



trinity @7

11.03.2024

welcome

Trinity @7 welcomes you in person and via Zoom. This is a time where we enjoy jazz combined with poetry and a thoughtful reflection. We're always glad to see you and to share this special time together. Even though some of us are in person and others on Zoom, we are one community for a little while. What joy!

No matter the venue, may you experience stillness when it is needed and much joy and laughter when they are needed, or perhaps when least expected. Besides beautiful music and words, we hope this evening brings you a little bit of peace.

We will continue to have a candle lighting time, either at a candle wall in the chapel or in your home.

welcome

a moment with nature

a centering prayer

Let us pray.

Set aside the noise.

Allow quiet prayer to enter my soul.

Silence creates a space for my:

Heartache to be felt

Anger to be heard

Tears to fall

Laughter to comfort

Gratefulness to flow

Joy to hold

Wonder to exist

Faithfulness to grow

Hear my intentions God:

Forgive my failings. See my intention to live in Your light.

To love as you love.

Help me feel the flow of your loving Spirit, I pray.

amen

interlude

You can sign up to receive a daily video from nature365. And it's free! Go to <https://www.nature365.tv>

Prayer is from the Corymeela Community of Northern Ireland.

Yellow Glove

by Naomi Shihab Nye

What can a yellow glove mean in a world of motorcars and governments?

I was small, like everyone. Life was a string of precautions: Don't kiss the squirrel before you bury him, don't suck candy, pop balloons, drop watermelons, watch TV. When the new gloves appeared one Christmas, tucked in soft tissue, I heard it trailing me: Don't lose the yellow gloves.

I was small, there was too much to remember. One day, waving at a stream—the ice had cracked, winter chipping down, soon we would sail boats and roll into ditches—I let a glove go. Into the stream, sucked under the street. Since when did streets have mouths? I walked home on a desperate road. Gloves cost money. We didn't have much. I would tell no one. I would wear the yellow glove that was left and keep the other hand in a pocket. I knew my mother's eyes had tears they had not cried yet, I didn't want to be the one to make them flow. It was the prayer I spoke secretly, folding socks, lining up donkeys in windowsills. *To be good*, a promise made to the roaches who scouted my closet at night. *If you don't get in my bed, I will be good*. And they listened. I had a lot to fulfill.

The months rolled down like towels out of a machine. I sang and drew and fattened the cat. Don't scream, don't lie, don't cheat, don't fight—you could hear it anywhere. A pebble could show you how to be smooth, tell the truth. A field could show how to sleep without walls. A stream could remember how to drift and change—next June I was stirring the stream like a soup, telling my brother dinner would be ready if he'd only hurry up with the bread, when I saw it. The yellow glove draped on a twig. A muddy survivor. A quiet flag.

Where had it been in the three gone months? I could wash it, fold it in my winter drawer with its sister, no one in that world would ever know. There were miracles on Harvey Street. Children walked home in yellow light. Trees were reborn and gloves traveled far, but returned. A thousand miles later, what can a yellow glove mean in a world of bankbooks and stereos?

Part of the difference between floating and going down.

interlude

Naomi Shihab Nye (b. 1952) is an American poet about whom the Poetry Foundation says, "she is known for poetry that lends a fresh perspective to ordinary events, people, and objects. Nye has said that, for her, 'the primary source of poetry has always been local life, random characters met on the streets, our own ancestry sifting down to us through small essential daily tasks.'"

Billy Collins (b. 1941) is an American poet who has published numerous volumes of poetry, was appointed as Poet Laureate of the United States from 2001 to 2003, and has taught at Columbia University and City University of New York

The History Teacher

by Billy Collins

Trying to protect his student's innocence he told them the Ice Age was really just the Chilly Age, a period of a million years when everyone had to wear sweaters.

And the Stone Age became the Gravel Age, named after the long driveways of the time.

The Spanish Inquisition was nothing more than an outbreak of questions such as "How far is it from here to Madrid?" "What do you call the matador's hat?"

The War of the Roses took place in a garden, and the Enola Gay dropped one tiny atom on Japan.

