

Mother P.

The SACRAMENT  
of  
FELLOWSHIP  
for

CLAYTON DUGGAN EMMER  
and  
ROBERT MORGAN REGAN, JR.

Sunday  
July 26, 1970

AND THE LORD SAID GO.

AND THE LORD SAID GO  
AND I SAID WHO ME?  
AND HE SAID YES YOU.  
AND I SAID

BUT I'M NOT READY YET  
AND THERE IS COMPANY COMING  
AND I CAN'T LEAVE THE KIDS  
AND YOU KNOW THERE'S NO ONE TO TAPE MY PLACE  
AND HE SAID YOU'RE STALLING.

AGAIN THE LORDS SAID GO  
AND I SAID BUT I DON'T WANT TO  
AND HE SAID I DIDN'T ASK IF YOU WANTED TO  
AND I SAID

LISTEN I'M NOT THE KIND OF PERSON  
TO GET INVOLVED IN CONTROVERSY  
BESIDES MY FAMILY WON'T LIKE IT  
AND WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS THINK?  
AND HE SAID BALONEY.

AND YET A THIRD TIME THE LORD SAID TO  
AND I SAID DO I HAVE TO?  
AND HE SAID DO YOU LOVE ME?  
AND I SAID  
LOOK. I'M SCARED

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO HATE ME  
AND CUT ME UP INTO LITTLE PIECES.  
I CAN'T TAKE IT ALL BY MYSELF.  
AND HE SAID WHERE DO YOU THINK I'LL BE?

AND THE LORD SAID GO  
AND I SIGHED  
HERE AM I SEND ME.....

PERSONS ARE GIFTS.

PERSONS ARE GIFTS WHICH THE FATHER SENDS TO ME WRAPPED.

SOME ARE WRAPPED VERY BEAUTIFULLY, THEY ARE VERY ATTRACTIVE WHEN I FIRST SEE THEM.

SOME COME IN VERY ORDINARY WRAPPING PAPER.

OTHERS HAVE BEEN MISHANDLED IN THE MAIL.

ONCE IN A WHILE THERE IS A SPECIAL DELIVERY.

SOME PERSONS ARE GIFTS WHICH COME VERY LOOSELY WRAPPED, OTHERS VERY TIGHTLY

BUT THE WRAPPING IS NOT THE GIFT.

SOMETIMES THE GIFT IS VERY EASY TO OPEN UP.

SOMETIMES I NEED OTHERS TO HELP.

IS IT BECAUSE THE GIFT IS AFRAID?

MAYBE THE GIFT HAS BEEN OPENED UP BEFORE AND THROWN AWAY.

I, AM A PERSON, THEREFORE I AM A GIFT TOO.

A GIFT TO MYSELF FIRST OF ALL.

THE FATHER GAVE ME TO MYSELF. HAVE I REALLY LOOKED INSIDE THE WRAPPINGS?

PERHAPS I'VE NEVER ACCEPTED THE GIFT THAT I AM.

COULD IT BE THAT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE INSIDE THE WRAPPINGS THAN WHAT I THINK

THERE IS?

MAYBE I'VE NEVER SEEN THE WONDERFUL GIFT THAT I AM

COULD THE FATHER'S GIFT BE ANYTHING BUT BEAUTIFUL?

AT DAY'S END.

