

Assembly Summer Worship 2020: *Small Things*

Through the seasons of Lent, Eastertide, and Pentecost we have gone through some big things, perhaps the biggest, a global pandemic which has affected our community, our congregation, our households, ourselves in myriad ways.

This summer we have asked a series of storytellers to focus on a wide variety of *Small Things*. Inspired by the Wendell Berry poem below, we want to pay attention to small things that connect us, ground us, move our focus beyond ourselves.

Children of Assembly: You are an important part of our congregation and of our worship. This summer the Children's Time will be led by the children, who will share about things they are thinking and feeling. Each Sunday you will hear from your friends - children of an Assembly family - be sure to watch for that in the service. You will also receive a special "Small Journal" where you can write and draw about the small things in your life.

This "Small Journal" will be printed and delivered to the homes of children ages 3 to middle school. High school youth and adults are welcome to print out their own copy of the journal for reflecting.

By now, most of us know the possibilities and limits of virtual worship. There are lots of things we can't do, but our wish is to share what we can: seeing, hearing, puzzling, connecting in fresh ways. Even in the strangeness, how might the Maker of all come to us, returning in rest and renewal? What might you read, ponder, or practice to help you notice the small things - all carried close to God's heart?

VII

Again I resume the long
lesson: how small a thing
can be pleasing, how little
in this hard world it takes
to satisfy the mind
and bring it to its rest.

Within the ongoing havoc
the woods this morning is
almost unnaturally still.
Through stalled air, unshadowed
light, a few leaves fall
of their own weight.

The sky
is gray. It begins in mist
almost at the ground

and rises forever. The trees
rise in silence almost
natural, but not quite,
almost eternal, but
not quite.

What more did I
think I wanted? Here is
what has always been.
Here is what will always
be. Even in me,
the Maker of all this
returns in rest, even
to the slightest of His works,
a yellow leaf slowly
falling, and is pleased.

"VII" by Wendell Berry from *This Day*. © Counterpoint Press, 2013. Reprinted with permission. Color emphasis added.

Sunday, June 7	Seeds
Sunday, June 14	Art
Sunday, June 21	Babies and Small Children
Sunday, June 28	Small Acts of Kindness
Sunday, July 5	One House at a Time: MDS
Sunday, July 12	A Grain of Sand
Sunday, July 19	Small acts of Remembrance
Sunday, July 26	TBD
Sunday, August 2	Birds