrics by Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel, English lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer

Invocation: Maggie Shaver-Wilson

We come together this morning and every week for the celebration of life. Welcome, you who ran into this room on little feet, welcome, you who ambled in slowly, welcome you who rolled in, welcome, all who moved into this circle in your own time and in your own way. Whoever you are, wherever you come from, whomever you love, whatever your gifts, you are welcome here.

Welcome to the Unitarian Church of Harrisburg. I am Maggie Shaver-Wilson. (If you want to share your pronouns, you can do that here.) I am a member of the high school youth group. This morning, we are leading worship on the theme of movement: the movement of our bodies, the movements of our emotions, and the social movements we join to make the world a better place. Leading worship along with me today are Maddie Cain, Josh Fock, Ben Hursh, and Lenka Platt. Special thanks to Music Director Ann Hossler for providing service music today, to Emily Webb from the Worship Team for her help, and to all the staff and volunteers who made today’s service possible.

As we begin, Josh will read a quote by Martha Graham as we light the chalice, symbol of our Unitarian Universalist faith.

Chalice Lighting: Words by Martha Graham, Read by Josh Fock

Josh: All that is important is this one moment in movement. Make the moment important, vital, and worth living. Do not let it slip away unnoticed and unused.

(Ben lights the chalice)

Peace Candle

Josh: We recognize that the Unitarian Church of Harrisburg has been designated as a peace site for over three decades. We light a candle for the peace that comes through justice. Peace be with us

Congregation: *And with all the people of the world*

Unison Affirmation

Maggie: Please rise as you are able and join me in the Unison Affirmation, found in your Order of Service.

Love is the spirit of this church
And service is its law
This is our great covenant
To dwell together in peace
To seek the truth in love
And to help one another

Ben: Social movements bring us together to act on the issues that matter to us, and music is part of social movements. One of the songs we would like you to listen to is "P A R A D(w/m) E" by Sylvan Esso. This song speaks to the need for a social movement to save the planet. During this song, if you want to be in the marching parade, follow our youth leaders. For those who wish to parade in their seats, there will be leaders in each section demonstrating hand movements while seated.

Song: "P A R A D(w/m) E," Sylvan Esso
(These words are not available to the whole congregation)

Speedy, speedy, slow down time
Gas station is running dry
Mhm, eh eh, mhm
Sweaty, sweaty, wonder why
Now it's always summer time
Mhm, eh eh, mhm

[Pre-Chorus]

It's all gone but here we're gonna stay
Anyway the concrete's all empty
So we're making a parade
It goes left, nothing there
It goes right, watch your step
It goes left, don't look down
It goes right, look straight ahead
Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead, go ahead
Maybe there's some food up there

[Chorus]

P-A-R-A-D with me
Yeah there's nothing left to ruin, yeah we finally got free
How's that for manifesting our destiny
P-A-R-A-D with me

Salty, salty, water dried
Oceans all gone with the tide
Mhm, eh eh, mhm
Steamy, steamy, bright sunshine
Flowers, grass and trees all died
Mhm, eh eh, mhm

[Pre-Chorus]

It's all gone but here we're gonna stay
Anyway the concrete's all empty
So we're making a parade
It goes left, nothing there
It goes right, watch your step
It goes left, don't look down
It goes right, look straight ahead
Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead, go ahead
Maybe there's some food up there

[Chorus]

P-A-R-A-D with me
Yeah there's nothing left to ruin, we finally got free
How's that for manifesting our destiny
P-A-R-A-D with me
P-A-R-A-D with me
Yeah there's nothing left to ruin, we finally got free
How's that for manifesting our destiny
P-A-R-A-D with me

Reading: *Stone Soup, part 1*, read by Ben Hursh

(This telling of Stone Soup is adapted from the version illustrated by Jon Muth)

Three Monks, Hok, Lok, and Siew, traveled along a mountain road. They talked about cat whiskers, the color of the sun, and giving. "What makes one happy Siew?" asked Hok, the youngest monk. Old Siew, who was the wisest monk said, "Let's find out." The sound of the bell brought their gaze to the rooftops of a village below. They could not see from so high above that the village had been through many hard times. Famine, floods, and more had made the villagers weary and untrusting of strangers. They had even become suspicious of their neighbors. The villagers worked hard, but only for themselves. There was a farmer, a tea merchant, a scholar, a seamstress, a doctor, a carpenter and many others. But they had little to do with one another. When the monks reached the foot of the mountain the villagers disappeared into their houses. No one came to the gates to greet them, and when the people saw them enter the village they closed their windows tight. The monks knocked on the door of the first house. There was no

answer, then the house went dark. They knocked on the second door and the same thing happened. It happened again and again from one house to the next. "These people do not know happiness," they all agreed. "But today," said Siew, his face bright as the moon, "we will show them how to make stone soup." (to be continued)

Poem: "Still I Rise" by Maya Angelou, read by Maddie Cain

This poem was written by Maya Angelou, an African American woman, who responds to sexism and racism with confidence and self-love.