IS ANYBODY HAPPIER BECAUSE YOU PASSED HIS WAY?  
DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THAT YOU SPOKE TO HIM TODAY?  
THE DAY IS ALMOST OVER, AND IT'S TOILING TIME IS THRU,  
IS THERE ANYONE TO UTTER NOW, A KINDLY WORD OF YOU?  
CAN YOU SAY TONIGHT IN PARTING WITH THE DAY THAT'S SLIPPING FAST?  
THAT YOU HELPED A SINGLE BROTHER OF THE MANY THAT YOU PASSED.  
IS A SINGLE HEART REJOICING OVER WHAT YOU DID OR SAID?  
DOES THE MAN WHOSE HOPES WERE FADING NOW WITH COURAGE LOOK AHEAD?  
DID YOU WASTE THE DAY OR LOSE IT?  
WAS IT WELL OR SORELY SPENT?  
DID YOU LEAVE A TRAIL OF KINDNESS OR A SCAR OF DISCONTENT?  
AS YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES IN SLEUMBER  
DO YOU THINK THAT GOD WILL SAY.  
YOU HAVE EARNED ONE MORE TOMORROW BY THE WORK YOU DID TODAY.

Mary: Explanation of recording

"One More Round" - Glenn Yarbrough

Sometimes when you think the world's gone mad  
Why don't you listen very hard the next time a  
baby cries  
'Cause you know he's calling out to you and it's  
sure a happy sound  
Each time a baby's born the Lord tells mankind  
"Take it one more round

One more round mankind, will you make it?  
One more chance mankind, will you take it?  
Take it the way a child takes love"

The wailing of a new born baby's a blessing every way  
Each time a baby's born it's a bit of Christmas Day  
A baby's crying is a hint of the way the Lord would  
sound  
He say's "Another baby's born, mankind.  
Now take it one more round.

One more round mankind, will you make it?  
One more chance mankind, will you take it?  
Take it the way a child takes love."

It's been going on and on ever since the world began  
The Lord keeps giving chances, to this little world  
of man  
He always sends a babe when things are looking down  
"A baby's born, here's another chance  
Take it one more round.

One more round mankind, will you make it?  
One more chance mankind, will you take it?  
Take it the way a child takes love."

Jim: *what a God parent means*

Carol: "Every man has his own creative spirit that makes him  
a work of art." Maria Montessori

Bart: Baptism is dying as well as being born.

Mary: *what Baptism means to me; making the difference*

Reception of the Child

Celebrant: What names have been given these children?

Catherine: Clayton Duggan Emmer

Phil & Mac: Robert Morgan Regan, Jr.

Celebrant: What do you ask of God's Church for Clayton and Robert?

All: Entrance into the Kingdom of God

Celebrant: You have asked to have these children baptized. In doing so you are accepting the responsibility of training them in the practice of their faith. It will be your duty and privilege to bring them up to keep God's commandments as Christ taught us, by loving God and our neighbor. Do you clearly understand what you are undertaking?

All: We do understand. Clayton and Robert, our Christian community welcomes you with great joy. In its name we claim you for Christ our Savior by the sign of his cross.

Celebrant: I now trace the cross on your forehead, and invite your godparents to do the same.  
(Godparents trace cross on babies' foreheads.  
Grandparents give Clayton & Robert to other grandparents. Proceed to front of church)

Bob Ryan: Sing "Day is Done" - Verses on LAST PG.  
Bob Kinghorn:

Celebration of God's Word

Bob: John 21:15 - "Lovest thou Me?"

Grace: <sup>Pause</sup> God challenges. Those not willing to accept this challenge don't really want a living God. He doesn't ask anything. He's easy. Approach God OPENLY - Sensitive to what HE IS - aware of His infinite mystery and He will challenge you.

The Challenge: BE TRUE TO YOURSELF. COME ALIVE to everything in the world that is. The challenge of God is the risk of openness. Meet God along the path of life as a Person, a friend, and He will be a life long companion. But you will have to walk where He walks. Where is He not present? Where does He not live and die, rise and fall, rejoice and dispair?

Cynthia: "Orange Cat" by Herbert Brokering

The cat was orange and magnificent. It had more confidence stored in the sinews of its two pounds than the Saint Bernard had in his fifty pounds. As usual the dog went loping to his own back yard, with the orange cat tagging after him all the way.

I had other cats. But none like the orange cat. Why this mixture of magnificence, courage, and confidence?

Perhaps it was the color.

