

*"I guess the Garcías won't be coming to visit anymore."*

## *Immigration Nation*

*A Worship Service by the REV. JEFF BRIERE  
Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga  
November 13, 2011*

Good morning. Welcome to the Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga. My name is Jeff Briere, I am the minister of this church and to begin our service let's sing Hymn 169, "We Shall Overcome."

### *HYMN 169, We Shall Overcome*

We shall overcome,  
We shall overcome,  
We shall overcome,  
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe  
we shall overcome some day!

We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand,  
We'll walk hand in hand,  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe  
We'll walk hand in hand some day!

We shall all be free,  
We shall all be free,  
We shall all be free,  
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe  
We shall all be free some day.

We shall live in peace,  
We shall live in peace,  
We shall live in peace,  
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe,  
We shall live in peace some day!

### *GREETINGS*

**Wendes.** **Thanks so much** for joining us in worship today. We hope you find the service rewarding and that you leave here inspired and uplifted. If you wear a hearing aid, please turn on the T switch or if you'd like a set of headphones, please see the sound tech.

If you have a particular **joy or sorrow** or something you'd like added to the prayer of the people, please clearly write it on an index card

and drop it in the basket back there. You may sign it or not, as you wish.

Coming up next week, we'll begin passing out the boxes for **Guest At Your Table**. Check out the display on the bulletin board for more information.

**On Thanksgiving Day** at the church, please join us for a traditional meal. Kate and Jeff prepare turkey, stuffing and gravy; you bring a dish to pass. There's a sign-up roster on the door by the kitchen.

Please check out **the complete listing of announcements** included with the bulletin. The best way to find out what's happening around here is to sign up for a weekly e-mail. To do that, please see Chris in the office.

For music today, we are happy to have Cricket and Snail with us.

*PRELUDE: Dance to Your Shadow*

*LIGHTING THE CHALICE*

Bart and Diana Solomon, would you light the chalice, please? Today, to accompany the lighting of the chalice, I have some words from Stephen Shick.

Spirit of the changing seasons, we trust and delight in the certainty that each change, no matter how wrenching, brings the promise of new life. Yet, in the affairs of our own lives, we sometimes have no such confidence. Moments of chaos can easily lead to despair and hopelessness. In troubled times, we pray that dawn follows the night and spring arrives after winter has lingered too long. In the uncertainty of such moments, we hope accept change with the delight of a child coming of age or an elder embracing new-found wisdom. When we long for the comforts of what can no longer be, lift our

heads above our losses and fears and cast our eyes on the promise of new beginnings.

*Story: How Could Anyone?*

This morning, I have a story about music. And about you.

You know we have transitions in our worship service, where we move from one element to the next, and we cover these transitions with music or a song. We sing a song when you leave for your classes, we sing one after the offertory and again after the Orison. Well, some people absolutely love these songs and other people absolutely hate them. The way I see it, we must be doing something right if people love it and hate it in equal measure.

When you leave for your classes, we used to sing "As You Go," but recently we have been singing another song called "How Could Anyone." And this song, like others before it, is loved by some and hated by others, so I thought I'd ask the music director to explain where the song comes from and why she chose it.

**Kate.** First, let me say that I am not a "wordsmith." That's most likely why I am a musician. I choose to express myself through music. As far as words go...oh yes, I can interpret, read, and present other people's words...no problem. I was even a champion speller in my middle school!

But ask me to write my own words, express my own thoughts and feelings in words? No way! I think that's why I married a writer. Thank goodness he is willing to repair my incomplete sentences, replace my exclamation points with periods, and put the commas where they belong. So, when Jeff asked me to "talk" about the song I recently chose to sing when the children leave for their classes, I panicked.

Back in August, Jeff chose a story for a service which spoke to feeling good about who you are, knowing that everyone has value and beauty in their own way. For that service I went to our new hymnal supplement, *Singing the Journey*. In the supplement, is a song by Libby Roderick entitled “How Could Anyone.” I had played it once or twice and Jeff thought it supported the message of his story so well, that we decided to use it that day to sing when you leave.

Maybe you had to be there, but it had a profound impact on several congregants that day. I even received several emails with positive feedback. And then on Monday, I heard from someone who asked me if I had seen *60 Minutes* the night before. No, I hadn’t, so I went to the computer and watched the segment reported by Lesley Stahl, called “Gospel for Teens.”