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

Maddie: Please join me in hymn #1028 in your teal, paperback hymnals: "Fire of Commitment."
We'll sing all three verses now, and we'll sing the last verse again at the end of the service.
Please rise as you are able.

Hymn #1028: Fire of Commitment

From the light of days remembered burns a beacon bright and clear
Guiding hands and hearts and spirits into faith set free from fear

Chorus:

When the fire of commitment sets our minds and souls ablaze
When our hunger and our passion meet to call us on our way
When we live with deep assurance of the flame that burns within
Then our promise finds fulfillment and our future can begin

From the stories of our living comes a song both brave and free
Calling pilgrims still to witness to a life of liberty
Chorus

From the dreams of youthful vision comes a new prophetic voice
Which demands a deeper justice built by our courageous choice
Chorus

Reflection: Josh Fock
(Please be seated)

Did someone ever tell you in your life, that you are too young for something?

I am not talking about action movies or driving a car. I mean much more things, that you are passionate about; like leading a group, joining an adult conversation about politics or they just told you, that you are too young to understand it.

My name is Joshua, and I am a 17-year-old (exchange student and a senior at Cedar Cliff High School). My whole Life I love to be involved and engaged. Back in Germany, I started early to be interested in politics and trying to get involved. At the end of middle-school, I became very active and involved in school and my community, and I just became compelled to try something new. When I was in middle school, I got elected to be the vice president of our youth party in my home city. I had experiences with the kind of people who always say you are too young for that. Sometimes I felt really hurt by these people. Fortunately, I had my family, friends and my favorite teachers always on my side. This kind of community strengthened my back. The criticism and even these hurting words pushed me to become more involved and engaged. I again felt

compelled and started to work on the board of the state student council .(*The state student council is meeting twice a year; every High School in the in the state is sending 2 representatives; this enables students to participate and change federal school policies.*) Last summer I was awarded for a scholarship from the US and German Government to spend one school year in an American High School. In the beginning of the year I started an Amnesty International Club at my High School to be a little more involved.

When I look back and see the things I achieved, things I've never would have thought of before, I get so happy. Right now I am here and I like to be here. I don't think that this time is only time of weird politicians it's more a time of young activists who form vast movements of thousands of people.

I am proud to be a part of the intersectional feminism movement;

I am proud to be a part of the Black Lives Matter movement;

And, I am proud to be a part of the March For our Lives movement to end gun violence.

The human rights activist Amma Chimes said once: "If our youth arise and act, they have the strength and dynamism to create a huge transformation in society."

So, if someone ever tells you without any nameless reason again: "you are too young for that." don't forget, that you are never too young to do big things because you and I are the future.

Dance: "I Can't Keep Quiet," song by MILCK, dance by Maddie Cain
(These lyrics are not available to the whole congregation)

Put on your face

Know your place

Shut up and smile

Don't spread your legs

I could do that

But no one knows me no one ever will

If I don't say something, if I just lie still

Would I be that monster, scare them all away
If I let them hear what I have to say

I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
A one woman riot, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

I can't keep quiet
For anyone
Anymore

Cuz no one knows me no one ever will
If I don't say something, take that dry blue pill
They may see that monster, they may run away
But I have to do this

I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
A one woman riot, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Oh I can't keep quiet
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now
There'll be someone who understands
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now
Must be someone who'll understand
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now
There'll be someone who understands
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now

I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now
I can't keep quiet, no oh oh oh oh oh oh
Let it out, let it out now
Let it out now

I can't keep quiet
No, I won't keep quiet

Stone Meditation: Maggie Shaver-Wilson

In this congregation, we bring our whole selves to church, with all of our stresses and celebrations. During the Stone Meditation music, if you would like, you can come forward and release a stone into the bowl of water as you remember a personal joy or sorrow. If you would like to write a card about your joy or sorrow and place it in the basket, we will pass the cards along to Rev. Lyn, but we won't read them out loud today. Please come forward as you are moved.

