

ASK ME WHAT I'M LIVING FOR (adapted from the session developed by Rev. Glenn Turner)

OPENING WORDS & CHALICE LIGHTING:

If I had known this most amazing you was like the me I try to understand!
How could I know the living things which through the years were met in you?
We only stood near one another and spoke of weather, games and local politics.

We did not trust each other well enough to speak of self -or did we doubt it mattered?
I wonder if we could have talked of what you care for, cling to with a fierce tenacity,

Of how you hurt inside, sensing it hard to love, but wanting to:
living in ways which never worked too well but ways you learned too well to leave too soon.

I wonder if I would have touched the toughness in you leaning up against the world.
At least I would have found in you the mystery I am. – Jacob Trapp

PURPOSE: We come together to build connections and talk about what deeply matters to us.

CHECK IN: What you share may be about your physical or spiritual health, cares or concerns for loved ones, issues you are facing. What are you leaving behind to be here today?

READING OF GROUP COVENANT

FOCUS: Ask Me What I'm Living For.

Each person in the group speaks uninterrupted; if time remains, general response and conversation are welcome.

Reading for Reflection

If you want to identify me, ask me not where I live, or what I like to eat, or how I comb my hair,
but ask me what I am living for, in detail, and ask me what I think is keeping me from living fully for
the things I want to live for. Between those two answers you can determine the identity of any person.
from "The Man in the Sycamore Tree" - Thomas Merton

Discussion: What are you living for?

What do you think is keeping you from living fully for the things you want to live for?

CONFIDENTIALITY CHECK AND CHECK OUT: Is there anything that you shared here today that you would like held confidential? Otherwise, this is a reminder that we treat each other's sharing with kindness and respect.

CLOSING WORDS: "Revelation" by Robert Frost

We make ourselves a place apart, Behind light words that tease and flout,
But oh, the agitated heart, Till someone really find us out.

"Tis pity if the case require (or so we say) that in the end
We speak the literal to inspire, The understanding of a friend.

But so with all, from babes that play, At hide-and-seek to God afar,
So all who hide too well away, Must speak and tell us where they are.