

First Congregational Church

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

An Open and Affirming Church

PO Box 350, 28 High Street, Wiscasset, Maine 04578

207-882-7544, www.uccwiscasset.org



We welcome you to the First Congregational Church of Wiscasset.

VISION: We are on a journey to reflect God's love, embracing diversity and affirming the dignity and worth of all.

MISSION: Together we strive to praise God, grow in faith, cultivate love, spread joy, care for all people and God's creation, promote peace, and do justice.



May 4, 2025

May 4, 2025
Third Sunday of Easter
Native American Sunday Observance
10:00am

* Indicates to please stand with your heart or your posture.

We joyfully welcome **all** to our worship service, including those who join us on Zoom! We invite you to join us for Coffee and Fellowship in Fellowship Hall immediately following worship.

The First Congregational Church of Wiscasset is an Open and Affirming Church affiliated with the Maine Conference of the United Church of Christ denomination.

For Your Contemplation:

“The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath – the bear, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes.” . . . from Chief Seattle’s speech

NOTE: ALL LITURGY TODAY IS TAKEN FROM VARIOUS
NATIVE AMERICAN RESOURCES.

PRELUDE *La fille aux cheveux de lin* (Claude Debussy) Peter McCann, piano

RINGING OF THE BELL

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

CHORAL INTROIT *Worthy is the Lamb* Ricky Manalo

* INVITATION TO WORSHIP

Eternally present God, and God of all creation, we aspire to be like those who fully felt the movement of the earth as wondrous and treated it as a gift from You. **Our ways of speed and progress and of development are not always the route of true wisdom which embraces all of life; the quiet forest and the wind swept plains and prairies.**

It is with respect that we remember the many tribes and countless Native Americans that inhabited this continent.

Yet it is also with a sense of shame and of accountability that we seek to right that which was taken unethically, immorally, and illegally.

In the name of justice and love for our neighbor, may we seek the One true Spirit at work in different ways with different people.

Let us embrace with friendship all of God's creation and listen and learn from the variety of ways that God chooses to touch and embrace us.

* HYMN

Morning Has Broken

No. 258

INVITATION TO CONFESSION

PRAYER OF CONFESSION (UNISON):

O Great Spirit, Whose voice I hear in the winds, and Whose breath gives life to all the world . . . hear me, I pray. I come before You as one of Your children. I am small and weak; I need Your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. May my hands respect the things You have made, my ears sharp to hear Your voice. Make me wise, so that I may know the things You have taught my people. The lesson You have hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength not to be superior to my sisters and brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself. Make me ever ready to come to You, so when life fades as a fading sunset, my spirit will come to You without shame.

WORDS OF ASSURANCE AND PARDON

CHORAL ANTHEM

As the Deer

Martin Nystrom

PSALTER READING

Psalm 8

JOYS AND CONCERNS: After each Joy or Concern please respond:

Pastor: "Lord," Congregation: "Hear our Prayer"

MORNING PRAYER

SILENT PRAYER

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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 debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

CHORAL RESPONSE

Amen

MUSICAL MEDITATION

As the Deer

Matin Mystrom

SCRIPTURE LESSON

Genesis 1:26 - 31

Liturgist: This is the Word of God.

People: Thanks be to God.

* HYMN OF PREPARATION

We Cannot Own the Sunlit Sky

No. 461

SERMON:

“Chief Seattle’s Speech” read by Rev. David Myers

MUSICAL MEDITATION

Waltz in B-minor (Frederic Chopin)

Manny Inacio, piano

OFFERTORY PRAYER

OFFERTORY

Sonata in G-minor (Joseph Haydyn)

Peter McCann, piano

* PRESENTATION WITH DOXOLOGY

No. 46

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise God, all creatures here below;

Praise God for all that love has done;

Creator, Christ, and Spirit, One. Amen.

* HYMN

Restless Weaver

No. 520

BENEDICTION

Wanda Lawrence, Chippewa

Someday an arrow will be broken, not in something or someone,
but by each humankind, to indicate peace, not violence.

**Someday openness with creation rather than domination over creation
will be the goal to be represented.**

Then the eagle will take the message of peace and love, and the people of the
red, white, yellow, brown, and black communities will live in love and
experience the presence of the Great Mystery in their midst.

