

Unitarian Universalist Small Group Ministry Network

Small Group Ministry

Flowers In Our Lives

Unitarian Universalist Community Church, Augusta, ME, Rev Helen Zidowecki, 2016

Opening Words

Spring has now unwrapped the flowers, Day is fast reviving;
Life in all her growing powers, Towards the light is striving;
Gone the iron touch of cold, Winter time and frost time;
Seedlings working through the mold, Now make up for lost time.
All the world with beauty fills, Gold the green enhancing;
Flowers make merry on the hills, Set the meadows dancing.
Earth puts on her dress of glee; Flowers and grasses hide her.
Go we forth in charity, One and all beside her.

Piae Cantiones 1582 (*Singing the Living Tradition* #63)

Check In/Sharing How are things with you today?

Topic

Reading: Share reading within the group.
For the Flowers have the Gift of Language,
Reginald Zottoli,
<http://www.uua.org/worship/holidays/flower-ceremony>

Speak, flowers, speak!
Why do you say nothing?
Creating patterns wild and free as no
gardener could match.
In the forest they nestle, snug carpets under
the roof of
Leaf and branch, making a rug of such
softness.
At end tip of branches they cling briefly
Before bursting into fruit sweet to taste.
Flowers, can you not speak joy to
our sadness?
And hope to our fear?
Can you not say how it is with you
That you color the darkest corner?
The flowers have the gift of language.
At the occasion of birth they are buds before
bursting.
At the ceremony of love they unite two
lovers in beauty.
At the occasion of death, they remind us
how lovely is life.
Oh, would that you had voice,
Silent messengers of hope.
Would that you could tell us how
you feel,
Arrayed in such beauty.

The flowers have the gift of language.
In the dark depths of a death camp
They speak the light of life.
In the face of cruelty
They speak of courage.
In the experience of ugliness
They bespeak the persistence of beauty.
Speak, messengers, speak!
For we would hear your message.
Speak, messengers, speak!
For we need to hear what you would
say.
For the flowers have the gift of language:
They transport the human voice on winds of
beauty;
They lift the melody of song to our ears;
They paint through the eye and hand of the
artist;
Their fragrance binds us to sweet-smelling
earth.
May the blessing of the flowers be
upon you.
May their beauty beckon to you each
morning
And their loveliness lure you each
day,
And their tenderness caress you each
night.
May their delicate petals make you
gentle,
And their eyes make you aware.
May their stems make you sturdy,
And their reaching make you care.

Questions:

1. What flowers surrounded you when you were growing up?
2. How were and are flowers part of special events or reminders of people in your life?
3. When do you like to give or to receive flowers?
4. What connections do flowers have with your spiritual journey? Your participation in your faith community?

Closing Words: The Symbolism of Flowers (May be read responsively.)

Flowers speak to us of JOY, as they show us the brilliance of their colors.

May JOY be with us.

Flowers give HOPE that life begins each new spring.

May HOPE begin anew in our hearts.

Flowers stand for SHARING.

May we SHARE together the beauty of the flowers.

Flowers send a message of SYMPATHY.

May we feel SYMPATHY for ourselves, each other and those beyond the group.

Flowers tell of FRIENDSHIP.

May our FRIENDSHIPS be everlasting.

Flowers speak of LOVE.

May we LOVE one another.