Orange. A loud color without camouflage in sight. A screaming color against the black earth, the green grass, the white walk. Orange. Not a quiet, blending color, but wild and free.

Orange has no hiding place. The only solution for orange is courage. Confidence. To run when others would walk. To be swift when the others sleep.

Orange was no handicap to my cat. It built cat character. The camouflage is in the courage, not in the color.

Color could be a handicap. But it gave my cat solid confidence. It created in him a free spirit.

Lord, show me the powerful meaning of color.

Bart: "Son, I Beseech You, Don't Sleep Any More"  
by Michel Quoist

"I shall be in agony till the end of time," God says.  
I shall be crucified till the end of time.  
My sons the Christians don't seem to realize it.  
I am scourged, buffeted, stretched out, crucified; I  
die in front of them and they don't know it.  
They see nothing; they are blind.  
They are not true Christians, or they would not go on  
living while I am dying.

~~Lord:~~  
Mancy: Lord, I don't understand; it is not possible, you  
exaggerate.  
I would defend you if you were attacked.  
I would be at your side if you were dying.  
Lord, I love you!

Bart: That is not true, God says, Men are deluding themselves.  
They say they love me, they believe they love me, and,  
as I am willing to admit, they are often sincere;  
but they are terribly mistaken. They do not  
understand, they do not see.  
Slowly everything has been distorted, dried up, emptied.  
They think they love me.

But I am not made of plaster, God says, nor of stone,  
nor of bronze.  
I am living flesh, throbbing, suffering.  
I am among men, and they have not recognized me.  
I am poorly paid, I am unemployed, I live in a slum, I  
have tuberculosis, I sleep under bridges, I am in  
prison, I am oppressed, I am patronized.  
And yet I said to them: "Whatever you do to my brothers,  
however humble, you do to me." That's clear.  
The terrible thing is that they know it, but don't take  
it seriously.  
"They have broken my heart," God says, and I have  
waited for someone to have pity on me, but no one  
has.

I am cold, God says, I am hungry, I am naked.  
I am imprisoned, laughed at, humiliated.  
But this is a minor passion, for men have invented more  
terrible ordeals.  
Armed with their liberty, formidably armed with their  
liberty,  
They have invented . . . .  
"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."  
They have invented war, actual war.  
And they have invented the Passion, a worse one.



For I am everywhere that men are, God says,  
Since the day when I slipped among them, on a mission  
to save them all,  
Since the day when I definitely committed myself to  
trying to gather them together.  
Now I am rich and I am poor, a workman and a boss.  
I am a union man and a non-union man, a striker and a  
strike breaker, for men - alas! - make me do all  
kinds of things.  
I am on the side of the demonstrators and on the side  
of the police, for men - alas! - transform me into  
a policeman.  
I am a leftist, a rightist, and even in the center.  
I am on this side of the Iron Curtain and beyond it.  
I am a German and a Frenchman, a Russian and an American,  
A Chinese from Nationalist China and one from Communist  
China,  
I am from Vietnam and from Vietminh,  
I am everywhere men are, God says.

They have accepted me, they possess me, the traitors!  
Hail, Master!  
And now I am with them, one of them, their very selves.  
Now, see what they have done to me . . . .  
They are scourging me, crucifying me,  
They tear me apart when they tear at one another.

They kill me when they kill one another.  
Men have invented war . . . .  
I jump on mines, I gasp my last breath in foxholes,  
I moan, riddled with schrapnel; I collapse under the  
valley of machine-gun fire,  
I sweat men's blood on all battlefields,  
I cry out in the night and die in the solitude of  
battle.  
O world of strife, immense cross on which, every day,  
men stretch me!  
Wasn't the wood of Golgotha enough?  
Was this immense altar necessary for my sacrifice of  
love?  
While around me men keep on shouting, singing, dancing,  
and as if insane, crucify me in an enormous burst  
of laughter.