Maybe someday can be today for you and me. Amen.

BENEDICTORY RESPONSE

Go now in peace. Never be afraid. God will go with you each hour of every day.

Go now in faith, steadfast, strong and true. Know God will guide you in all you do.

Go now in love, and show you believe. Reach out to others so all the world can see.

God will be there watching from above. Go now in peace, in faith, and in love.

POSTLUDE *Moment Musicaux, op. 16.* (Sergei Rachmaninoff) Manny Inacio, piano

You are invited to sit for the postlude.

* * * * *

“Our worship ends, let our service begin”

ABOUT TODAY’S SERMON:

By a little church on Bainbridge Island, within sight of the modern city of Seattle (to which he gave his name), lies the carefully tended grave of a great Indian orator, Chief Sealth (spelled “Seattle” by the early white settlers). While fearing the intentions of white men, he had welcomed them nonetheless and even accepted their God, becoming a very good Christian. He died in his eighties in June, 1866.

Twelve years earlier, in his elegant native language, Duwamish, Chief Seattle delivered the greatest, most tragic oration of his life at an assembly of tribes preparing to sign treaties with the whites who had overrun their lands. Fortunately, a young Seattle pioneer, Dr. Smith, took down what he said. Dr. Smith maintained afterward that his English was inadequate to render the full beauty of the great imagery and thought.

This speech, delivered in 1854, was on the year before a great treaty making council was held between fourteen Indian tribes and the United States government. While there are numerous versions of this speech, this version seems consistent with the intent and spirit. The government proposed that reservations be established, and although several tribes opposed this, treaties were signed: each of the fourteen tribes was to select its favorite home valley as its reservation. Three months later, war broke out. The conflict lasted three years and broke Indian strength in the northwest. Ironically, Sealth was a strong American ally throughout. Little else is known of his life.

NOTE: Liturgy for today’s worship is taken from *Flames of the Spirit: Resources for Worship*. Edited by Ruth C. Duck, The Pilgrim Press, New York, 1985

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Morning Has Broken

258

1. Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing, black-bird has
 2. Sweet the rain's new fall sun-lit from heav - en, like the first
 3. Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing born of the

spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing!
 dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness
 one light E-den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion,

Praise for the morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 of the wet gar - den, sprung in com-plete - ness where his feet pass.
 praise ev-ery morn - ing, God's re-cre - a - tion of the new day!

WORDS: Eleanor Farjeon, *Enlarged Songs of Praise*, 1931
 MUSIC: Traditional Gaelic melody, harm. David Evans, *Revised Church Hymnary*, 1927

BUNESSAN
 55.54D

Psalm 8

O LORD, our Sovereign,
how majestic is your name in all the earth!
You have set your glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouths of babes and infants
you have founded a bulwark because of your foes,
to silence the enemy and the avenger.
When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars that you have established;
what are humans that you are mindful of them,
mortals that you care for them?
Yet you have made them a little lower than God
and crowned them with glory and honor.
You have given them dominion over the works of your hands;
you have put all things under their feet,
all sheep and oxen,
and also the beasts of the field,
the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,
whatever passes along the paths of the seas.
O LORD, our Sovereign,
how majestic is your name in all the earth!

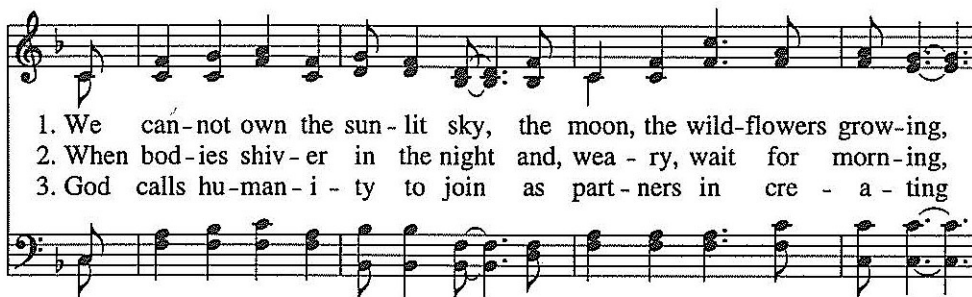
Genesis 1:26-31

Then God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.” So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them. And God blessed them, and God said to them, “Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.” And God said, “Behold, I have given you every plant yielding seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit; you shall have them for food. And to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the air, and to everything that creeps on the earth, everything that has the breath of life, I have given every green plant for food.” And it was so. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, a sixth day.

