

Service on 'Creativity' by Ann Kader

Opening music - Hauser- " Kiss the rain" 4 mins 20

<https://youtu.be/vxVxM-1NhTY>

Welcome, chalice lighting and opening words by Vernon Marshall

"We light this chalice to remind us of the shared cup of fellowship and the light of wisdom. The warmth of it's glow reminds us of God's everlasting love."

1st hymn purple book no.199 'Weaver God, Creator' -

Weaver God, Creator, sets life on the loom,
draws out threads of colour from primordial gloom.
Wise in the designing, in the weaving deft;
love and justice joined – the fabric's warp and weft.

Called to be co-weavers, yet we break the thread
and may smash the shuttle and the loom, instead.
Careless and greedy, we deny by theft,
love and justice joined – the fabric's warp and weft.

Weaver God, great Spirit, may we see your face
tapestried in trees, in waves and winds of space;
tenderness teach us, lest we be bereft
of love and justice joined – the fabric's warp and weft.

Weavers we are called, yet woven too we're born,
for the web is seamless, if we tear, we're torn.
Gently may we live – that fragile earth be left;
love and justice joined – the fabric's warp and weft.

Story – 'The Little Boy' by Helen Buckley

Once a little boy went to school.

One morning, when the little boy had been in school a while, his teacher said:

" Today we are going to make a picture."

" Good" thought the little boy. He liked to make pictures. He could do all kinds. Lions and tigers, chickens and cows, trains and boats, and he took out his box of crayons and began to draw.

But the teacher said " wait, it isn't time to begin."

And she waited until everybody looked ready.

" Now " said the teacher, " we are going to make flowers."

" Good" thought the little boy, he liked to make flowers, and he began to make beautiful ones with

his pink and orange and blue crayons.

But the teacher said “ wait and I will show you how” and it was red with a green stem.

“There, now you can begin.”

The little boy looked at the teacher’s.

Then he looked at his own flower.

He liked his flower better than the teacher’s. But he didn’t say this. He just turned his paper over and made a flower like the teacher’s. It was red with a green stem.

On another day, the teacher said “ Today we are going to make something with clay.”

“ Good” thought the little boy. Snakes and snowmen, elephants and mice, cars and trucks, and he began to pull the lump of clay.

But the teacher said “Wait, it’s not time to begin” And she waited until everybody was ready.

“ Now,” said the teacher “ we are going to make a dish.”

He liked making dishes. And he began making some of all shapes and sizes.

But the teacher said “ wait, and I will show you how” And she showed everyone how to make a deep dish. “ There “ said the teacher “ Now you may begin.”

The little boy looked at the teacher’s dish, then he looked at his own. He liked his dish better than the teacher’s. But he didn’t say this. He just rolled his clay into a big ball again. And made a dish like the teacher’s. It was a deep dish.

And pretty soon the boy learned to wait, and to watch and to make things just like the teacher. And pretty soon he didn’t make things of his own anymore.

Then it happened that the boy and his family moved to another house, in another city, and the boy had to go to another school.

And the very first day he was there the teacher said: “ Today we are going to make a picture.”

“Good” thought the little boy and waited for the teacher to tell him what to do.

But the teacher didn’t say anything. She just walked round the room. When she came to the little boy she said “ Don’t you want to make a picture”

“Yes” said the little boy.

“ What are we going to make?”

“ I don’t know until you make it.” said the teacher.

“ How shall I make it” asked the little boy.

“ Why , any way you want it” said the teacher

“ Any colour” asked the little boy

“ Any colour” said the teacher “ if everyone made the same picture, and used the same colours, how would I know who made what?”

“ I don’t know” said the little boy. And he began to make a red flower with a green stem.

This was me , I was told exactly how to draw a flower and I’ve never tried to draw a flower since but I got my creativity back many years later in different ways. I like to embroider (not very well). I support Fine Cell Work, Prisoners are taught to make and embroider items and sell them. They are expensive but it is about giving prisoners self worth.

2nd hymn green book no 43 – ‘Universal Spirit’

Mother Spirit,
Father Spirit,
Where are you?
In the skysong,
In the forest,
Sounds your cry.
What to give you,
What to call you,
What am I?

Many drops are
In the ocean,
Deep and wide.
Sunlight bounces
Off the ripples
To the sky.
What to give you,
What to call you,
What am I?

I am empty,
Time flies from me;
What is time?
Dreams eternal,
Fears infernal,
Haunt my heart.
What to give you,
What to call you,
What am I?

Mother Spirit,
Father Spirit,
Take our hearts.
Take our breath and
Let our voices
Sing our parts.
Take our hands and
Let us work to
Shape our art.

Prayers

By Frank Walker - Retired Unitarian Minister

We pray for a keener delight in the world around us.

Delight in it's loveliness, it's colours, it's scents and sounds

Delight in the fascinating structure of nature and of the human form. Delight in the saga of the past, in story, song and movement, in art and science, and in good work well done. Delight in the present moment in all it's richness.

Prayer/blessing By Marcus Liefert based on the Sermon on the Mount

Oh you who are makers

Makers of beauty

Of paintings and pottery and sculpture.

Blessed in the making.

You who make with hands and hearts and minds,

Who make out of breath and bones and blood human lives

Blessed are the makers.

Blessed are those who make us laugh,
Who make jokes and faces and toys.
Blessed are those who make messes,
Who make trouble and friends, and when needed, make up.
Blessed are those who make do,
Who make it last , make it work , make beds and make time for others.
Blessed are those who make love.
Who make out and make more and make mistakes.
Blessed are those who make coffee and tea,
Who make conversation, who make meaning in the face of tragedy;
Who make merriment and awaken joy.
Blessed are those who make peace
For they shall inherit the Earth.