Gospel for Teens is a program started by Vy Higginson, a radio personality and theatre producer in New York City. She wanted to revive gospel music for teenagers to give them a sense of their history—who they are and where they came from. Here’s part of that report from *60 Minutes*. In these three video clips, you’ll see the reporter, Lesley Stahl, Vy Higginson and a teenaged girl, Gabby Françoise. The first video was shot at the auditions, in which hundreds of children come from all over the metropolitan New York City area.

You can see the whole report on You Tube. Just use the search term, “Gospel for Teens.”

Now I know you are full of confidence, smart, loved, and well cared for. Well, guess what? So was I. But I wish I had known someone who would have given me the message that this song gives our youth. It took 40 years and meeting someone who believed in me, for me to believe in myself, to even begin to imagine that I was beautiful, strong, smart and capable.

So, whenever I get the chance, I am going to send a message of

positive thoughts, confidence, hope, and possibilities to every young person I know. I am going to give them some sacred ground to stand on. I don’t think any of us can ever hear it enough.

How could anyone ever tell you,  
you were anything less than beautiful  
How could anyone ever tell you,  
you were less than whole  
How could anyone fail to notice  
that your loving is a miracle  
How deeply you’re connected to my soul.

*CHILDREN’S RECESSIONAL*

How could anyone ever tell you  
you were anything less than beautiful?  
How could anyone ever tell you  
you were less than whole?

How could anyone fail to notice  
that your loving is a miracle?  
How deeply you’re connected to my soul?

*OFFERTORY: Avinu Malkenu*

Once a month, this congregation gives away the offering to another agency working to make the world a better place. We’ll do that today as we share the plate with our Unitarian Universalist children in support of them as they participate in the Grateful Gobbler Walk. All monies donated to support the children will eventually be given to the Chattanooga Homeless Coalition.

In 1998 the Homeless Coalition produced an event called “Walk the Walk,” as a part of Homeless Awareness Week. This was a precursor to the Grateful Gobbler Walk in 2000. The first walk was a fund

raiser beginning at UTC student union, incorporated the Riverwalk and the Walnut Street Bridge. The walk was designated to raise funds for services for the homeless people provided by the Coalition and its member agencies.

In November of 2000, members of ten downtown congregations joined with the Homeless Coalition in organizing Chattanooga's first Thanksgiving Day walk for the homeless. All participants came together regardless of religious belief or background in order to work toward one common goal: helping some of the neediest individuals in our community.

Additional agencies and congregations have been added each year to this annual event, making this an event that is a Chattanooga tradition for many families. To date there have been over 15,000 walkers involved and the Coalition has raised over \$285,000.

The Homeless Coalition has these goals:

Promote an awareness of the issues faced by the homeless population in an effort to seek better long term solutions.

Promote cooperation within our diverse faith community to respond to the needs of our neighbors.

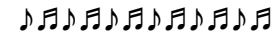
Promote philanthropy as well as a healthy lifestyle on a day characterized by overindulgence.

Raise a significant sum of money to benefit the homeless population through the Homeless Coalition and its member agencies.

For more information about the walk or to volunteer to help organize the walk you can see me after the service and I'll give you the information you need.

With that in mind, we'll receive the morning offering now for the our

Unitarian Universalist children in the Grateful Gobbler Walk in support of the Homeless Coalition. Please be generous when the plate comes your way. If you have a pledge payment, please mark it as such. The Wood-Wilhoit Memorial Food Bank is always happy to accept your donations of non-perishable food and household items for the Community Kitchen. The collection basket for that is by the front door. If you wish to light a personal candle of joy or sorrow, you may step up here and Mary Hunter will assist you.



Eternal Spirit of life and love, we are profoundly thankful for the blessings we experience today. Would that we recognize our blessings every day and remember to be thankful for them.

Jesse & Christina, please lead us in our Hymn of Thanksgiving.

*HYMN OF THANKSGIVING*

Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day,  
For all gathered here, and those far away,  
For this time we share, with love and care,  
Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day.