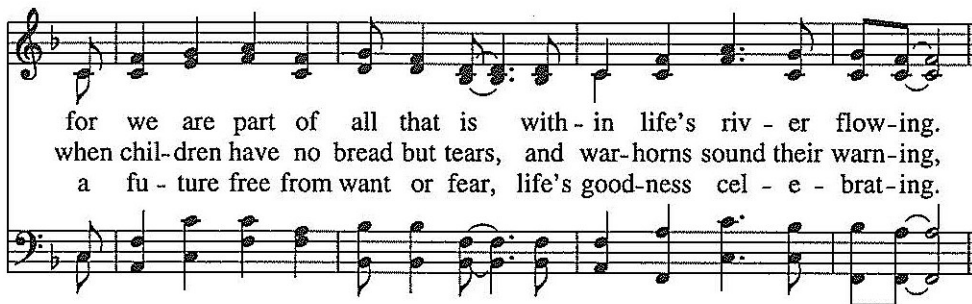
Liturgist: This is the Word of God for the people of God.

People: Thanks be to God!

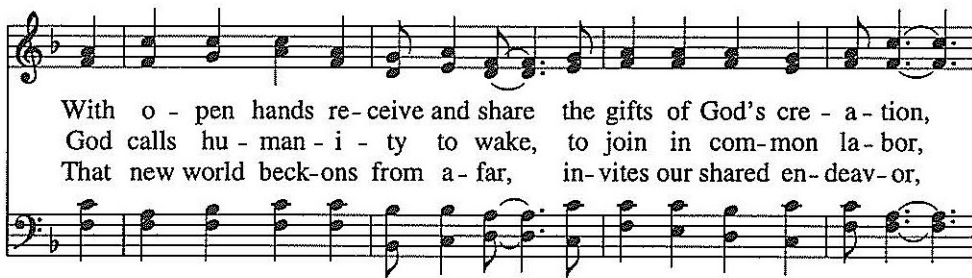
We Cannot Own the Sunlit Sky



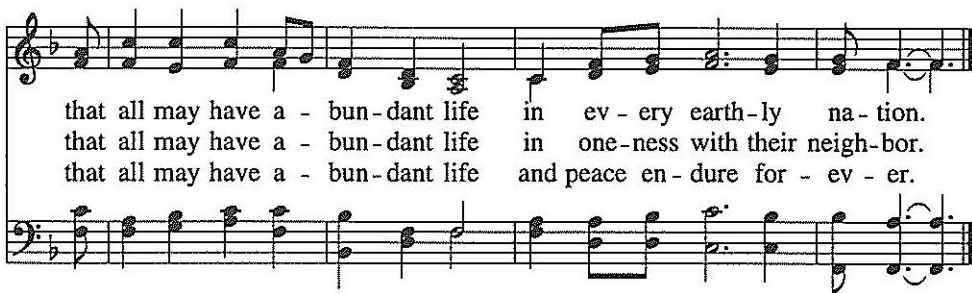
1. We can-not own the sun-lit sky, the moon, the wild-flowers grow-ing,
 2. When bod-ies shiv-er in the night and, wea-ry, wait for morn-ing,
 3. God calls hu-man-i-ty to join as part-ners in cre-a-ting



for we are part of all that is with-in life's riv-er flow-ing.
 when chil-dren have no bread but tears, and war-horns sound their warn-ing,
 a fu-ture free from want or fear, life's good-ness cel-e-brat-ing.



With o-pen hands re-ceive and share the gifts of God's cre-a-tion,
 God calls hu-man-i-ty to wake, to join in com-mon la-bor,
 That new world beck-ons from a-far, in-vites our shared en-deav-or,



that all may have a-bun-dant life in ev-ery earth-ly na-tion.
 that all may have a-bun-dant life in one-ness with their neigh-bor.
 that all may have a-bun-dant life and peace en-dure for-ev-er.