May it be so.

Poem by Jennifer Healey (shortened)

I want to write the poetry
Read the poetry
Breathe the poetry
I want my life to be a beautiful
Messy mosaic that even I
Can't help but fall in love with.
Create! create!
I feel the winds of fury
Blowing through me.
Even my bones are smiling.
I hear my veins pulsing with desire,
Like branches dancing in the breeze

Wildflowers are waving and
The ocean blossoms with a new idea
Crazy and beautiful is how I want my life to feel.

Let it be. Let it be.
I write to be free
I read to tap in
I absorb the poetry
And so it shall be.
And then I am this new energy.

Quiet meditation followed by David playing guitar and singing

ADDRESS

When Kate asked me to do this service and I said yes (seems a very long time ago), the word creativity popped in my head, probably only just because I'd been learning about a prisoner in the 1800's who used her very long hair as embroidery thread. A kind prison guard had given her fabric and a needle and she embroidered pious verses while in prison that she gave as gifts to her guards.

So last Monday , a beautiful day, I got my iPad out and thought better start writing an address. Well nothing popped into my mind. I felt like those writers who have writers' block.

Maybe a nice walk would help and it did, I looked at the clouds in the blue sky, the leaves gently swaying, the sea, the rocks and Mount Edgecombe in the distance. We don't have to be writers or artists to be creative, we are all creative as we are all made in God's image. Creativity, by reading, looking at a painting or watching a dance can slow us down and take us to our inner world, which some call our soul or higher self.

In the Bible, we are told that God created the heavens and Earth, in Genesis he created land, trees, plants, the seas, the sun and the moon. And then he created humans. So it stands to reason that it's in our DNA to be creative.

Exodus 35.35 - says 'He has filled them with skill to do all kinds of work as engravers, designers, embroiderers in blue, purple and scarlet yarn and fine linen.'

So God wants us to create. Creativity is from the Latin word *creatus* which means to bring forth.

I think Creativity is about connectivity with each other and the Divine. Look at our quilt ,we don't really notice it anymore, but it was the only way we could express our anxieties and emotions

during lockdown and was a way of connecting and caring about each other.

Small children have no problem with being creative and curious but we often lose this as we get older, but just making a cup of tea or getting pleasure from a book is creative.

I know some are more creative than others, there are some in our congregation that are very artistic and the rest of us can enjoy that. Just look around at our art work in the hall and David playing the guitar today.

Art and spirituality just seem to go together, I think it's about your soul connecting to the divine . A piece of music can bring joy or let out pain, a dance can be frivolous and fun or deep and soulful.

One friend says she hasn't a creative bone in her body but when she stands in front of a magnificent painting, reads a beautiful poem or watches a story slowly unfold during a ballet, she says it is food for her soul and she can't imagine what life would be like without all those creative people sharing their talent.

Yuval Noah Harari who wrote the book Homo Sapiens put forward the concept that we are the dominant species because of our ability to create and to believe stories.

Literally while writing this, I had a message from a friend who said he was making Pom poms for the mossy carpet. I have to admit I didn't know about this. It has been set up by the Art and Energy collective to make a massive moss inspired artwork which celebrates actions we are taken for our planet. The fleecy felt is from Dartmoor and based on moss, it's adorned with Pom poms and tufts and each Pom Pom celebrates someone's attempt to make the world better for all life. Within this artwork are electronic sensors, so as you stroke it, you hear about things that people are doing.

This goes on until 2025 , so maybe we at church can make some Pom poms and add to it. It will be a large, beautiful mossy carpet and shown all around the country. It is being shown in Devon this month. Google mossy carpet. So from having no inspiration for this service, I believe the Divine just dropped this in my lap, so to speak.

I heard this saying somewhere but I can't remember where ,but it said

" As artists, we are visual musicians who create harmony through the images we place on different surfaces. That , to me is spirituality at its highest level."

From the book " The Holy Ordinary, Everyday mysticism for Troubled Times " by Mark Longhurst.

He states : " The arts are an invitation to encounter God's creative presence in reality, which is to say that we find God in the holy ordinary."

Thank you for listening.

3rd hymn purple book no 88 – 'Let it be a dance we do'

Let it be a dance we do,

May I have this dance with you?

Through the good times and the bad times, too, let it be a dance.

Let a dancing song be heard

Play the music, say the words,

and fill the sky with sailing birds.
Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance.

Learn to follow, learn to lead,
Feel the rhythm, fill the need
To reap the harvest, plant the seed, Let it be a dance.

Ev'ry –body turn and spin,
let your body learn to bend
And like a willow in the wind
Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance.

A child is born, the old must die,
A time for joy, a time to cry,
Take it as it passes by,
Let it be a dance

Morning star comes out at night,
Without the dark there is no light,
If nothing's wrong, then nothing's right,
Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance.

Let the sun shine, let it rain,
Share the laughter, bear the pain,
And round and round we go again.
Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance, Let it be a dance.

I end with a paragraph from Pope Francis' book "A Good Life" (shortened)

"A Latino writer once said that one of our eyes is made of flesh and the other of glass. With the eye of flesh we see what's in front of us. With the eye of glass we see our dreams.

In the daily reality of life, there has to be room for dreams. Everyone dreams of things that will never happen. But dream them anyway. Desire them, seek new horizons, be open to great things. Open up and dream. Dream that you can make a change in the world. At times you might get carried away and dream too much but life will remind you of what is impossible. And share your dreams.

So first and foremost dream."

Closing music - David guitar