*ORISON*

*Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.*

Today, my prayer is simple. I pray for veterans—I pray they find peace and justice for themselves and their families. I urge you to honor, in the way you see fit, those who served. Before you leave today, please visit our Veteran's Memorial, right over there, where the names of veterans are written on the white ribbons that hang beside pictures of veterans. If you wish to add a name and photo, see me after the service. This is the prayer of the people, so in these next

few moments, please speak aloud the name of someone or something that needs our thoughts and prayers.

Please join me in the Orison.

Thou, which are everywhere,  
Many are your names.  
May we always feel your presence,  
May love and wisdom guide us,  
In our deeds as well as in our dreams.  
May we have what sustains our body and soul;  
Lead us first to forgive the mistakes of others  
Even as we hope our own mistakes will soon be forgiven.  
May we resist the temptation of the quick and easy,  
And be delivered from that which demeans and destroys life.  
May we live purposefully and joyfully  
in every moment, in every encounter,  
now, and in the time to come.

During this time of silence let us hold close to our hearts those who strive everyday to make the world a better place, but let us never forget those who suffer the fallout of war.

*Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.*

*RESPONSE*

When our heart is in a holy place  
When our heart is in a holy place  
We are blessed with love and amazing grace  
When our heart is in a holy place

*HERE*

Here may no one be altogether a stranger,

no honesty of thought ignored,  
no depth of feeling dismissed,  
no life belittled, and no life shut out.

Here may clarity of mind and heart  
be humbly treasured,  
brought to bear toward word and person.

Here may fellowship be treasured most of all  
and paths to sustain and renew it  
be sought and found.

Here may growth of spirit be our purpose;  
such understanding as shall lead us  
to make the world a better place.

*SERMON: Immigrants Я Us*

A couple weeks ago, someone spoke to me after the service and what she said, her exact words, I cannot recall, but the gist of it was that within the service, I had failed to take note of Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement. I know I can't please all the people all the time. We did, however, take note of the beginning of the Jewish High Holy Days when I spoke at length about Rosh Hashana and Kate blew the shofar. Perhaps the person who spoke to me was not present that day.

But I apologize for failing to mention Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. And to atone for my sins, I want to tell a story that Jews often tell each other during the High Holy Days. Atonement can mean several things, but I take it to mean a balance; balance in your relationships with your friends, your family and with your God. The Day of Atonement is the day to find your balance once again.

The story I want to tell is about Jonah the Prophet from the Bible.

Biblical prophets are predictable, except for Jonah. When any other prophet hears God's message, he responds "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!" And off he goes to deliver a long message to people who don't want to hear it.

Not Jonah. Jonah is different. God calls him to go to Nineveh to tell the people there that they are waaaay bad—wicked, even. Now the people in Nineveh are Assyrians, who are not the nicest ancient society. As a matter of fact, they beat up on the Jews any chance they get. Jonah knows this, and he has absolutely no desire to go to Nineveh, not even on a mission from God.

But Jonah is a prophet, and when God speaks, he responds, "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!" But when God turns his back, Jonah runs off to Tarshish, which is as far away as you can get—on land—from Nineveh. It's like if he were in Chicago and God tells him to go to San Diego, he goes to Boston instead.

Then Jonah decides that Tarshish is not far enough away from Nineveh, so he books passage on a cruise, figuring that God, like a bloodhound, cannot follow his trail through water. And besides, the farther he gets from Nineveh, the better he'll be.

Next thing you know, a big storm comes up. The people on the boat begin to wonder whose god is mad at them.

"Is it you?" they ask each other. "Not me. Is it you?" comes the reply.

Then they look at Jonah. He admits his God is mad at him, so in order to save their own lives, they throw Jonah overboard. And in fact, as soon as Jonah hits the water, the storm dies right down.

God, ever the crafty fellow, sends a big fish to save Jonah from drowning, but the big fish decides Jonah looks like lunch and swallows him right up.

You'd think at this point Jonah would just give up and do what he promised to do and go to Nineveh. But no, he holds out as long as he can. He stays inside that big fish's tummy for three days and three nights. Then Jonah decides that maybe life is better outside the fish even though he'll have to go to Nineveh. Unable to take it any more, he hollers real loud so God can hear him, "OK! All right already! I give up. I'll go to Nineveh."

