

Lara Glass: Good morning.

Congregation: Good morning.

Lara Glass: Welcome to morning prayers. Please stand as you are able for a responsive reading in your Black Appleton Psalter, Psalm number 157 on page 80. "For wisdom moves more easily than motion itself. She pervades and permeates all things because she is so pure."

Congregation: "Like a fine mist, She rises from the power of God, a pure effluence from the glory of the Almighty."

Lara Glass: She is the brightness that streams from everlasting light, the flawless mirror of the active power of God and the image of His goodness."

Congregation: "She is but one, yet can do everything, herself unchanging, she makes all things new. Age after age, she enters into the Holy souls, and makes them God's friends and prophets."

Lara Glass: "For nothing is acceptable to God for the man who makes his home with wisdom."

Congregation: "If fortunes are a product of desired life, what is richer than Wisdom, the act that caused all things?"

Lara Glass: "If prudence shows itself in action, who more than Wisdom is the artificer of all that is?"

Congregation: "If virtue is the object of man's affection, the fruits from Wisdom's labors are virtues, temperance and prudence, justice and fortitude, these are her teachings and in the life of all, there is nothing of more value than these."

Lara Glass: You may be seated.

Chorus: (singing).

Wendy Cadge: Good morning.

Congregation: Good morning.

Wendy Cadge: The reading this morning comes from a book of Mary Oliver poems a neighbor gave to me on Saturday as he was cleaning out his apartment. It came with about 50 other books, an old desk we brought to her house in a wheelbarrow, an old school chair, two wooden cats, a disco ball, a stack full of old prints and four nice cereal bowls. In honor of today's date, which is October 1st, I chose the poem, October and I'll read just the first stanza.

Wendy Cadge: "There's this shape, black as the entrance to a cave, a longing wells up in its throat like a blossom as it breathes slowly. What does the world mean to you if you can't trust it to go on shining when you're not there? And there's a tree, long-fallen. Once, the bees flew to it like a procession of messengers and filled it with honey."

Wendy Cadge: I've been thinking about this poem and about transitions as I think about the darker mornings and the darker evenings as we move into October. And as I think about my neighbor who made a move yesterday to a retirement center, a retired teacher and the memory-keeper of our neighborhood, he's the person who grew up on the block, gave his house to his daughter and moved out of state, returned and still knew the names of all the neighbors, young and old.

Wendy Cadge: The last few years have been difficult for him. His wife moved to a Memory Care Unit, he struggled with health issues, and he was lonely even though he had family close by. Despite mobility issues, he continued to leave stacks of magazines by our back door, get extra treats for our two kids at Halloween, and have warm hellos as we pass by.

Wendy Cadge: So last week, this neighbors stopped me and my partner Debra as we returned from dropping our kids off at elementary school. We were walking past his front door. He told us he was moving yesterday and he gestured towards several stacks of books. Could we use those? Sure, we said and carried them home and several fabric bags. The next day it was the school desk and the wicker chair, then came more books and small knickknacks. One morning, we asked [Risa 00:07:42], our five-year-old what he would give us that morning. "His door is closed," she told us, "I think he has already given away everything."

Wendy Cadge: It's people like this neighbor that we seek to support as we build a coalition in greater Boston and seek funding to embed chaplains and spiritual care providers and primary care clinics as part of our now one year old Chaplaincy Innovation Lab. This lab, based at Brandeis University, is dedicated to bringing chaplains, theological and religious educators, clinical educators, and social scientists into a common conversation about chaplaincy as a profession and the new places spiritual care provision is happening in today's changing religious ecology.

Wendy Cadge: With our 50 advisors and numerous external grants, we are trying to spark practical innovations in spiritual care, in Boston and naturally, that will put chaplains, who we think are increasingly the public face of religion in the United States today, in the sensitive and vulnerable places they might meet people in need.

Wendy Cadge: Chaplains are deployed with every Red Cross disaster team, are part of many police and fire departments, continue to serve many healthcare organizations, and I hope will be part of the retirement facility where our neighbor moved yesterday. He was a Unitarian Universalist Sunday School teacher, he told me, as we loaded up his books. He might've benefited from a new effort being

piloted at Hebrew Senior Life here in Boston, connected to the Chaplaincy Innovation Lab that is teaching medical assistants to conduct basic spiritual assessments with the isolated elders they serve and to call in a chaplain when they think it would be helpful.

Wendy Cadge: So I'm here this morning, not walking past my neighbor's front door, but I'm still thinking of him. I hope we offered a kind of stuff-removal spiritual care this past week as we heard his stories, laughed about the large wooden cats he really felt that our five-year-old needed to have, and helped us transition into October. In the words of Mary Oliver, "So this is the world. I'm not in it. It is beautiful."

Lara Glass: Please join me in offering the Lord's Prayer, printed on the reverse of your order of worship.

Lara Glass: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Lara Glass: Please stand as you are able to sing hymn number 48 in your Crimson Memorial Church Hymnal, Come My Soul Thou Must Be Waking, Number 48.

Congregation: (singing).

Lara Glass: May we live this day compassionate of heart, clear in word, gracious in awareness, courageous in thought, and generous in love. Amen.

Congregation: Amen.