(Music begins. If some of the youth would like to help people in line to get cards and pencils, and one of the youth would like to stand next to the bowl of water to greet people as they release the stones, that can be a gesture of hospitality. After everyone has gone through the line who wants to, come back to the lectern.)

Maggie: For all of our joys and sorrows, spoken and unspoken, we give our blessing. Please remain seated as we sing our meditation hymn, #123 in your grey, hardback hymnal, "Spirit of Life."

Meditation Hymn #123: *Spirit of Life*

Spirit of Life, come unto me
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea
Move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice
Roots, hold me close, Wings set me free
Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me

Reading: *Stone Soup, part 2*, Read by Ben Hursh

They gathered twigs and branches, and made a fire. They placed a small tin pot on top and filled it with water from the village well. A brave little girl, who had been watching, came to them. "What are you doing?" she asked. "We are gathering twigs," said Lok. "We are making a fire," said Hok. "We are making stone soup, and we need three round, smooth stones," said Siew. The little girl helped the monks look around the courtyard until they had found just the right ones. Then they put them in the water to cook. "These stones will make excellent soup," said Siew, "but this very small pot won't make much, I'm afraid." "My mother has a bigger pot," said the girl. The little girl ran home. As she started to take a pot her mother asked what she was doing. "The three strangers are making soup from stones," she said, "they need our biggest pot." "Hmm," said the girl's mother. "Stones are easy to come by. I'd like to learn how to do that." The monks poked the coals as smoke drifted up. The neighbors peered out from their windows. The fire and the large pot in the middle of the village was a true curiosity! One by one, the people of the village came out to see just what this stone soup was. (To be continued)

Reflection: Lenka Platt

Hello. My name is Lenka Platt and I am a sophomore at Halifax Area High School.

Youth are involved with leadership and movement in their communities through different organizations. Some organizations were even started by this youth. One of the most common ways of youth's involvement is being a part of their student school councils. My school has an elementary student council, middle school student council, and a high school student council, which I am part of. Student council isn't just party planning. We make real changes in our school. This summer, a girl on our council started a beautification project. She was recognized at a school board meeting for her work to make our school better. At the beginning of each school year, we make goodie bags or something like a personalized magnet for each student, so that they would feel welcome and included. Upperclassmen made a whiteboard full of advice for freshmen coming to the high school. I am part of the executive council, and we have been planning for teacher appreciation week, so that each teacher in our school feels appreciated, especially in today's sometime hostile environment for education and the profession of teachers. Our events raise money for charity, and just being a part of student council allows for anyone to make a difference in their school.

At my school, I am also working with other environmentally passionate students to form the Student Action Club. We are working to plan an Environmental Field Day at the middle school, where student will plant trees, attend environmental presentations, and do environmentally themed activities. I have spent countless hour contacting professionals from around Pennsylvania to be presenters, working with the Chesapeake Bay Foundation (CBF) and the Department of Conservation and Natural Resources (DCNR) to get trees and assist with the planting, and, as well as planning with the school's administration to locate areas to plant and approve our events. It is important to me that these students have the opportunity to learn about their world, so that they will protect it in the future. As Jane Goodall said, "Only if we understand can we care, only if we care will we help, only if we help shall they be saved." So far, just a few other students and I are planning this, so that we can start the movement in our community to protect our environment. At the end of the day, the students will have the opportunity to take home a tree to plant at home. There is only one teacher working with us, so this day is primarily student-led. We came up with the idea ourselves and are doing most of planning ourselves. When we started this planning, our motto was "you can make a difference." Now, after all we have done, our motto, which will also be printed on our T-shirts, is "we will make a difference."

Additionally, I am a part of the Chesapeake Bay Foundation's Student Leadership Council, or SLC. At SLC, I have been developing leadership skills that have have been helping me plan my school's Environmental Field Day. Students from around Pennsylvania have worked together through SLC to use student actions to save the bay. The students of SLC want to protect clean water, so they wrote Senate Bill 658 which would designate the Hellbender as our PA state amphibian, being symbol for clean water. The Hellbender is one of the most unique salamanders--it is the largest salamander in North America measuring up to 29 inches and is the third largest in the world. It needs extremely clean water to survive because it spends its entire life in water and breathes through skin pores. Making the Hellbender PA's state amphibian would be a symbol for clean water, and it has already raised a lot of media attention nationwide. When the brook trout was made the state fish, it led a movement for cool, clean water. This Senate Bill 658 passed in the senate by a landslide, and now the Student

Leadership Council is working to get the bill out of committee and into the House of Representative to be voted on. This bill was written by students and students campaigned for it. Students will make a difference.