The fish swims over to the nearest port of call and spits him out on the dock. As he's wiping off the fish gunk, God tells him to go to Nineveh with a very short, simple message. So Jonah goes to Nineveh and spends all day saying just this and only this: "Forty days more and Nineveh is no more!" One sentence, that's it. He doesn't even say how he knows or why he's there.

The funny thing is, everyone in Nineveh hears him, that is, they pay attention. And there's about 120,000 Assyrians living in Nineveh. It's a big city, but they all believe his message and repent, which means they see they were wrong, they ask God for forgiveness, and promise to do better.

So God changes his mind and decides to spare Nineveh.

Then Jonah gets peeved with God. He says, "Fer cryan out loud! Why the hell did I come here and waste my time, just so that in the end, you could save all these jerks? I mean, what's the point? Why didn't you just save them already and let me die? Just let me rot right here in the sun."

In reply, God sends him a little bush to give him some shade and Jonah decides it's better than nothing and goes to sleep. Then in the night God sends a worm to eat the bush, and the bush dies. Jonah, ever the drama king, cries, "I shoulda stood in the fish. I'd-a been better off as fish meal than living this life."

God says, "Awwwww, poor Jonah. Is this about the bush?"

Jonah says, “Duuh. Yeah, it’s about the bush! That’s the only shade I had.”

God says, “You care about the little bush, but you think I shouldn’t care about this great city with 120,000 people?”

At that point, Jonah understands. Or maybe not, because that’s the end of the story.

Now why do you think Jews tell this story on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement? For each of us, there is atonement. Atonement as a friend, as a colleague, as a parent, as a son or daughter, as a student, as a lover, as a human being, as an Assyrian. The Assyrians achieved atonement, even though they were waaaaay bad, even wicked. Jonah achieved atonement even though he first refused it.

Finding atonement is not too difficult. Look for that point of balance in your life. If you tilt too much one way or the other, just move a little closer to Nineveh. Move a little closer to what you fear.

The story of Jonah is a good metaphor for finding balance. And balance is what we need today in the discussion of immigration. American citizens and immigrants need to find a point of balance so that we can all get on with our lives. And some of us, I believe, are running away from atonement on the issue of immigration. Some of us are out of balance.

Full disclosure: Some of this sermon is taken from one I preached about a year ago on this same topic. I hope you have short memories. I was prompted to preach on immigration a year ago because Arizona had passed a law that allowed—forced—police to stop anyone they suspected was an undocumented immigrant. That law was challenged in court and has not yet been implemented. I am prompted to revisit immigration today because Alabama, right next door, has passed an even more restrictive immigration law, which is also being challenged in court.

The legislators passing these laws say they are forced into it because the federal government won’t address the issue. And why not? Why can’t the feds fix immigration?

I can. I have suggested before that we could fix immigration very easily by selling American citizenship. I’m only half-joking.

After they pass the citizenship tests, charge everyone \$500 for American citizenship. I am told we have about 11 million undocumented immigrants living here. Suppose we discount 10%—about a million—because they are criminals, and we deport them or put them in jails. Then if the remaining 10 million or so undocumented people applied for citizenship, we’d raise five billion dollars. And you know, a coyote charges \$5000 just to escort folks through the desert and across the border, so we could probably charge \$1000 and everyone would pay it. We could establish a lot of English classes and community centers with five or ten billion dollars. I know this won’t happen, but I’m just sayin’.

So why can’t or won’t Washington fix immigration? The way I see it, some people don’t want to fix immigration. Let me talk about the politics of this for a moment. Don’t worry, I won’t tell you how to vote. It is important to recognize the larger political context, for it is as important now as it was in the days of Selma.

The border states in the southern USA are a big political base for the Republican Party in part, because all the undocumented people living there are disenfranchised. They cannot vote. A path to citizenship for undocumented immigrants spells political doom for the Republicans and they know it. It is entirely in their interest to prevent immigration reform and they have set up a series of artificial roadblocks to it.

The conservatives plan to reduce the immigrant population through a policy of *attrition by enforcement*, that is, make the experience of being an undocumented immigrant so painful that people voluntarily

return to their original country. While this may sound plausible, in practice, it fosters harassment of *citizens and non-citizens* who are not clearly Anglo in ancestry.

