

THE OTHER WORLD
in the midst of
THIS WORLD

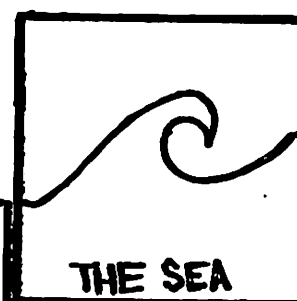
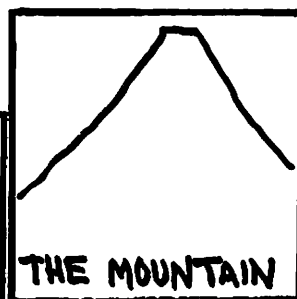
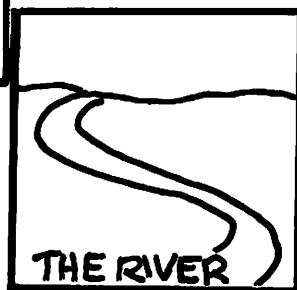
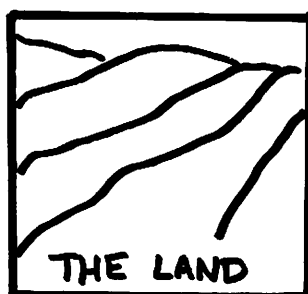


The Singing of Summer '72

THE SINGING

INTRODUCTION

This summer marks the turn of the Spirit Movement into the task of the next twenty years. If it can be said that an army moves on its stomach, it can also be said that a movement moves on its symbols. One of the key symbols for any movement is its songs; it is the singing that genuinely becomes the prayer upon which the movement forges ahead. When a movement quits singing it is dead; it will not long endure. Summer '72 is caught in the midst of the tension between four-four and three-four time. In the last twenty years the breakloose of the Spirit has been awesome. The next twenty years will combine the march and the waltz along with the folk and pop songs into the harmony of the future. We sense we are on a long march. There are sharp cliffs along the way, punctuated with the cries of suffering humanity. Into the distant future the waltzing and marching will swirl into a new song for a new world.



THE SINGING OF SUMMER '72

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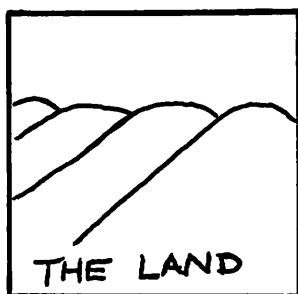
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THE WALTZ

Richard Wagner wrote of Strauss' music: "These irresistable waltzes first catch the ear and then curl around the heart until all of a sudden they invade and will have the legs." The waltz is that music that has the pulse and verve of gaiety plus the nostalgia and longing that comes of knowing the tragedy of life. It is as though the waltz sees the abyss on either side and dares live in it. Picture the ledge on a high building with a waltzing couple whirling around it. You waltz or you will fall into the abyss while at the same time you are deeply entrenched in this world. The waltz holds the female principle which in the midst of no hope says "this situation can be saved", and goes ahead to waltz over nothing. You waltz in the irrationality and unreality of it all. You start out gingerly, delicately but as the volume increase you are whirled into an arduous pace.



dancing over the abyss

THE COST OF MY CARE

Tune: Anniversary Waltz

Given the chance
To do life in the deeps
To serve all mankind
Is the gift that I be
To care for the world
Is the burden I bear
Invent with my life
'Tis the cost of my care.

Chorus:

Strange awful power
Is dancing through me
Buoyantly forging
Impossible be.

With all my heart
I'm poured out
Endlessly
I'm burdened
'Eternally.

Wholly engulfed
In unbounded rapport
Doomed for the world
My life wholly outpoured
Always encumbered
Tomorrow is here
Molding the future
The cost of my care.

(Chorus)

Burning with wisdom
Empowered to do
The weight of the world
For all men everywhere
Guardian of all
To all history an heir
Absurdly in charge
'Tis the cost of my care.

(Chorus)

Repeat first verse without chorus.