Earlier this year, the Halifax school board proposed budget cuts that would eliminate teachers, classes, part of the music program, Spanish 3 and 4, as well as increase class sizes, and so much more. Parents, students, and teachers were outraged by this, so at the next school board meeting many of these people, including me, spoke during public comments, which lasted 2 hours, to protest this. The next day around the community, everyone was talking about the meeting. Those who didn't attend watched it on live stream, so everyone was discussing various people's speeches. Though everyone who spoke was congratulated and appreciated, favorite speeches were chosen. Out of the top six moving speeches, four were from students, one from a teacher, and an angry mom. Mine was one of those speeches, but the most agreed consensus for the most moving was from my best friend Scheanly. She has social anxiety, so her talking at the meeting was way out of her comfort zone. She made a lot of the audience cry when she spoke, and the next day everyone said that what she said was the most moving. She got so concerned about her and her peer's education that she overcame her fears and spoke in front of a hostile school board. She, the other students who spoke, and I were part of a movement to protect our education, and our speaking made a difference in the attitude of our Halifax community.

Though all of these actions, I hope that you are able to see how youth are able to make a difference and spur movement. We are your future, so please don't disregard what we do.

Chant: "Phoenix Rising," led by Ben Hursh

Ben: Please join me in the chant in your Order of Service. There is no sheet music or piano part to go with this music. I'll sing it once, and then we can all sing it together three times.

We are rising up!

Like a phoenix from the fire.

So brothers and sisters,

Spread your wings and fly high!

Offering

Lenka: We will make a difference together. One of the ways we make a difference is with our generosity of time, talent, and treasure. At UCH, we share the plate, splitting the undesignated offering with a different partner organization each month. Today, half of the undesignated gifts in the plate will go to The Joshua Group, which provides mentoring to children and youth in the Allison Hill neighborhood. The other half will go to the programs of this church. If you are a visitor today, we invite you to let the collection plate pass you by. Thank you for visiting. If the Unitarian Church of Harrisburg is your spiritual home, thank you for your continued generosity. The morning offering will now be given by the congregation and received by the congregation.

(The ushers will come forward. Lenka get the collection baskets or plates from the altar and hand them to the ushers.)

Music: "Castle on a Cloud" from *Les Miserables*, music by Claude Michel Schonberg, original lyrics by Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel, English lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer; performed by Maggie Shaver-Wilson, Cello

(Ushers will wait at the back of the sanctuary until Maggie's performance is over. After that, Ann will start to play "From You I Receive." Lenka meet the ushers at the bottom of the stairs to receive the plates.)

Response to Offering #402: "From You I Receive"

From you, I receive; to you, I give
Together, we share; And from this, we live

Lenka: We dedicate this offering to all the ways we make a difference.

(Lenka put the full plates back in their original spot on the altar)

Reading: *Stone Soup, part 3*; Read by Ben Hursh

"Of course, old-style stone soup should be well seasoned with salt and pepper," said Hok. "That is true," said Lok, as he stirred the giant pot filled with water and stone, "but we have none." "I have some salt and pepper!" said the scholar, his eyes big with curiosity. He disappeared, and came back with salt and pepper, and even a few other spices. Siew took a taste. "The last time we had soup stones of this size and color, carrots made the broth very sweet." "Carrots?" said a woman from the back. "I may have a few carrots. But just a few." And off she ran. She returned with as many carrots as she could carry, and dropped them in the pot. "Do you think it would be better with onions?" asked Hok. "Oh yes, maybe an onion would taste great," said a farmer, and he hurried off. He returned in a moment with five big onions, and he dropped them into the bubbling soup. "Now that's a fine soup," he said. The villagers all nodded their heads as the smell was very agreeable. "But if only we had some mushrooms," said Siew, rubbing his chin. Several villagers licked their lips. A few dashed away, and returned with fresh mushrooms, noodles, pea pods, and cabbages. Something magical began to happen among the villagers. As each person opened their heart to give, the next person gave even more. And as this happened, the soup grew richer and smelled more delicious. "I imagine the emperor would suggest we had dumplings," said one villager. "And beancurd!" said another. "And cloud ear, and mung beans, and yams!" cried some others. "And tarrow root, and winter melon, and baby corn!" cried other villagers. "Garlic!" "Ginger root!" "Soy sauce!" "Lily buds!" "I have some!, I have some!" people cried, and off they ran, returning with all they could carry. The monks stirred and the pot bubbled. How good it smelled! How good it would taste! How giving the villagers had become! At last, the soup was ready. The villagers gathered together: they brought rice and steamed buns, they brought lychee nuts and sweet cakes, they brought tea to drink and they lit lanterns. Everyone sat down to eat. They had not been together for a feast like this for as long as anyone