WORDS: Ruth Duck, 1984, rev. 1989

MUSIC: Attr. Robert Lowry, *Bright Jewels for the Sunday School*, 1869

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

87.87D

Restless Weaver

1. Rest - less Weav-er, ev - er spin-ning threads of jus - tice and sha-lom;
 2. Where earth's frag - ile web is rav-eling help us mend each bro-ken strand.
 3. When our vio - lent lust for pow - er ends in lives a - bus-ed and torn,
 4. Rest - less Weav-er, still con-ceiv - ing new life—now and yet to be—

dream-ing pat - terns of cre - a - tion where all crea - tures find a home;
 Bless our ur - gent, bold en-deav - ors cleans-ing wa - ter, air, and land.
 from com-pass-ion's stur-dy fab - ric fash-ion hope and trust re - born.
 bind-ing all your vast cre - a - tion in one liv - ing tap - es - try:

gath-er up life's var-ied fi - bers—ev - ery tex - ture, ev - ery hue:
 Through the Spir-it's in - spi - ra - tion—of-f'ring health where once was pain—
 Where in - jus-tice rules as ty-rant, give us cour - age, God, to dare
 you have called us to be weav-ers. Let your love guide all we do.

grant us your cre - a - tive vis - ion. With us weave your world a - new.
 strength-en us to be the stew-ards of your world knit whole a - gain.
 live our dreams of trans-for - ma - tion. Make our lives in - car-nate prayer.
 With your reign of peace our pat-tern, we will weave your world a - new.

David C. Myers
May 4, 2025
Native American Sunday

“Chief Seattle’s Speech” Psalm 8
Genesis 1: 26 – 31

ABOUT THIS SERMON:

By a little church on Bainbridge Island, within sight of the modern city of Seattle (to which he gave his name), lies the carefully tended grave of a great Indian orator, Chief Sealth (spelled “Seattle” by the early white settlers). While fearing the intentions of white men, he had welcomed them nonetheless and even accepted their God, becoming a very good Christian. He died in his eighties in June, 1866.

Twelve years earlier, in his elegant native language, Duwamish, Chief Seattle delivered the greatest, most tragic oration of his life at an assembly of tribes preparing to sign treaties with the whites who had overrun their lands. Fortunately, a young Seattle pioneer, Dr. Smith, took down what he said. Dr. Smith maintained afterward that his English was inadequate to render the full beauty of the great imagery and thought.

This speech, delivered in 1854, was on the year before a great treaty making council was held between fourteen Indian tribes and the United States government. While there are numerous versions of this speech, this version seems consistent with the intent and spirit. The government proposed that reservations be established, and although several tribes opposed this, treaties were signed: each of the fourteen tribes was to select its favorite home valley as its reservation. Three months later, war broke out. The conflict lasted three years and broke Indian strength in the northwest. Ironically, Sealth was a strong American ally throughout. Little else is known of his life.

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wants to buy our land.

The Great Chief also sends words of friendship and good will.

This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are a part of the earth and it is a part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our brothers and sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle; these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the

juices of the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man – all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us.

The Great Chief sends word that he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably by ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children.

So, we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you land you must remember that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are my brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember and teach your children that the rivers are our brothers and your brother, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

The red man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mist of the mountains runs before the morning sun. But the ashes of our fathers are sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so these hills, these trees; this portion of the earth is consecrated to us.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his fathers' graves behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. His father's graces and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered; sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white-man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling leaves in spring or the rustle of the insect's wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the

frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by the midday rain or scented with the pinion pine.

The air is precious to the red man for all things share the same breath – the beast, the tree, the man – they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And the wind must also give our children the spirit of life. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it sacred, as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow’s flowers.

We will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition: the white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffalos on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit on the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know. The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he merely is a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people. We will live apart, and in peace. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame, and after defeat they turn to spend their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet foods and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days. They are not too many. A few more hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on this earth or that roam now in small bands in the woods will

be left to mourn the graves of a people who once were as powerful and hopeful as yours. But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of people, nothing more. People come and go, like the waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from our common destiny. We may be brothers after all, we shall see. One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover – our God is the same God. You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land, but you cannot. He is the God of man and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to Him and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator. The whites too shall pass: perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Continue to contaminate your own bed, and you will one day suffocate in your own waste.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man. That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, then the secret corners of the forest will be heavy with the scent of the many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by the talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone.