THE OTHER WORLD

Tune: The Blue Danube

In mystery strange new land I see
The river of consciousness flows free
A mountain of care this world for me
And tranquil like sea within there be.

My life is transformed, now wonder-filled,
No more shall I live as once I lived,
The other world here in this world
Is the world that all shall see.

A land strange and vast, an endless plain
The awe-filling meadow lost in rain,
The rocks and the trees on magic ground
Entrapped in the mystery I'm found.

The river that wanders ceaselessly
With consciousness wild, the rapids free,
From spring to the sea, a wide expanse,
Submissive awareness, endless dance.

A mountain there looms with crags so high,
A path winding upward toward the sky,
Upon boulders etched with lines of care,
O'ershadowed by worlds my strength so rare.

The sea, whisp'ring waves encompass all
E'erbeckons with endless rolling call.
Implosion in vibrant silent deeps
Unspeakable joy within me leaps.

MYSTERY IS EVERYWHERE

Tune: Desert Song

The Myst'ry is everywhere
I'm trapped in awe for e'er and e'er
And I must roam through life with all its care
Grasping nought for certain except my dying.

Why should I so driven be
To bear with such absurdity?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
I'll ne'er escape its awful stare
Destroyed, unveiled, within a searing glare
Doomed to live transparent within my dying.

Why am I condemned to see
The pow'r of this finality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
And changes all beyond compare.
It runs to breathe surprise into the air
And I find a strange new life in my dying.

Why should I the chosen be
To dance with this vitality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

The Myst'ry is everywhere
Yet I must doubt this one so fair
For none can ever know its secrets rare
And I'll ever be lonely in my dying.

Why's this awful love in me
Become my sole reality?
Still I shall die yearning
Lost in the wonder
Of mystery.

WHEN YOU ARE AWARE

Tune: When You are in Love

When you are aware,
The whole world is a mountain of care.
Skies constantly weep,
Over all of the tragedy there.
Then your life belongs
To all suffering men everywhere.
When you are aware
The whole world is a mountain of care.

Bearing the weight of the world,
And the dread of its crushing demands,
Joyously burdened to know
That there's no other world on your hands.
And, your heart starts to soar,
With the wonder that's filling the air.
When you are aware,
The whole world is a mountain of care.

SUDDENLY LIFE

Tune: Lara's theme from Dr. Zhivago

Suddenly light
Crosses the surging sea
Shadows foretell
Voyage of destiny.

Suddenly peace
Dawns in dark tragedy
Enemies fade
Fearless in ecstasy.

Vict'ry: To battle in life's true fight
Vict'ry: Life's bursting through death's dark night

Suddenly joy
Breaks on the troubled sea
Strange rapture swells
Captures death's agony.

Suddenly life
Floods through death's boundary
Seized by the storm
Safe in eternity.

THE FOLK

The folk song has been a part of societal expression since man first discovered the importance of having a story that he rehearsed to himself. The folk song as it is known today emerged from the Middle Ages when the troubadours of royalty sang at court and minstrels wandered over the land telling the tales of past glories and carrying the news of the people from place to place. The folk song tells us who we are and rehearses the reason why we do what we do. It holds the mystery and depth of life and shows the celebration of people in the greatness of life. In our time folk music has particularly recovered and refined the singing of words; it honors the poetry for that is what the story is. Authentic folk music recaptures the interior depths of the poetry. We have also seen how the folk singer has given back to the Church some of its great songs like *Amazing Grace*.



telling the story

AMAZING WORLD

Tune: This World is not My Home

This world is not my home, I am a stranger here
I've seen amidst this world the other world appear
My life is now transformed, though earthly as before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain:

Amazing world, the Land of Mystery
Of consciousness and care and wild tranquility
My life is now transformed, though earthly as before
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A land of mystery assaults on every side
Where death is waiting all, and there's no place to hide
A yearning floods my life, more lonely than before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A mighty river flows, of consciousness in me
A willing child of fate, I live creatively,
My life's a precious gift that I must answer for,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A mountain's weight of care, seems strangely light to me
Embracing this world's woe, I live responsibly
Proclaiming man's true home, I lead them to the door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

The sea is tranquil now, it's wild in ecstasy
Refusing my own life, my only enemy
And joyfully I see that I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

MORNING OF FREEDOM

Tune: Morning Has Broken

Morning of freedom, final awareness
Standing on nothing, groundlessly there.
Myself inventing, ever becoming
Never completed, always undone.