~~Another:~~  
MARCY:

Lord, enough! Have pity on me!  
Not that! It is not I!

Bart:

Yes, son, it is you.  
You and your brothers, for

several blows are needed to drive in a nail,  
several lashes are needed to furrow a shoulder,  
several thorns are needed to make a crown,  
and you belong to the humanity that all together  
condemns me,

It matters not whether you are among those who hit, or  
among those who watch; among those who do it or  
among those who let it happen.

You are all guilty, actors and spectators.

But above all, son, don't be one of those who are  
asleep, one of those who can still fall asleep . . .  
in peace.

Sleep!

Sleep is terrible!

"Can you not watch one hour with me?"

\*

On your knees, son! Do you not hear the roar of battle?  
The bell is ringing,  
Mass is starting,  
Crucified by men,  
God is dying for you.

Celebrant: My dear brothers and sisters, let us ask our Lord  
Jesus Christ to look lovingly on these children who are  
to be baptized, on their parents, godparents and grand-  
parents, and on all the baptized.

(Celebrant asks for prayers of faithful, Celebrant next  
invites all to invoke the saints)

Celebrant: Holy Mary, Mother of God

All: Pray for us.

Celebrant: Saint John the Baptist

All: Pray for us.

Celebrant: Saint Joseph

All: Pray for us.

Celebrant: Saint Peter and Saint Paul

All: Pray for us.

(Celebrant invites all to privately invoke those  
close to them, who by their death have experienced  
their truest Baptism)

Prayer of Exorcism and Anointing Before Baptism

(Celebrant gives explanation of original sin)

Celebrant: Almighty and ever-living God,  
You sent your only son into the world  
To cast out the power of Satan, spirit of evil,  
To rescue man from the kingdom of darkness, and  
Bring him into the splendor of your kingdom of light

We pray for these children: set them free from  
Original sin, make them temples of your glory, and  
Send your Holy Spirit to dwell with them.  
We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

(Jim gives explanation of anointing)

Celebrant: We anoint you with the oil of salvation in the name of  
Christ our Savior;  
may he strengthen you  
with his power,  
who lives and reigns for ever and ever.

All: Amen.

(Celebrant anoints the children on the breast with the  
oil of the catechumens. Then the celebrant lays his  
hand on the children in silence. The grandparents  
give children to godparents. All to to baptistry)

Dialogue -

Celebration of the Sacrament

Celebrant: My dear brothers and sisters, we now ask God to give  
these children new life in abundance through water and  
the Holy Spirit.

(The celebrant touches the water with his right hand  
and continues.)

Celebrant: We ask you, Father, with your Son to send the Holy  
Spirit upon the water of this font. May all who are  
buried with Christ in the death of baptism rise also  
with him to newness of life. We ask this through  
Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

Celebrant: Dear parents and godparents, you have come here to present these children for baptism. By water and the Holy Spirit they are to receive the gift of new life from God, who is love. On your part, you must make it your constant care to bring them up in the practice of the faith. See that the divine life which God gives them is kept safe from the poison of sin, to grow always stronger in their hearts. If your faith makes you ready to accept this responsibility, renew now the vows of your own baptism. Reject sin; profess your faith in Christ Jesus. This is the faith of the Church. This is the faith in which these children are about to be baptized.

(The celebrant gives explanation then questions the parents and the godparents)

Celebrant: Do you reject Satan?

Parents &  
Godparents: I do.

Celebrant: And all his works?

P & G: I do.

Celebrant: And all his empty promises?

P & G: I do.

(Celebrant gives explanation of Profession of Faith)

Celebrant: Do you believe in God, the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth?

P & G: I do.

Celebrant: Do you believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was crucified, died, and was buried, rose from the dead, and is now seated at the right hand of the Father?

P & G: I do.

Celebrant: Do you believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting?

P & G: I do.

