

**NEW YEAR CELEBRATION CONCERT**

**2 January 2022**

7-pm (UK time) by Zoom.

(Room opens at 6.50)

 **Programme**

 Jenny Vickers:
 *We do not own the world — Advice 42*

 Tony Biggin & Alec Davison: *Truth’s a Seed*

 Majk Stokes: *The bear of bad news*

 Stephanie Irvine: *Storytellers*

 Susan Hope: *fiddle solo.* Susan Stark: *Live up to the Light

 Interval: QAN film* John Lampen: *The beauty that you love*

 Rick Jerram: *Put me on the train to Slowville* Mig Kerr: *I breathe in* and *A* *Rumi song*
 Eden Thomas: *A Quaker Song*

 Sally Beamish: *In the stillness*

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We do not own the world, and its riches are not ours to dispose of at will. Show a loving consideration for all creatures, and seek to maintain the beauty and variety of the world. Work to ensure that our increasing power over nature is used responsibly, with reverence for life. Rejoice in the splendour of God’s continuing creation.

*Words: Advices & Queries 42 Music: Jenny Vickers* ©

**TRUTH’S A SEED**

Truth’s a seed but not a pearl,
Truth is a way, not destination;
Longs to be free, to grow, unfurl,
Breaking from creed to new creation.
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

Truth’s in leaven not in laws,
Truth is the change to new perceiving —
Journey through seven secret doors,
Found in the strange and pain of grieving.
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

Truth’s awakening from sleep,
Freed from the fact of seeing blindness;
Truth’s when we take the hidden leap
Found in the act of love and kindness.
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

*Words: Alec Davison Music: Tony Biggin*

**THE BEAR OF BAD NEWS**

Winnie-the-Pooh

Has got some bad news

About the situation

He fears for the bees

And all the old trees

With all the deforestation

He says it's all pretty strange

What with climate change

And environmental degradation

So listen to him

He says it's all getting grim

And it's causing him constipation

He says,

When will you learn that you can't eat money?

Without all the bees we won't have any honey

I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good

And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

Paddington Bear

Has a message to share

From his family in darkest Peru

We've not left them much room

Now it's all doom and gloom

When you hear what they're all going through

There's hardly any trees left

Now he's feeling bereft

And he doesn't know what to do

He says he would if he could

Go and shit in the woods

But now he needs to find a public loo

He says,

What'll you do with all the mess that you've made?

Without all the trees we won't have marmalade

I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good

And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

You're churning out pollution and all sorts of crap

You're warming up the oceans and melting polar ice caps

I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look nice

And where can a polar bear go when there isn't any ice?

So have a care

When you see a bear

Don't just walk past him in the zoo

He says it might well be

Too late for me

Don't let it get too late for you

Now I've got the blues

And I hate to be the bear of bad news

And what'll you do about all the pollution?

Think about your planet and find a solution

I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good

And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

*Lyrics and music: Majk Stokes* ©

**STORYTELLERS**

Something’s going on

The wind sounds foreign and strange

It greets the wide empty morning

With the voice of a thousand lands

And it’s the job of the storytellers

To wake and examine the day

And the songs they’ll shake

Through the walls as we wake

And we’ll catch them on the way

I’ve been watching the birds

Now summer’s here they collect on our doorstep

There’s dust on their feet

They bring soil from the west and sand from the east

And it’s the job of the storytellers

To wake and examine the day

And the songs they’ll shake

Through the walls as we wake

And we’ll catch them on the way

Come and look at the stars

How ambivalent and oblivious they are

That we’ve drawn these lines between them

And we’ve echoed their shapes beneath them

And it’s the job of the storytellers

To wake and examine the day

And the songs they’ll shake

Through the walls as we wake

And we’ll catch them on the way

There’ll be days when words seem frozen

And notes are stuck in the ground like bulbs

But we’ll paint with winter’s colours

And we’ll try to shed light on each other

It’s the job of the storytellers

To wake and examine the day

And the songs they’ll shake

Through the walls as we wake

And we’ll catch them on the way

*Lyrics and music by Stephanie Irvine* ©

**LIVE UP TO THE LIGHT**

The first gleam of light, the cold light of morning,
Held a promise of day with its noontide glory;
It dawned on me as I mused on my state in great sadness.
The words that came to my spirit,
How true and how clearly they rang:

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child
You are never alone, no never;
O live up to the Light that thou hast
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

I do not regret the troubles and doubts
Which I have journeyed through;
They keep teaching me patience and humble devotion.
Forget not in darkness what in the Light
Ye knew to be the Truth,

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child
You are never alone, no never;
O live up to the Light that thou hast
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

Dear Lord, we pray, “Increase our faith,
And keep us in your love and light.
Faith is but our gift from thee—
O hear our prayer.”
O Thou who art closer than breath to us,
Hold us secure lest we fall—

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child
You are never alone, no never;
O live up to the Light that thou hast
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

*Lyrics and music: Susan Stark*

*(This song is based on the words of Caroline Fox, QF&P* 26.04)*.)*

**THE BEAUTY THAT YOU LOVE**

When you see the young man begging in the gutter,
and you find that you condemn him in your mind,
thinking he could work as well as you or better,
and there isn’t any point in being kind—
 *Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When your head is crowded with reproachful voices
that the necessary tasks are not being done,
since you cannot make the necessary choices
and you don’t remember where your life has gone—
 *Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When you find the church is full but God is missing,
and your heart is feeling heavier than lead;
when you don’t believe the words that you are singing
and you wonder where your hope and faith have fled—
 *Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When the eyes you love are filled with hate and anger
and you hear your own replies with guilt and shame;
when it’s far far worse than living with a stranger,
and you ask how tenderness has turned to blame—
 *Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

*Lyrics and music: John Lampen* ©

 *(The refrain is quoted from the 14th century Sufi poet Rumi.)*

**SLOWVILLE**

Put me on the train to Slowville
I long to go and I know the reason why
No, I'm not living in the past
But this world of yours it spins too fast
And I always seem to come in last
Except in Slowville

Won't you meet with me in Slowville
We'll have some conversation, you and I
We'll sit and watch the river run
Take things slow and one by one
And get all we need to done
When we're in Slowville

Don't drive so fast: you'll miss the turn to Slowville
See, you've left your spirit way behind
Driven by the things we lack
We'll have to stop and face some facts
We're going to have a long walk back
To get to Slowville.

The day may come we all must live in Slowville
When the gas is gone and the oceans on the rise
Can we show we truly care
About this earth that we all share
Or shall we leave it picked quite bare
This side of Slowville?

So come listen for the train to Slowville
Let's try to cultivate that state of mind
If we can learn to live aligned
With reverent hearts but open minds
And patience too, we may just find
Ourselves in Slowville

So I'm listening for the train for Slowville
I'm trying to cultivate that state of mind
The train to Slowville is coming down the line
The train to Slowville will be here by and by

*Lyrics and music: Rick Anthony Jerram*©

**NATURAL VOICE NETWORK**

I breathe in and I breathe out, and my breath is life.

*Words and music: Mig Kerr* ©

Out beyond ideas of wrong doing and right doing there is a field. I’ll meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass, the world’s too full to talk about.

*Words by Rumi Music: Mig Kerr* ©

**A QUAKER’S SONG**

Are you there in the hand that offers pain or healing
Are you there in a hot dry wind over sand where once were farms?
In a tired mother’s eyes, a stare that hides all feeling,
Watching her child grow stronger or dying in her arms?

Let winds of trade blow down the walls,
And cool rains fall again,
Each little girl grow proud and tall
And small boys become men.

Are you there in the heart of the one who pulls a trigger?
With the generals who always lose no matter how they try?
Are you there inside the terrorist who shows no fear nor flicker
Of remorse as he explodes, causing innocents to die.

Lord, let the battlefields grow silent
And in our foes see you.
Let our armies all march home again,
Then let’s try – what love can do.

May my confusion become simple words
As I wait here in the quiet.
Lead me from my darkness Lord
And hold me - in your light.

*Lyrics and music by Eden Thomas* ©

**IN THE STILLNESS**

In the stillness of a church
Where candles glow,

In the softness of a fall
Of fresh white snow,

In the brightness of the stars
That shine this night,

In the calmness of a pool
Of healing light,

In the clearness of a choir
That softly sings,

In the oneness of a hush
Of angels’ wings,

In the mildness of a night
By stable bare,

In the quietness of a lull
Near cradle fair,

There’s a patience as we wait
For a new morn,

And the presence of a child
Soon to be born.

*Poem: Katrina Shepherd © Music: Sally Beamish ©*