could remember. After the banquet they told stories, sang songs, and celebrated long into the night. Then, the villagers unlocked their doors and took the monks into their homes and gave them very comfortable places to sleep. In the gentle spring morning, everyone gathered together near the willows to say farewell. "Thank you for having us as your guests," said the monks. "You have been most generous." "Thank you," said the villagers. "With the gifts you have given we will always have plenty. You have shown us that sharing makes us all richer." "And to think," said the monks, "to be happy is as simple as making stone soup."

People are capable of doing amazing things when they work together. The only problem is people don't like to work together most of the time. They need a spark, a catalyst to get them rolling. Once they start, they're unstoppable. But they need to start first. That being said, who do you think is the most important character? Hok, who asked what makes someone happy? Lok, who tended to the soup and suggested ingredients? Siew, who showed the villagers what the stone soup meant? The doctor? The scholar? The farmer? Actually, it was the little girl who was the most important. Without her, the monks would have just had a small pot of hot water, and the villagers would have stayed fearful of outsiders. One little girl changed everything, with one small action. Its that easy to change the world. So go out there, grab your biggest pots and pans, and go make some stone soup. Thank you.

(Ben briefly introduce the next song, and explain its significance to the student-led March For Our Lives. During the song, you are invited to draw or write about or think about the people you know who make the world better)

Music: "Found Tonight," Words and Music by Lin-Manuel Miranda, Benj Pasek and Justin Paul; Recorded by Lin-Manuel Miranda and Ben Platt, recording to benefit the March For Our Lives Initiative <https://youtu.be/2aQykulaJVI> (Lyrics are not available to the whole congregation)

[Verse 1: Ben Platt]

We may not yet have reached our glory
But I will gladly join the fight
And when our children tell their story
They'll tell the story of tonight
They'll tell the story of tonight
Tonight

[Verse 2: Lin-Manuel Miranda]

Have you ever felt like nobody was there?
Have you ever felt forgotten in the middle of nowhere?
Have you ever felt like you could disappear?
Like you could fall, and no one would hear?

[Verse 3: Ben Platt, *Lin-Manuel Miranda*]

Well, let that lonely feeling wash away
All we see is light

'Cause maybe there's a reason to believe you'll be okay
For forever
'Cause when you don't feel strong enough to stand
You can reach, reach out your hand

[Verse 4: Ben Platt, *Lin-Manuel Miranda*, **Both**]

And oh
Raise a glass to freedom
Something they can never take away
Oh
No matter what they tell you
Someone will coming running
To take you home
Raise a glass to all of us
Tomorrow there'll be more of us
Telling the story of tonight
Out of the shadows

The morning is breaking
And all is new
All is new
In

They'll tell the story of tonight
All is new
It's only a matter of

Time

[Verse 5: *Both*]
Even when the dark comes crashing through
When you need a friend to carry you
When you're broken on the ground
You will be found
So let the sun come streaming in
'Cause you'll reach up and you'll rise again
If you only look around
You will be found

[Verse 6: Ben Platt, *Lin-Manuel Miranda*, **Both**]
And when our children tell their story
You will be found
They'll tell the story of tonight
Whoa

*No matter what they tell you
Tomorrow there'll be more of us
Telling the story of tonight
The story of tonight*

Closing Words: Lenka Platt

Lenka: Know you make a difference

Your voice is heard

Listen to young un's because

- they WILL make a difference
- WE are your future

And please join me in what we say at the end of every youth group meeting:

Congregational Response: *Be excellent to each other*

(Emily extinguish the chalice, peace candle, starter candle, and anything else on fire)

Recessional Hymn #1028 (Third verse & chorus only)

(During the Recessional Hymn, youth should walk to the back of the room near the door. After the hymn, line up in a way that doesn't block traffic, but lets people greet you. Unless it's after 11am at Market Street, in which case don't wait to greet people before moving to Clover Lane.)

From the dreams of youthful vision comes a new prophetic voice
Which demands a deeper justice built by our courageous choice

When the fire of commitment sets our minds and souls ablaze
When our hunger and our passion meet to call us on our way
When we live with deep assurance of the flame that burns within
Then our promise finds fulfillment and our future can begin