Celebrant: This is our faith. This is the faith of the Church.  
We are proud to ~~and~~ profess it, in Christ Jesus  
our Lord.

All: Amen.

Carol: Look Around, Pilgrim  
(omitted) by Christopher William Jones

Jesus, there's a family that is really doing things.  
The mother and father really teach their ten children  
Christianity which is real. I want to talk about them.

These parents make you, Jesus, real in their lives.  
And at night when the youngsters are in bed, and the  
little ones have stopped screaming and yelling and  
asking for another drink of water, the mother and father  
sit down and read to each other from special books like  
Prayers by Quoist or Lovers in Marriage by Evely, trying  
to learn more about You so they can teach more to the  
children.

They are trying hard, Lord.

It seems to me they are great people Lord, and  
though they'd never see it this way, maybe they are  
prophets in their own right.

Give them strength, Lord, to keep it up - to keep  
up the witness, and the example of kindness and love  
and the desire for justice.

Sometimes it is really hard for them, Lord.

Sometimes they do not know where to turn, and it  
just envelopes them, all the needs that people have, as  
well as their own needs.

They need you, Jesus.

And let them never forget that You are in their  
midst, working along with them, suffering and laughing  
with them, and inspiring them on to greater things, and  
to the greatest-Yourself.

Phil & Mac: "I Like Youngsters"  
by Michel Quoist

God says: I like youngsters. I want people to be like  
them. I don't like old people unless they are still  
children. I want only children in my Kingdom; this has  
been decreed from the beginning of time.

Youngsters - twisted, humped, wrinkled, white-bearded -  
all kinds of youngsters, but youngsters.

I like them because they are still growing, they are  
still improving.

They are on the road, they are on their way.

I like youngsters because they are still struggling,  
because they are still sinning.  
Not because they sin, you understand, but because they  
know that they sin, and they say so, and they try  
not to sin any more.

But above all, I like youngsters because of the look in  
their eyes. In their eyes I can read their age.  
I know of nothing more beautiful than the pure eyes of  
a child.

It is not surprising, for I live in children, and it is  
I who look out through their eyes.

When pure eyes meet yours, it is I who smile at you  
through the flesh.

But on the other hand, I know of nothing sadder than  
lifeless eyes in the face of a child.

The windows are open, but the house is empty.

Two eyes are there, but no light.

And, saddened, I stand at the door, and wait in the  
cold and knock, I am eager to get in.

And he, the child, is alone.

He gets stout, he hardens, he dries up, he gets old.  
Poor old fellow!

\*

Alleluia! Alleluia! Open, all of you, little old men!  
It is I your God, the Eternal, risen from the dead,  
coming to bring back to life the child in you.  
Hurry! Now is the time. I am ready to give you again  
the beautiful face of a child, the beautiful eyes  
of a child.

For I love youngsters, and I want everyone to be like  
them.

Gordy:

"The Living God is a Person"

by Earnest Larsen, C.S.S.C.

We can search for God as a person or a thing  
If we want a person and reach for a thing  
We will get a thing that can never be a person.

When God, Church, Sacraments, Liturgy become things--  
forget God.  
He isn't there.

When God becomes a person who loves us and asks for a  
like response BECAUSE He loves us then  
Religion is real.

The Church becomes the spirit of man struggling to  
become ONE.

The sacraments become rain sinking into the earth:  
God - With - Man.

Liturgy becomes the hymn of all living men  
Swelling together from the four corners of the earth  
Through the one Priest, Christ to the Father,  
That we may have LIFE and have it more abundantly.  
If the Sacraments - Liturgy - are "things we do" --  
we lose.  
We DO things - we LIVE with a Person we love.

Emmers:

"The Baby"

Chris,  
Kathy,  
+  
Kevin

by Michel Quoist

C. The mother left the carriage for a minute,  
and I went over to meet the Holy Trinity  
living in the baby's pure soul.  
It was asleep, its arms carelessly laid on the  
embroidered sheet.  
Its closed eyes looked inward and its chest gently  
rose and fell.  
As if to murmur: This dwelling is inhabited.