Conservatives think that they can put the liberals in the “soft on crime” box by calling for this strategy. They would say they have the guts to take a firm stand while liberals are too wishy-washy to do anything effective. They are the strong fathers and liberals are enablers of bad behavior. This framing worked for Nixon, for Reagan and especially for George Bush, who got the country to go along with torture out of fear of being labeled wimpy.

As long as this issue bounces around Congress and in the national media, this framing works. However, the frame that beats the strong father frame is the brother-sister solidarity frame. When the siblings stand together against the abusive father, the dynamic changes.

The frame I’m talking about was proposed by George Lakoff several years ago. The strong-father model assumes that evil and danger will always lurk in the world, that life is difficult, that there will always be winners and losers and that children are born bad—they tend to do what feels good, not always what’s right—and they have to be made good.

A strict father is needed to protect and support the family and to teach his kids right from wrong. That can be done in only one way: punishment painful enough that, to avoid it, children will develop the discipline to be moral. Perhaps you can see why this model has some appeal with folks. It promises order in the midst of chaos and it punishes the evil-doers. It’s the Ten Commandments for modern society.

But framing and language are critical. The war on drugs, the war on terror, the crackdown on crime—all these use the strict father frame. And language. Take the two words, “undocumented” and “illegal.” Just those two words alone. Can you see how one immediately

prejudices the conversation? There is nothing good about anything “illegal.”

But *people* are not illegal, only actions. *People* can have documentation or not. It is useful to remember that being in the United States without having gone through the proper immigration procedures is not a crime. It is a civil offense—like jaywalking—and it is handled outside the criminal justice system. The undocumented person is guilty of nothing. Calling undocumented people “illegal” is a deliberate obfuscation and inflammatory.

What to do with an undocumented person who is accused of no crime? There are many suggested procedures for this and they are the subject of immigration reform legislation. That legislation is stalled because the conservatives will let nothing move forward that has any suggestion of “amnesty” in it. Amnesty is another obfuscation. That’s why the DREAM Act failed. The real motivation is the fear that someone will get away with something. Strict fathers cannot let their kids get away with something.

We cannot deport 11 million people without igniting civil unrest. We can’t insure healthy sexual practices by punishing unmarried mothers; we can’t stabilize marriage by denying it to gays and lesbians and we can’t fix our immigration system by punishing immigrants who want to work. Criminals, yes, punish them. But don’t harass everyone in the process.

How about we take a little test, OK? I want you to imagine an undocumented immigrant. In your mind’s eye, see an undocumented immigrant. Now that you can see that undocumented immigrant, I want you to picture that person’s home country. And now the test: Raise your hand if your immigrant came from somewhere south of the Rio Grande. Because of proximity and the staggering poverty in Latin America, more than 70% of undocumented immigrants come from Mexico and other Latin American countries.

Do you know an undocumented immigrant? Getting to know them and their stories might help us to better understand the human equation in this immigration mess. Here's one man. His name is Jose Antonio Vargas.

If you Google the phrase "immigration stories," you'll find thousands of stories of people who are here because they want to work, they want to study or they want to build a better life. And that's a good thing, in my opinion. That can only be good for this country. Most of their stories involve years of waiting, hundreds of inscrutable forms, changed requirements, bureaucratic bungles, everyday injustice, and now, stop and search laws. Emigrating to the United States is not for the faint of heart.

On Thursday night, we will show an 83 minute documentary about Tony & Janina, a Polish couple who were separated when Janina was deported. I don't want to give away the story, because it's really incredible. Here's a preview of the documentary.

Come see the entire documentary Thursday night at 7 pm. Admission is free—the producers and distributors of the film want the film to be seen by many people, and so they have agreed that in lieu of a license fee, they will accept whatever you offer. Tony and Janina's American Wedding will make you see how our immigration system is broken.

We can make immigration difficult. We can build a fence. We can deport people. But we can't stop them from wanting to build a better life. We can't stop people from wanting to live here. And I know that trying to control undocumented immigrants is a futile endeavor, especially when there are about eleven million of them. I know it for two experiences in my life.

One experience is that I have had the great good fortune to raise children. Young children you can usually bend to your will, but not teenagers. I confess, I tried that strict father thing. I was determined

that my daughters would not get away with anything. I'm here to tell you, "It doesn't work." Anyone in this room who has successfully controlled a teenaged girl, raise your hand. Teenagers find ways to sneak out of the house, just like Gabby Francoise. I did it and so did my daughters.

