

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, March 23, 2025 - 11:00 A.M.

"Women Hold Up Half the Sky"

Presenter: Rev. Denise D. Tracy

Music by February Sky

*Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,
are on the pages following this one.*

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: "Isabella Gunn," by Eileen McGann

OPENING WORDS "Transcendental Etude," by Adrienne Rich

CHALICE LIGHTING: (unison) (see below)

OPENING HYMN: #109 Bread and Roses (or see below)

TIME FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART: "The Woman and the Sand Dollar"

READING: "Right to Life," by Marge Piercy

SERMON: Women Hold Up Half the Sky - The Rev. Ms. Denise D. Tracy

DISCUSSION/REFLECTION

UNISON OFFERTORY READING (see below)

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Auld Wife Ayond the Fire," Trad. Arr.

JOYS AND SORROWS

SPOKEN MEDITATION: "It Matters What We Believe," by Sophia Lyon Fahs

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Ella's Song," by Bernice Johnson Reagon

(see below)

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison) (see below)

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Sacagawea," by Susan Urban

ISABELLA GUNN

Eileen McGann

My name it is Isabella Gunn, I'm a woman both true and strong
From Orkney's rocky isles I come, but now listen unto my song
When I was young, I had a lad, as I loved, so he loved me
But poverty made him sell his land to travel across the sea

It was in the summer of eighteen six, my lover and I set sail
To stay with him I used my wits, and my courage it did not fail
In men's attire, I stowed away to join that jolly crew

Side by side we worked each day, and only my lover knew
And oh how I loved those rocky cliffs and the windy and treeless shore
And oh how it broke my heart to leave,

But I loved my dear one more, much more, I loved my dear one more.

My love was signed by the Hudson's Bay for to be a voyageur
To paddle and explore the northern ways, to trade and transport fur
And if you think I would be left behind, it's little that you understand

For on the very next line I signed for to do the work of a man

And oh how I loved the life we led, though my love and I worked apart
But adventure delighted my very soul,

And the forest land healed my heart, my heart, the forest land healed my heart

The company signed me to work three years, and I had well proved my worth
But eighteen months fulfilled my fears, and I found that I'd soon give birth
I hoped that the trees would afford me rest, but they found me as I lay

With my newborn son lying at my breast, there was little that I could say

They sent me downriver to wash the clothes of men I had worked beside
And though I did well enough I suppose, I felt that I'd rather have died

The only thing that gave me joy, my babe grew strong and hale

And I looked for the day when I'd take my boy and we'd follow the northern trail

And oh how I loved those rocky lakes and the stands of birch and pine

And oh in the spring how my heart turned North

For to search out this land of mine, of mine, to search out this land of mine

My name it is Isabella Gunn, and it's many long miles I've roamed

From Orkney's rugged isles I come, but now Canada is my home

For it's here I've come, and here I'll be, and here I'll find my rest

And my son's son's and daughters will follow me in this land that I love best

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

A Flame to Light Our Path by Debra Burrell

Fire consumes, and casts a bright light.

May our chalice flame consume our regrets for the past,
our fears about the future, and our worries about today.

May it light for us a path of joy and peace.

BREAD AND ROSES James Oppenheim/Mimi Fariña

As we go marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,

A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill-lofts gray

Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,

For the people hear us singing, "Bread and roses, bread and roses."

As we go marching, marching, we battle, too, for men,

For they are women's children and we mother them again.

Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes—

Hearts starve as well as bodies: give us bread, but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead

Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread;

Small art and love and beauty their trudging spirits knew,

Yes, it is bread we fight for—but we fight for roses, too.

As we go marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days—

The rising of the women means the rising of the race.

No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes,

But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

This congregation is the community of ourselves
Its energy and resources are our energy and resources.
Its wealth is what we share.
As we contribute to the life of this community,
We affirm our lives within it.

ELLA'S SONG

Bernice Johnson Reagon

REFRAIN:

We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes
Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons
And that which touches me most is that I had a chance to work with people
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me
To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail
And if I can shed some light as they carry us through the gale
The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on
Is when the reins are in the hand of the young who dare
to run against the storm
Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me
I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny
I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard
At times I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

We extinguish this flame but not the light of truth,

The warmth of community, or the fire of commitment.

These we carry in our hearts until we are together again.

SACAGAWEA

S.J. Urban

On my desk sits a coin of a bright golden hue,

On its face is a mother and her baby too.

It was issued the year when the century turned,

But nobody uses them now.

Sacagawea guided Lewis and Clark

On the journey on which those two men did embark.

Over three thousand miles she traveled with them,

No white men had been there before.

If it weren't for her they'd have not made it through,

When the natives saw her and her small child too,

Then they knew that the white men had come there in peace,

And never attacked them at all.

Sacagawea, she was owned by brute of a man,

Who had won her at gambling, and so she was his property.

And though she worked so hard on that long journey west,

Just a lazy do-nothing complainer was he.

At the end of the trip, all the men were paid fairly and well,

But Sacagawea for her labors received not one dime,

They rewarded her husband with land and with cash,

For by law, women could not be paid at that time.

It's been only two hundred short years since those days

When this woman was cheated of earnings she made.

Now there's women as scientists, judges and cops,

Their paychecks are made out to them.

Now there's lots of young women who aren't aware

That a short time ago, not one woman would dare

To be doing the work that they're doing today,

Five decades have made a big change.

Yes, we've further to go, we are not finished yet,

But I wish that Sacagawea was here now,

How amazed she would be that we vote and get paid,

And we cannot be owned like a cow.

There's a story that goes that Sacagawea perished young

In an Indian village where she had once lived as a girl.

But another one goes that she fled from that man,

And she built a new life for herself in the world.

And I choose to believe that the happier ending is true,

That Sacagawea found her true love on Comanche land,

And she lived to be nearly one hundred years old,

Now her legend lives on in this coin in the palm of my hand.