All life is given, creatures of fortune
No one for blaming, never excused.
I am entrusted, history creating
Offspring of Adam, measure of man.

Crossing the river, beyond the moral
All is permitted, only decide.
I am accepted, dearly beloved
Endlessly chosen, serving all men.

Anchored securely, wholly united
Warring gods fallen, painful relief.
My yoke is easy, light is the burden
The day is coming, destiny won.

COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND

Tune: Come and Go With Me

Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound, where I'm bound,

Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound.

There is mystery in that land

There is wonder in that land

There is livin' in that land

There is yearning in that land

There is glory in that land

Come and go with me to that land

MY CONSUMMATION

Tune: Danny Boy

Life beckons me to wonder and humility
To journey into deep reality
To live for e'er within the realm of mystery,
Forever bound in awful ecstasy.

Apostasy, the doubt that comes as certainty
I'm seized by dread and vanquished, hopelessly
And I submit to given, fearful history
This perfect love transforms the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to freedom and lucidity
To be the self that shapes futurity
To bear the weight of painful, conscious rhapsody,
Inventing all that I am doomed to be.

Morality beyond my own integrity
I stand amidst my fate and destiny
And I must ever, always, my own conscience be
That final judgment dreads the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to service for humanity
To spend my life as solidarity
To be the burdened one, with man's dark tragedy,
This suffering world compels my sympathy.

Humanity, my sole responsibility
The past, the future are for all, I see
And I am called beyond my possibility
This awe-full gift flows through the wonder that is me.

Life beckons me to live complete and joyously
To dwell in showers of blessing, ceaselessly
To peace that comes from love of dreadful mystery,
In realms of wonder, I will ever be.

Tranquillity, no burden, no hostility
I live with strange, unseen community
And death and I do now embrace, eternally
My consummation, 'tis the wonder that is me.

AT THE CENTER TRANQUIL

Tune: Shenandoah

Universe, illumination
All unknown, absurd assurance
Everywhere is found life's meaning
And I, I am the way
At the center tranquil

There's no hope, yet all is hopeful
Then no cares, there are no problems
No enemies, no earthly foes
And I, I am the struggle
At the center tranquil

Pulsing exhilaration
Everything's become a blessing
Embraced by joy, a dance of rapture
And I, I am the stillness
At the center tranquil

Gloriously condemned to die
Life is new, a great resurgence
Community with all the faithful
And I, I am forever
At the center tranquil

WATCH YE THEREFORE

Watch ye therefore ye know not the day,
When the Lord shall call your soul away,
If you labor striving for the right,
You shall wear a golden crown.

Be not like the foolish virgins ten,
For He's coming and you know not when,
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning bright,
You shall wear a golden crown.

I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a crown
O when the trumpet sounds, when the trumpet sounds
I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a crown
I shall wear a golden crown.

Special Ending:

For just as soon as my feet strike Zion
Gonna lay down my heavy burdens,
Gonna put on my robe in glory,
Shout and tell The Story
Gonna come over hills and mountains,
Step up to the crystal fountain
All of God's Sons and Daughters
Will be drinking from the healing waters
Then we shall wear a golden crown.

AT THE CROSS

Alas, and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Refrain:

At the cross, at the cross
Where I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
-- 'tis all that I can do.

CALLED TO WALK IN THE WAY

Tune: Put Your Hand in the Hand

Called to walk in the way of the man who stilled the waters;
Called to walk in the way of the man who calmed the sea;
Called to live in the Word and be free to live for others;
Called to walk in the way of the man from Galilee.

