

Grace Killian: Morning.

Congregation: Good morning.

Grace Killian: Our responsive reading is Psalm 87 in your Black Appleton Psalter. Will you please stand?

Grace Killian: "On the Holy Mount stands the city He founded."

Congregation: "The Lord loves the gates of Zion, more than all the dwelling places of Jacob."

Grace Killian: "Glorious things are spoken of you, O City of God."

Congregation: "Among those who know me, I mention Rahab and Babylon. Behold, Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia. 'This one was born there,' they say."

Grace Killian: "And of Zion, it shall be said, 'This one and that one were born in her, for the Most High Himself will establish her.'"

Congregation: "The Lord records as He registers the peoples. 'This one was born there.'"

Grace Killian: "Singers and dancers alike say, 'All my springs are in you.'"

Chorus: (Singing).

Kathleen Coleman: Good morning.

Congregation: Good morning.

Kathleen Coleman: I have chosen a very short reading from the Wisdom of the Dinka People in Sudan. "In the time when God created all things, He created the sun. And the sun is born, and dies, and comes again. He created the moon, and the moon is born, and dies, and comes again. He created the stars, and the stars are born, and die, and come again. He created man, and man is born, and dies, and comes not again."

Kathleen Coleman: "Fall is the [inaudible 00:05:05] season, the power of leaves we've stepped over to get here are a reminder of the instability of existence. Loss defines the human condition. It's most extreme form is bereavement. For people who have the conviction that there's an afterlife, somewhere else in which we will be reunited with the people we have loved in life on earth, bereavement is perhaps tolerable. For everyone else, it is a rupture, a chasm, and irreparable tear in the fabric of life.

Kathleen Coleman: So, are we condemned to live in fearful anticipation of losing those we love most? How can a consciousness of the impermanence of life and the certainty

of loss translate into anything other than an intolerable burden of anticipation? My answer is simple. A consciousness of loss should sharpen our appreciation of the here and now and stiffen our resolve to make the most of it.

- Kathleen Coleman: This works both for those with religious belief and those with none. For those who believe in a Divine Creator, it is our responsibility to cherish the world He has made and all the weird and wonderful people He has put in it regardless whether we're going to see them again in a white outfit with wings on their shoulders in Paradise. For everyone else, if there is no hereafter, then this world, this random collection of atoms, is all we have. This is our one chance at happiness, both having it and sharing it.
- Kathleen Coleman: Legend is my subject, but even if it isn't yours, you're probably saying to yourself by now, she's talking about Carpe Diem. Yes, I am. But what exactly does it mean? Most people translate this tag with the enigmatic phrase, "Seize the Day." But carpere is what you do bring in the sheaves. Horace, the Roman poet who immortalized the Latin phrase is telling us, or more precisely, he's telling the girl he's addressing in Odes I/11, to harvest the day. Each day should bring a return on the investment of living.
- Kathleen Coleman: Carpe Diem starts the last sentence of Horace's short poem. Most people don't know how the sentence ends. "Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero." In the translation by David West, "Harvest the day and leave as little as possible for tomorrow." Tomorrow may never come. Now is what we have to harvest, and harvesting takes effort and determination. No reaper? No harvest.
- Kathleen Coleman: There is, of course, such a thing as a bad harvest. Climate Change will surely bring us many of those. So some days may seem to offer us rather meager returns, but we must harvest them anyway, every sheaf, even a thin one; every bucket of grapes, even if it isn't full is a win. Every search of pleasure at seeing a stranger's dog happily snuffling along on its morning walk instead of cursing it for being in the way. Every pleasantries exchanged with a guy who makes our latte at Starbucks, instead of complaining because he's just slow. Every conservatorial smile exchanged with a colleague at a faculty meeting, instead of a scowl. Every photo we snap to send our mother each time we pass one of her favorite trees, instead of being too busy to stop. Every positive encounter, every precious day.
- Kathleen Coleman: Why harvest these moments? Because people and all living creatures can be snatched away. One of the epithets for death in Latin is rapax, "snatching," mors rapax, "Death, the snatcher." Before the dog disappears around the corner, before we lose the nice guy at Starbucks to another [inaudible 00:09:34] in a different town, before our colleagues retire, before our mothers are no longer there to see our photos, before everyone and everything we have ever enjoyed is lost, bring in the harvest. Carpe Diem.

Kathleen Coleman: We pray in the words of Christina Rossetti, "O Gracious Lord God, who deignest to make of man Thy mirror, that we in one another may behold Thine Image and love Thyself; unto every one of us grant, we beseech Thee, thus to love and thus to be beloved. For Jesus Christ's sake, amen.

Congregation: Amen.

Kathleen Coleman: The Lord's Prayer.

Kathleen Colema: Our Father ...

Congregation: ... 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, the power, and the Glory, forever and ever, amen.

Grace Killian: Will you please stand and join in our hymn this morning, hymn number 334, Jerusalem the Golden, in your Crimson Hymnal?

Congregation: (Singing)

Grace Killian: Now may we go in peace and harvest the day.