K. Lord, you are there.

Ka. I adore you in this little one who has not yet  
disfigured you.  
Help me to become like him once more.  
To recapture your likeness and your life now  
so deeply buried in my heart.

Celebrant: Is it your will that Clayton and Robert should be  
baptized in the faith of the Church, which we have  
all professed with you?

Parents &  
Godparents:

It is.

Celebrant: Clayton and Robert, I baptize you in the name of  
the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

All: God is light: in him there is no darkness. (I John 4:16)

Michael:

Ring Bells!

Anointing with Chrism

Celebrant: God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has given you  
a new birth by water and the Holy Spirit, and welcomed  
you into his holy people. He now anoints you with the  
chrism of salvation. As Christ was anointed Priest,  
Prophet and King, so may you live always as a member of  
his body sharing everlasting life.

All:

Amen.

(Then the celebrant anoints the children on the crown of the head with the sacred chrism, in silence.)

Clothing with the White Garment

Celebrant: Clayton and Robert, you have become new creations, and have clothed yourselves in Christ. See in this white garment the outward sign of your Christian dignity. With your family and friends to help you by word and example, bring that dignity unstained into the everlasting life of heaven.

All: Amen.

(The white garment is put on the children.)

Lighted Candle

Mary: Glad to have you! Because of you the world is a warmer place, a little happier. Your smile and your every gesture make a difference. That is the light of Christ shining through you. You carry His warmth and kindness to all around you. You are Christ's prism because you catch and fan His light out in all directions. Without you His light is darkened. You are that important to the world. Start a light in the lives of those you love.

Celebrant: Receive the light of Christ.

(The godfather lights the child's candle from the Easter candle.)

Celebrant: Parents and godparents, this light is entrusted to you to be kept burning brightly. These children of yours have been enlightened by Christ. They are to walk always as children of the light. May they keep the flame of faith alive in their hearts. When the Lord comes, may they go out to meet them with all the saints in the heavenly kingdom.

Prayer Over Ears and Mouth

Helen: <sup>insert</sup> : Next page.

(omitted  
by  
error)



Helen:

God--

these are your two new sons talking--  
CLAYTON and ROBERT.

Father Vince is about to ask another favor  
of you for us--your BLESSING upon our EARS and MOUTHS.

We ask you to OPEN these powers to us  
so that ALL of OUR LIVES  
we will live in the WONDERMENT of your world.

Let our EARS hear  
the rushing of your wind  
the quiet of your night  
the music of your song, your birds, your people noise.

One day let us hear  
and one day let us ANSWER  
the sounds of your crying, poor  
your hopeless and discouraged  
your aged and your sick

Let our LIPS  
JOYFULLY proclaim your name,  
the world hearing above your wind  
your black night  
your people noise

Our FAITHFUL cry of FAITH

WE KNOW YOU GOD  
WE LOVE YOU GOD  
WE SERVE YOU GOD

We ANSWER to the needs  
of CRYING, HELPLESS, POOR.

Let us now HEAR  
Let us now SPEAK OUT

Bless us, GOD, Bless us.

(The celebrant touches the ears and mouth of the children with his thumb, saying:)

**Celebrant:** The Lord Jesus made the deaf hear and the dumb speak. May he soon touch your ears to receive his word, and your mouth to proclaim his faith, to the praise and glory of God the Father.

**All:** Amen.

**Jamie:** What can I do God?

(omitted by  
chorus)

In this dark and deeply troubled world,  
what can I do?

Ease the hate, bridge the gap,

Bring equality about,

Can I do it, God?

I'm a speck, a grain of sand,

Could I change the world?

I'm one crying out in the darkness,

Lost in my own selfish wants and desires,

Could I forget myself and remember others  
instead?

Could I? Should I? Would I?