Hear the word that's the Word that's been said for all God's creatures;
Hear the word that's the Word that's been said for you and me.
It's the Word about life you are called to give to your brother;
It's the Word that will give him his possibility.

Well, a voice comes, I hear it saying all too clearly:
"You are my Son, with you I am well pleased!
Got a job to be done and life must needs be given,
Can't promise rewards and your pains will be increased."

Then the Spirit came and said, "Go into the desert!
There's a power--old Satan--he's the one you've got to meet."
Forty days without food out there as a Solitary;
Had to decide old Satan was the one that had to be beat.

Got the Word, can't hold it, have to say it--it is the Gospel;
"The time has come! The kingdom, it has arrived!
You must change your hearts and minds and believe this good news;
It's the Word from which the future must be derived."

Heal the sick, chase the demons, say the Word that says "forgiveness";
Take away all excuses for a life to be lived as dead.
Help each man you meet to make a new decision--
To pick up his past, live the future with all its dread.

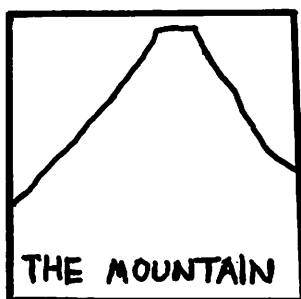
There'll be betrayal and despair and denial--you'll be left all alone;
And you'll wonder if the God who called has gone away.
There'll be taunts and a hill and a Cross all prepared for you,
Then the spear, flowing blood, final words--has Death won the day?

Feel the dankness and the darkness and the quietness of this closed-up tomb!
Feel the relief that old Death has prepared for you and me!
But the Lord calls again---look! The stone! It has been rolled away!
Time to walk with the pain through the avenues of history.

(Repeat first verse.)

THE MARCH

The march has long been associated with those who make war; however, it goes much deeper than this particular manifestation and in fact, is related to humanness itself. It represents what has been known in any age or group as hard ground discipline—or the acting out of a decision in four-four time to the beat of "I said I'll do it—I will!" It probably is best described in terms of the masculine principle, or the bursting forth. When you look at soldiers singing, it is immediately apparent whether they are tired troops marching or fresh troops. Fresh troops sing out of the external—old troops have no choice but to get in step. When you are marching, there is a decision to sing; if you have twenty miles ahead of you to march and the troops are tired—you might as well sing. The decision to sing is the decision to stay in step.



moving the mountains

THE CADENCE COUNT

Tune: Cadence Count

Response:

Praise God, Glory Be
Amen, Amen, Amen, Praise God!

Into the Land of Mystery
The meaning of Final Reality
Death awaits.
No escape.
Power is born.

River of Consciousness now is found
Free to Decide the moral ground
Create the self.
Election absurd.
Painful relief.

Consuming mission, Mountain of Care
Election to life the burden you bear
Freely bound.
Never look back.
Pillar of iron.

Tranquillity's rapture walks with woe
The hope of no hope defeating the foe
Awful truth
Fitful dance.
Teeming life.

One, Two, Three, Four.....

DAWNS THE WORLD

Tune: Glorious Things of Thee

Dawns the world of awful wonder
Chained to my contingency,
All protection torn asunder,
Shame and weakness wounding me.
Then there groans a re-creation,
Born anew, within recast,
In unfolding transformation
Pains a passion unsurpassed.

Dawns the world of man's awareness
Self-transcending liberty,
Shaping self and world in boldness,
Sign for all humanity.
Then in lonely free creation
With no map of good or ill,
I decide in obligation,
I surrender all my will.

Dawns the world of deep compassion
Yoked to life's strange harmony,
Unrelenting in my mission
Doomed to die for history.
Bearing every time's long hour
Every brother's agony,
I am strangely filled with power,
Wondrous deeds are done through me.

Dawns the world of joyful living,
Shocked by truth's absurdity
Earthly hopes and dreams forsaking
I am blessed with victory.
And in raptured self-denying
Dancing in the arms of strife,
I perceive in final dying
Bleeds the glorious, endless life.