Where is the eagle? Gone.

And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt?

The end of living and the beginning of survival.

So, we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we agree it will be to secure the reservation you have promised. There perhaps, we may live out our brief days as we wish. When the last red man has vanished from this earth, and his memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people. For they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat.

So if we sell you our land, love it as we've loved it. Care for it as we cared for it. Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when you take it. And with all your strength, with all your mind, with all your heart, preserve it for your children and love it . . . as God loves us all.

Those serving you today:
Interim Minister: Rev. David Myers
Music Director/Organist: Joel Pierce
Pianist: Peter McCann & Manny Inacio
Reader: Margot Stiassni-Sieracki

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Spring Walk to Build, May 4. Habitat for Humanity 7 Rivers Maine will hold their annual “Spring Walk to Build” the afternoon of May 4th. If you are willing and able to write a check, please make it out to HFH7RM and bring it or mail it to church. Or place it in the offering Plate today May 4.

If you are interested in walking, please call Cindy Clement at 301 788 1838 to get registered.

Chair Yoga with Samantha, Wednesday, May 7, 12:00 Noon.

Talent and Services Auction and Pot-Luck Luncheon, date still to be determined.

News from the Pastoral Search Committee

On Saturday, May 17th at 5:30 we invite you to a potluck supper where you can meet and converse with a candidate for the position of settled pastor.

At this time the candidate has not yet told their current church that they might be leaving, so we can't give you details now (notice the gender neutral pronouns!), but perhaps one little fact will be of interest. This candidate currently lives in Maine! A written bio will be provided that evening. The candidate will provide the sermon the next morning, and a congregational meeting will be held immediately after worship to vote on terms of call.

Please bring food of your choice to share with others on the 17th.

If we have all desserts, we will thank God for the sweetness of life.

If we have all vegetables, we will thank God for keeping us healthy.

If we have a lot of protein, we will thank God for maintaining our strength.

Gluten free options are welcome, and if your dish contains nuts or other known allergens, please bring a piece of paper that mentions the ingredients.

First Congregational Church UCC
Wiscasset, Maine
Notice of Special Congregational Meeting
To be held on
May 18, 2025 11:15am

Call: In accordance with its by-laws, members of the First Congregational Church, UCC of Wiscasset, Maine, are hereby notified that a special congregational meeting will be held in person and on Zoom on Sunday, May 18, 2025, at 11:15, following worship.

The purpose of this meeting is to vote on the Call Agreement between First Congregational Church of Wiscasset and the proposed candidate to be our settled Pastor.

Members without internet capability or with limited access will be able to call in to participate. More information regarding how to access the meeting will be shared as the meeting date draws closer.

May 4, 2025
Becky Lenz
Church Clerk

Coming Up:

Sunday, May 4:	Choir Practice, 8:10am Sunday Worship – 10:00am Outreach Team, Quarterly Meeting after Church No Youth Group
Monday, May 5:	Mah Jongg, 6:00 – 8:30pm Faith Development Meeting, 6:30pm
Tuesday, May 6:	Office Hours 9:00am – 12:00pm
Wednesday, May 7:	Office Hours 9:00am – 12:00pm Organ Society, 9:30am Feed Our Scholars(FOS), 11:00am Chair Yoga with Samantha, 12:00 (Noon)
Thursday, May 8:	Office Hours 9:00am – 12:00pm
Saturday, May 10:	Garden Club Plant Sale, at the Town Hall
Sunday, May 11:	Choir Practice, 8:10am Sunday Worship – 10:00am Youth Group, 11:45am

Please take note of the colored paper prayer slips in the pew rack. These are for you to write a word or phrase of prayer or concerns and place it on the plate of offering. It will only be shared with the pastor.

Need a ride or Can you provide a ride?

If you need or would be willing to provide a ride to and from church on Sundays for those unable to drive, please call Lisa Hargreaves at 207.315.0802.

Volunteer Opportunity at St. Philip's Church

St. Philip's is looking for volunteers to help in the Bargain Basement thrift shop. Contact Sharman Ballantine at sharman1738@gmail.com or 207 481 1043 for more info.