The children would leave his classroom for the playground and torment the weak and the smart, mussing up their hair and breaking their glasses,

while he gathered his notes and walked home past flower beds and white picket fences, wondering if they would believe that soldiers in the Boer War told long, rambling stories designed to make the enemy nod off.

interlude

Of History and Hope

by Miller Williams

We have memorized America,
how it was born and who we have been and where.
In ceremonies and silence we say the words,
telling the stories, singing the old songs.
We like the places they take us. Mostly we do.
The great and all the anonymous dead are there.
We know the sound of all the sounds we brought.
The rich taste of it is on our tongues.
But where are we going to be, and why, and who?
The disenfranchised dead want to know.
We mean to be the people we meant to be,
to keep on going where we meant to go.

Stanley Miller Williams (1930 – 2015) was an American contemporary poet, as well as a university professor, translator, and editor. He produced over 25 books. Williams read "Of History and Hope" at the second inauguration of Bill Clinton in 1997.

But how do we fashion the future? Who can say how
except in the minds of those who will call it Now?
The children. The children. And how does our garden grow?
With waving hands—oh, rarely in a row—
and flowering faces. And brambles, that we can no longer allow.

Who were many people coming together
cannot become one people falling apart.
Who dreamed for every child an even chance
cannot let luck alone turn doorknobs or not.
Whose law was never so much of the hand as the head
cannot let chaos make its way to the heart.
Who have seen learning struggle from teacher to child
cannot let ignorance spread itself like rot.
We know what we have done and what we have said,
and how we have grown, degree by slow degree,
believing ourselves toward all we have tried to become—
just and compassionate, equal, able, and free.

All this in the hands of children, eyes already set
on a land we never can visit—it isn't there yet—
but looking through their eyes, we can see
what our long gift to them may come to be.
If we can truly remember, they will not forget.

interlude

Lucky

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Like a stupid
weed, like
a persistent,
stubborn,
unrelenting
weed grown
from a seed
no one planted,
it thrives now
in the rubble
of my heart,
this unasked for,
perfect, spreading
tap-rooted
hope.

interlude

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer is a published Colorado poet and acappella singer. She wrote a poem a day from 2006 until the death of her son in August 2021. After taking a break from writing, she resumed her practice of a poem a day. Visit her at www.wordwoman.com

reflection

interlude

meditation



interlude with candle lighting

While Krista plays, feel free to light a candle at one of the walls. Let's do so mindfully and one at a time, leaving space between you and the person in front. If you're lighting a candle at home, do so as if you were in a sacred space. You are.

closing prayer for the road

Beloved, send us
into the November night renewed and at peace;

Center our hearts in your presence
even as we are surrounded by others;
that we may be patient with friends,
enemies, and ourselves.

Assist us in our mindfulness
toward the wholeness of life;
that we may return to our source.

And when it is time to stop at an unexpected moment,
or let go when we cannot see the consequences,
may we entrust ourselves to your love;

**Listening more than asking,
Hearing more than needing,
Opening our minds for knowing,
And healing our hearts for loving.
amen**

postlude

announcements

Trinity Jazz Series

Krista Seddon Presents Lecture-Performance Connecting Classical and Jazz Music

November 22 @7pm, "Why The Beatles Still Speak To Us"

Purchase tickets [here](#) or scan the QR code to the left.

If you'd like to help make this evening a success, please sign up [here](#) to volunteer or scan the QR code to the right. There are various roles needed, including food donations.



Trinity Discussion Group: Love God, Love God's World

Join Tim Lane and Jeffrey Tooke on **Wednesdays @7pm** via [Zoom](#) (Meeting ID: 816-6863-4672 Passcode: trintalk) to explore creation care and environmental ministry using the Episcopal Church's *Love God, Love God's World* curriculum. Sessions will include compelling readings and videos, faith-based reflections, and discussion questions. Participants will discover ways to learn, pray, advocate, and conserve. Please email Jeffrey Tooke at jeffreytooke@outlook.com to sign up and receive weekly course materials.

Buffalo Bills & Veterans Pregame Party Sunday, November 10

Come watch the Bills game with Trinity fans after the 10:30 service on Sunday, November 10. All are welcome to a veteran appreciation pregame party (potluck style) leading up to 1pm kickoff. Contact Christian at christian.eshelman@yahoo.com with any questions. Please sign up with your expected contribution for the potluck at <https://www.signupgenius.com/go/70A0C4FAFA629A3F58-52062766-bills>.