DREADFUL AWARENESS

Tune: Stout-Hearted Men

Constantly conscious of dreadful awareness
I plumb the abyss evermore.
With knowing intent, my own self I invent
And I'm empty as never before.

Bound to my state, I am cast here by fate
And excuse has no use anymore.
Man creates the world's design
And I become man's sign.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

Free from the maze of conventional ways
I decide for the right all alone.
My life's approved and my chains are removed,
To this world I am mission I know.

I'm anchored fast in my true home at last,
And the gods of this world now have flown.
I can feel my burdens lightened
Though I bear the world.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

Constantly conscious of dreadful awareness
I plumb the abyss evermore.
Bound to my state, I am cast here by fate,
And excuse has no use anymore.

My life's approved and my chains are removed,
To this world I am mission I know.
I can feel my burdens lightened
Though I bear the world.
Free, I will to be
The self I am in history.

I AM THE ONE

Tune: 76 Trombones

I am the one set free to embrace the world.
I am the one compelled all to give.
I am the one condemned to be ever sorrow filled
And to die each moment that I live.

I am amazed my life is in history.
I am amazed this world's where I'm bound.
I am amazed I'm one with creation's family
And in each the mystery is found.

The guardian of the world for all eternity,
Living, living, with all who've gone before,
The director of the world in all its future,
And the key hist'ry is waiting for.

The wiseman who can always know his knowing,
Standing, standing ever in the fray,
The watchman who is always on the stage in every single age,
And moves a million mountains everyday.

A LIGHT IS NOW BREAKING

Tune: Washington Post March

A light is now breaking, showing the secret
That meaning is everywhere in life,
And I am the bearer of the light
A peace is now present, hopes are banished
And cares all gone, and nothing's to hate
And self is the only war to fight.

What powerful light, it blinds, it dazzles me.
I'm spun in a wildly crashing whirl
Aware that I'm sent for all the world.
And finding the terror peace, I'm silent
As never before, I encounter the calm
Of the knowing that's held before my eyes.

A wild kind of joy bursts forth,
A singing that's free, a dancing on sea;
My life's transformed, bliss unknown before
I'll never live more than each moment in hist'ry.

A joy is now leaping forth in ecstasy
And gratitude's now the way of life
By happiness struck and all's worthwhile
My death is now here- a painful reality.
I find myself new, impelled into life,
victorious for eternity.

What rapturous joy, it swells it consumes me.
I'm breathless in throbbing ecstasy
Aware I can die, what rhapsody.
And finding a cry released, I'm free from death
As never before, I'm one with the world.
I dive in the endless sea, awhirl.

A wild kind of joy bursts forth,
A singing that's free, a dancing on sea;
My life's transformed, bliss unknown before
I'll never live more than each moment in history.

MEN OF THE SPIRIT

Tune: Meadowlands

Men of the spirit
March on to build a new tomorrow;
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only,
Theirs is the joy, the godly sorrow.

Men of the spirit
Are men of flesh and blood and iron,
Theirs is the war that's never won, but winning,
Theirs is the mission never done.

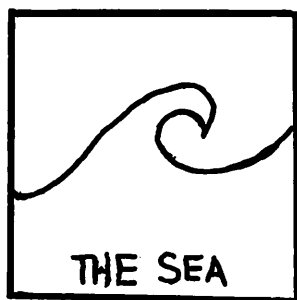
Men of the spirit
Are black, tan, brown, white, red, and yellow,
Theirs is the task to build the earth, the future,
Their lives are given for their fellow.

Men of the spirit
Fight on and hold the common vision.
Theirs is not wealth nor status nor vainglory,
Theirs is not discord nor division.

Men of the spirit
March on to build a new tomorrow,
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only,
Theirs is the joy, the godly sorrow.

