

PRAYERS FOR THOSE WHO SURVIVE

CALL TO PRAYER (SHOFAR)

Rabbi Carolyn Braun, Temple Beth El

God rises up amidst the blasts of the horn; YHVH rises up at the sound of the Shofar.

Psalm 47:6

SILENCE

a bell marks the beginning and end of silence

Muslim Prayer

Reza Jalali

Jewish Prayer

Laurie Ovardia, Mt. Ararat High School Teacher

Christian Prayer

Karin Draper, Episcopal Diocese of Maine
Haiti/Maine Companion Committee

Poem

“Revelation Must Be Terrible”
by David Whyte

Nicholas Mavodones, Jr.,
Mayor of Portland

PRAYERS FOR THOSE WHO RESPOND

CALL TO PRAYER

“The Beatitudes”

Saint Luke’s Cathedral Choir members

Russian Orthodox Hymn, arr. Richard Proulx

SILENCE

a bell marks the beginning and end of silence

Jewish Prayer

Dov Goldberg, Director of Congregational Learning,
Temple Beth El

Christian Prayer

Eric C. Smith, Associate Director,
Maine Council of Churches

Muslim Prayer

Surah 'Ad Duha, Surah 93, Ayas 1-11

El Hajj Wells Staley-Mays,
Program Director for Peace Action Maine

Poem

from *Book of Hours*
by Rainer Maria Rilke

Steve Larned, MD,
Konbit Sante Volunteer and Board Member

BENEDICTION

Bishop Chilton Knudsen, retired Episcopal Bishop of Maine

POSTLUDE

Prelude on “In Paradisum,” Gerald Near

Albert Melton,
Saint Luke’s Cathedral Musician

Please contribute to a collection for Haiti relief today as you leave. All proceeds will go towards Haiti Relief and Development through Portland-based Konbit Sante Cap-Haitien Health Partnership and the American Red Cross. Write your check to either organization; cash will be distributed evenly between the two.

FOR THOSE WHO DIED

“Dirge Without Music”

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.
Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.
The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.
Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

FOR THOSE WHO SURVIVED

“Revelation Must Be Terrible”

by David Whyte

Revelation must be
terrible with no time left
to say goodbye.

Imagine that moment
staring at the still waters
with only the brief tremor

of your body to say
you are leaving everything
and everyone you know behind.

Being far from home is hard, but you know,
at least we are exiled together.
When you open your eyes to the world

you are on your own for
the first time. No one is
even interested in saving you now

and the world steps in
to test the calm fluidity of your body
from moment to moment

as if it believed you could join
its vibrant dance
of fire and calmness and final stillness.

As if you were meant to be exactly
where you are, as if
like the dark branch of a desert river

you could flow on without a speck
of guilt and everything
everywhere would still be just as it should be.

As if your place in the world mattered
and the world could
neither speak nor hear the fullness of

its own bitter and beautiful cry
without the deep well
of your body resonating in the echo.

Knowing that it takes only
that one, terrible
word to make the circle complete,

revelation must be terrible
knowing you can
never hide your voice again.

FOR THOSE WHO RESPOND

From Rilke's *Book of Hours*
by Rainer Maria Rilke

You too will find your strength.
We who must live in this time
cannot imagine how strong you will become –
how strange, how surprising,

yet familiar as yesterday.
We will sense you
like a fragrance from a nearby garden
and watch you move through our days
like a shaft of sunlight in a sickroom.
We will not be herded into churches,
for you are not made by the crowd,
you who meet us in our solitude.
We are cradled close in your hands –
and lavishly flung forth.

This document was created with Win2PDF available at <http://www.win2pdf.com>.
The unregistered version of Win2PDF is for evaluation or non-commercial use only.
This page will not be added after purchasing Win2PDF.