All Sing:

"You Are My Sons"

Before the sun burnt bright,  
    and rivers flowed,  
I called you each by name  
    to share my home.  
No longer be afraid.  
You are my sons.  
My love will never end.  
Al-le-lu-ia.

Though you have sent me Lord,  
    to every land,  
I can't find words to speak,  
Your ways to men.

O Lord reached out his hand  
    and touched my tongue,  
I give my words to you,  
To speak to men.

My hand will bring you words,  
    so speak them loud.  
I am your Lord and God,  
You are my sons.

Last verse is the same as the first.

### Conclusion of the Rite

(All proceed to the altar. The lighted candles are carried for the children.)

All: You have put on Christ, in him you have been baptized.  
Alleluia, alleluia.

Celebrant: Dearly beloved, these children have been reborn in baptism. They are now called the children of God, for so indeed they are. In confirmation they will receive the fullness of God's Spirit. In holy communion they will share the banquet of Christ's sacrifice, calling God their Father in the midst of the Church. In the names of these children, in the spirit of our common sonship, let us pray together in the words our Lord has given us:

All: 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.

### Blessing

(The celebrant first blesses the mothers, who hold the children, then the fathers, then the entire assembly.)

Celebrant: God the Father, through his Son, the Virgin Mary's child has brought joy to all Christian mothers as they see the hope of eternal life shine on their children. May he bless the mothers of these children. The mothers thank God for the gift of their children. May they be one with them in thanking God for ever in heaven, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All: Amen.

Celebrant: God is the giver of all life, human and divine. May he bless the father of these children. They and their wives will be the first teachers of their children in the ways of faith. May they be also the best of teachers bearing witness to the faith by what they say and do, in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

All: Amen.

Celebrant: By God's gift, through water and the Holy Spirit,  
we are reborn to everlasting life.

In his goodness, may he continue to pour out his  
blessings upon these sons and daughters of his. May  
he make them always, wherever they may be, faithful  
members of the holy people. May he send his peace upon  
all who are gathered here, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

All: Amen.

Bob: Lord,

*I don't quite know what happened today.  
In quieter, calmer, retrospect, it seems  
that I just shut my eyes, whispered,  
"Ready or not,  
here I come!"*

*-and jumped.*

*Today I'm not sure whether I landed in the Kingdom or  
the Kingdom landed in me!*

*Is this what they call "the leap of faith"? Is this what you  
called being born again? Is this being born into the mystery-  
you have locked within Child?*

*Sleeping and waking, I now know grace-your free gift  
to my free being. Sleeping and waking, I now know how to accept the gift-  
like a child! Sleeping and waking, I now know what I have accepted  
like a child:*

*And so we are  
God's children NOW.  
This, then, is the mystery,  
This is the miracle,  
This is the Kingdom Come!*

All Sing:

"Witness Song"

Shout out my soul of the love of God.  
His love is forever and ever.  
Go forth and witness forever.  
Forever and ever and ever.

Stand up my brothers and give glory to God.  
His love is forever and ever.  
Love one another as he still loves us.  
Forever and ever and ever.

Cry out my soul of the love of God.  
His love is forever and ever.  
We'll go forth and witness forever.  
Forever and ever and ever.

Rise up my brothers give glory to God.  
His love is forever and ever.  
Love one another forever.  
Forever and ever and ever.

DAY IS DONE

Verses:

Tell me why you are crying my son,  
I know you're frightened like everyone.  
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
Will it help if I stay very near? I am here.

Do you ask why I am sighing my son,  
You shall inherit what mankind has done.  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe,  
If you ask me why this is so, I really don't know.

Tell me why you're smiling my son,  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?  
Do you know more than men who are wise?  
Can you see what we must all disguise,  
Through your loving eyes?

Chorus:

And if you take my hand my son,  
All will be well when the day is done.  
And if you take my hand my son,  
All will be well when the day is done.