THE POP

The popular song, so called because it is the music that catches the heart of the man on the street, has always been the mode of expressing best man's dreams, hopes, and fantasies about life. The popular song that comes from the depths of life is the one that sees through the brutality of life to the wonder that life holds. These are the songs that fete the fates. In the midst of the awareness of the tragedy and brokenness of a world shattered by global war, hunger and poverty, the music and lyrics of popular songs have seen through this tragedy to the depths of man's dreams. It must be said in our time particularly that there is always present the tendency to allow a surface expression of music to slip into stoicism or romanticism, both of which are indications of man's struggle to live with life the way it is. The soldier who sat and sang of home and his sweetheart was no romantic. He sang over against the exposure to raw death.



feting the fates

MYSTERY

Tune: Yesterday

Mystery, I see death as my reality
Everything is now absurdity
I'm helpless, stunned by Mystery.
Suddenly, pulled apart, I cry unceasingly
There's no chance to win nor place to flee
And all is known by Mystery.

In my deeps I feel a new power, intensity.
My whole past's recast and I'm now a different me
This feast unsettles me
And in doubt I say it cannot be
Then, while lonely, yearning endlessly
My life submits to Mystery.

Mystery, floods me with my own futility
As I see in life's mundanity
The dreadful presence constantly.
I can't flee, everywhere my life's exposed to me
I am haunted, hounded endlessly
My guilt's known by the Mystery.

Then my crippled legs start to dance, I'm fancy-free
Blinding light - a voice - says the Promised Land's for me
Yet giants there I see
Life's cruel joke has disillusioned me
Wounded is my life eternally
Enraptured with the Mystery.

AT THE CENTER

Tune: Try to Remember

When you encounter the light at the center
The final dawn of worlds converging,
When life's illumined by light at the center
Assured by wisdom's swift emerging,
When knowings ended in light at the center
And life's sacred meaning is in you surging,
Then at the center, in blinding encounter
You be it.

When you encounter the peace at the center
Where earthly hopes are all transcended,
When life's unburdened with peace at the center
Where worldly cares are all suspended,
When you're delivered to peace at the center
And for mortal foes your hatred's ended,
Then at the center, where no problems enter
You be it.

When you encounter the joy at the center
Your tingling deeps in animation,
When you're possessed by the joy at the center
All things received with affirmation,
When you are speechless in joy at the center
And each moment brimming with wild vibration,
Then at the center, in wonder filled rapture
You be it.

When you encounter the life at the center
Condemned to be a dead man waking,
When you are boundless with life at the center
Compelled to live on water waltzing,
When you are risen to life at the center
A man who is ageless with hist'ry walking,
Then at the center, while dancing forever
You be it.

FREE AM I

Tune: Summertime

Free am I, come aware at the center
 Standing nowhere, and forever exposed
 Building who I am, and what I am to be,
I'm now becoming, endlessly.

Free am I, fated to life and dying
 There is nought to blame, life's a gift I receive
 Feeling all men's woes and creating the future,
I'm final measure, endlessly.

Free am I, now beyond good and evil
 I decide the right, and surrender the deed
 Ever smiled upon by the power of Being,
I'm then commissioned, endlessly.

Free am I, coming home on the journey
 Putting gods to flight with the bend of my knee
 Heavy burdens light, all my cares made easy,
I'm under judgment, endlessly.

IN THE WORLD OF SPIRIT

Tune: If I Were A Rich Man

In the world of spirit,
radically contingent, trustful expectation,
intense shock

Life's impacted by the mystery,
and it's all a cloud of awe!

In the world of spirit,
revelation of enigma, wheel of fortune,
no excuse

One essential task, create the world,
Sudden reeling, mystery's won the day.

Oneness of all creation,
wholly engulfed in marching with all of history.
Binding the wounds of time, everything's worthwhile.
The other world you see through all and move
mountains,
and there's none to show the way.
All in love with life and all poured out.

In the world of spirit,
resurrectional existence, gloriously
condemned to waltz,
Rapture walks with woe, struck dumb by bliss,
playing in a symphony,
In the world of spirit,
irresistably impelled, and simply all a-tingle now
Running on an endless marathon
Sudden reeling, mystery's won the day.

Repeat 2nd verse

and

Repeat 3rd verse through "all a-tingle now"

Coda: Running on an endless marathon
Suddenly deciding I'm the one
Running on an endless marathon
Mystery has won the day.