The other experience is buying a home on the side of a steep hill here in Chattanooga. When it rained, the water would come into the house. There would be standing water in the basement. The house came with a sump pump and I had to buy another. But I wanted to keep the water out. I wanted to use my basement for storage. Strict father that I am, I wanted to *control* that water.

The experts I consulted told me that I could spend a ton of money to build a waterproof barrier around my house and the water would just flow around the house. The only problem was that I could not afford to build that barrier.

The other choice they gave me is to let the water come in, but give it a way to go out again. In other words, let it go where it will, but co-opt it. And that's what I did. All around the perimeter of my basement, about 9 inches under the floor is a drain. Any water that comes into the house ends up in that drain, which leads outside on the downhill side.

So that's why I think the strict father thing won't work. We don't have enough police or time or money to enforce the laws we have now and passing more laws is not going to make the system work any better. And building a fence or a wall is not the answer, either. East Germany proved that.

I don't have all the answers. I just know what I know. Paul Simon said that. I know we need farm labor to sustain our diet. Drinking orange juice and eating romaine lettuce through the winter, making an apple pie on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, having avocados in February—all that is impossible unless we find ways to accommodate migrant farm

laborers, some of whom are undoubtedly undocumented. And the same goes for the slaughterhouses.

Most of us don't raise our own chickens or grow our own vegetables and fruits. And some of what we eat, pineapples for instance, just can't be grown in Tennessee. In the last hundred years, we have developed an agricultural system that runs on cheap labor. And if we want it to continue, we'll either have to accommodate undocumented workers or pay more or eat something else.

I did have another bright idea. You recall my first bright idea—selling American citizenship for \$1000. Here's the second: For those immigrants who come here to study, especially the sciences, let's find ways to make it easier for them to become citizens. Maybe those who study medicine could serve as physicians in rural areas for a few years after their residency. Let's find ways to co-opt their knowledge and skills, like the way I co-opted the water in my basement.

I really think we need to find ways for everybody to win. The strict father model, the restrictive laws, the stop-and-frisk thing, the heavy enforcement and crackdowns—all those are win-lose. Someone wins and someone loses. We need a win-win and I think we can find it. You can call it amnesty if it makes you feel better. But I am not advocating surrender. I am advocating a middle way, like the Buddha.

*HYMN 146, Soon the Day Will Arrive*

Soon the day will arrive  
when we will be together,  
and no longer will we live in fear.  
And the children will smile  
without wondering whether  
on that day thunderclouds will appear.

Wait and see, wait and see  
what a world there can be  
if we share, if we care, you and me.  
Some have dreamed, some have died  
to make a bright tomorrow,  
and our vision remains in our hearts.  
Now the torch must be passed  
with new hope, not in sorrow,  
and a promise to make a new start.

Wait and see, wait and see  
what a world there can be  
if we share, if we care, you and me.

*EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE*

Nancy Anderson, please extinguish our chalice.

We extinguish this flame,  
but not the light of its truth,  
the warmth of this community,  
nor the fire of our commitment.  
These we carry in our hearts  
and share with all the world.

*BENEDICTION*

Our benediction this morning is a mash-up of wisdom from the prophet Muhammad and Jesus as recorded in the Gospel of Matthew.

What actions are most excellent?  
To gladden the heart of a human being.

**Blessed are the poor in spirit:  
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.**

To feed the hungry.

**Blessed are they who mourn:  
for they shall be comforted.**

To help the afflicted.

**Blessed are the meek:  
for they shall inherit the earth.**

To lighten the sorrow of the sorrowful.

**Blessed are they who struggle for righteousness:  
for they shall be satisfied.**

To remove the wrongs of the injured.

**Blessed are the merciful:  
for they shall have mercy.**

That person is the most beloved of God  
who does most good to God's creatures.

**Blessed are the peacemakers:  
for they are the children of God.**

*POSTLUDE: Papageno/Papagena*

Thank you very much for your participation in our service this morning. Parents, please rejoin your children now and we'll enjoy a time of fellowship with the best fair-trade coffee in southeastern Tennessee.