Hamlin Park School has requested the following items for a grab-and-go toiletry table at their November 16 Saturday Academy which serves entire families of Hamlin Park students.

deodorant	socks & underwear of any size
body lotion	toothpaste & toothbrushes
body wash	feminine products
hair products	

Please consider purchasing some of these items, and bring them to the bin in the red carpet area of the main church or the bin in the chapel by **Monday, November 11**. For questions, please email Patti Nisbet at tudorspace@aol.com.

Creative Restorations invites Trinity to join their 2nd annual Thanksgiving dinner drive!

If you would like to donate any food items related to a traditional turkey dinner with all the fixings for those in need in Erie County, drop items off at church after the service OR contact Christopher at (716) 553-4886. They are hoping to help as many families in need as possible, and are accepting donations through November 27.

Volunteer Opportunities With One of our Partners

Creative Restorations INC is seeking dedicated volunteers to assist with the operation of our food pantry which serves those in need in our community. We are looking for help on **Mondays** from **9am-Noon**, **Wednesdays** from **12-3pm**, and **Fridays** from **3-6pm**. If you are interested in lending a hand and making a difference, please reach out to Chris Harzynski at 716-553-4886. Your support would be greatly appreciated!

Comfort and Care Team

The Comfort and Care Team is here to help and support you or someone you know experiencing health or other life challenges. Email any one of us to request prayers, a caring phone call, notes, information on resources, a friendly visit, or arranging meals.

Phoebe McKay, phoebemckay@gmail.com Marie Keane, MNMKeane@gmail.com
Susie Green, susie432@gmail.com Sara Merritt, smerrit172@gmail.com
Patti Nisbet, tudorspace@aol.com

Did you know?

Jung Center Buffalo hosts Allentown's "First Friday Gallery Walk." Highlighting a different artist each month, many visitors have had the opportunity to not only see an amazing art show, but to enjoy our beautiful landmark church! Everyone is encouraged to attend the first Friday of every month from **6:00 - 8:30pm**. Also, if you are an artist, please consider reaching out to Anna Marie Sinatra to discuss possibilities to highlight your work in 2025. Send her an email: AnnaMarie@SinatraSolutions.com today.

Parking at Trinity's Franklin Street Lot

When you come to a church service or other Trinity event, you can park in Trinity's Franklin Street lot without paying; the parking fees will not be enforced. You can use the lot any other time you are in the neighborhood, too, so that Trinity gets the parking fee! Use your smartphone to pay.





Trinity is an Episcopal Church in the Diocesan Partnership of Western New York and Northwest Pennsylvania.

 Facebook: [@Trinitybuffalo](https://www.facebook.com/Trinitybuffalo)

 YouTube: [Trinity Church Buffalo](https://www.youtube.com/TrinityChurchBuffalo)

 Instagram: [@trinitychurch.buffalo](https://www.instagram.com/trinitychurch.buffalo)

www.trinitybuffalo.org • (716) 852-8314

371 Delaware Ave, Buffalo, NY 14202

Many thanks to Krista Seddon, our gifted pianist.

Thank you to Matt Lincoln for bringing us together in every way he can imagine and then for being with us and reflecting from his heart.

Thank you to our host and readers.

Gratitude to our tech volunteers, Christian, Karen, and June.

Thank you to all the poets and musicians in the world who reflect life back to us in the most beautiful ways.

And of course, thank you.



Sign up [here](#) to get Trinity's eNews to stay in touch!

If you'd like to visit Trinity Church in person for some quiet contemplation or to view the stunning stained glass windows, you can schedule an appointment with the parish administrator Colleen O'Neill, coneill@trinitybuffalo.org.



Your donation can be an expression of your gratitude for Trinity and all the blessings in your life.

You can [donate online here](#), scan the QR code, text the word "give" to (716) 221-8580 OR as you exit, you can make a contribution in the Big Blue Urn.

Thank you for your participation and contribution. Peace.



All services are in person AND online.

Sunday @10:30am Includes communion at an open table

Sunday @7:00pm An encounter with God through poetry, jazz, and meditation

Wednesday @Noon Prayer and holy conversation

Thursday @7pm 12steps@Trinity, based on 12-step spirituality