A STRANGE GLADNESS

Tune: Cabaret Medley

Shocking!
My life's anew, vict'ry
Shocking!
It's certitude, trembling
Illumination, light within, without
I am that light, there's meaning everywhere
And it is shocking!
It's all come clear, It is
The other world, the other world, the other world.

Nothing to hate now and nothing to fear
Within the human pain
Oh, it's the other world, my friend
Come lay your burdens down.

Moments of rapture and seizures of bliss
Within the human woes
Oh, it's the other world, my friend
Come live triumphantly.

The other world is in this world
It's part of every life for those who have the eyes to see
and choose it.

Living my life and embracing my death
Within the human way
Oh, it's the other world, my friend
Come dance a happy death!

Shocking!
My life's anew, vict'ry
Shocking!
It's certitude, trembling
Illumination, light within, without
I am that light, there's meaning everywhere
And it is shocking!
It's all come clear, It is
The other world, the other world, the other world.

THIS EARTH IS NOT MY HOME

Tune: Tradition

This earth is not my home
I am a stranger here
I saw around the globe
A mighty word appear.
It seized my deepest soul
And made me realize
The world's a mystery
It rings with ancient cries

The Mystery
The Mystery

It flashed before my eyes
And then it went away
I seek it constantly
But lose it every day
I trust it to my death
It carries all my dreams
Its wholeness fills my life,
My brokenness redeemed.

The Mystery
The Mystery

THE VISION

Tune: Sounds of Silence

We heard the cry from the past;
We heard the cry, set forth at last.
Our ancestors plead to live our time,
The crimson line their only awesome sign.
Now all the earth cries out within our hearts,
Agony,
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time,
Beyond the race of all mankind,
I see living bodies torn and crushed,
Life emerging from the arid dust.
Now the face I see is dark beyond all hope,
Mystery,
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold,
Pain and joy and hope untold.
We cannot contain ascending life,
Nor escape the chaos and the strife;
Now the wonder of our God is struggle and love
Eternally,
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark,
Lightning moment in our dark.
The birth and death of every star and tree,
The dread assault of spirit within me,
Then God confronts me with terror and with love,
Ecstasy,
Comes the dawn of silence.

Burning flame and life is born,
Burning flame and all is gone.
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,
Grasping now that only nothing exists,
Then I plumb the abyss, my life becomes new birth,
Ceaselessly,
Comes the dawn of silence.

ALL LIFE IS OPEN

Tune: Guantanamera

All life is open,
Embrace the future with vision,
Die your death for the living,
The mystery has received all.

Our knowledge falters and crumbles,
Our thoughts turn banal and senseless,
Our feelings flood in to drown us,
Our hearts cry out, "Push no further!"
But don't stop now, lead us onward
To what we know yet cannot see.

The real world bursts in upon us,
Our cares are ruthlessly tromped on,
Yet our desires are unceasing,
The power pushes us further.
Is there no end to this chaos?
Must separation be final?

Illusions trap us and bind us,
We can't endure endless struggle,
We need our promise of greatness,
Or must withdraw isolated.
Then life demands we embrace all,
That all is good and accepted.

We see our linkage to history,
We see the duty demanded,
Our cares unite in the power,
All life is served in obedience.
We give our minds, hearts, and spirits
To forge the free deed in history.

But we alone can do nothing,
We stumble on in our weakness,
Till we unite in the mission
And structure human endeavors,
For we belong to the movement
That lays its life down for all men.

A PRAYER: THE TIME IS COME

Tune: Waiting for the Sunrise

O God, the world is waiting for resurgence
Every heart is waiting for you
The hopes of man, the spirit deeps are crying,
Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, old men are dreaming dreams of future
And young men see visions of hope
The prophecy from daughters all is rising
Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, pour out a portion of your spirit
Give a sign of what is to come
Send down the fire of power and repentance
Now, O God, the time is come!

O God, be with us on our journey always
As we serve the anguish of men,
Save us unto thy everlasting glory
Now, O God, the time is come!

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