



Jazz vespers moment

First Christian Church – Bloomington
October 16, 2020 6:30 pm

October Series of Jazz Meditations on the Theme: Reaching
Reaching Toward Contentment

Elena Escudero, singer and piano
Linda Abe, reader
Stefan Lenthe, bass
Tim Hansen, guitar

Gathering

Seeking Guidance

Elena Escudero

Ever seeking for Your guidance
Reaching out to be made whole
May we know before contentment
Thankfulness must be our goal.

Words: Linda Abe, 2020 Music: Elena Escudero, 2020

Greeting and Scripture

Elena Escudero

Better is a handful with quiet
than two hands with toil, and a chasing after wind.
-Ecclesiastes 4:6

Instrumental Jazz Moment

Stefan Lenthe and Tim Hansen

Improvisation on Duke Ellington's *In a Sentimental Mood*

Reading

I wish I were like the trees,
Who let their leaves go
gracefully, without regret.

Or the tumbling stream
that flushes silt to sea,
Exchanging murkiness
for blessed clarity.

Or the dandelion,
who bows its head
to the subtle breeze,
Unleashing its future
without fear or loss.

Instead, I drive white-knuckled,
defensive, as we were taught,
Tense and guarded for
what may come my way.

I keep a death-grip
on my life.

If you asked me for my dying wish
It would not be for
ten more wishes.
It would be to let go
of wishing any more.

Wishing I'd made different choices,
and that I hadn't hurt you
as I did.

Release

And to forego these old and dusty
grudges that I keep like pictures
in a shoebox beside my bed.

I long to embrace my life
with a lover's touch,
or as you would an injured wren:
precious, tender, true.

Instead, regret and fear,
twin anchors, hold me fast,
close in against the shore.

"Cast off! Cast off!"
I hear them call
from the open, exotic lands
my heart yearns for.

But the waters in between
my here and theirs
hold unknown hazards,
unlike this dark familiar port.

This day, a prayer:
To ease my grip
on what once was,
or what is meant to be.

That I may find
Myself content
To drift and float
Upon life's boundless sea.

Peter Friedrichs (b. 1957)

Jazz Meditation

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

PRECIOUS LORD

Precious Lord, take my hand
lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
Through the storm, through the night
lead me on to the light:
Take my hand precious Lord,
lead me home.

When my way grows drear
precious Lord linger near
when my light is almost gone;
Hear my cry, hear my call
hold my hand lest I fall:
Take my hand precious Lord,
lead me home.

When the darkness appears
and the night draws near,
and the day is past and gone,
at the river I stand,
guide my feet, hold my hand:
Take my hand precious Lord,
lead me home

Words: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932
Music: George N. Allen, 1844; adapter Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932
Jazz Interpretation: Elena Escudero

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Dismissal

Linda Abe

Instrumental Closing Prayer

The Lord's Prayer

Tim Hansen and Stefan Lenthe

First Christian Jazz Vespers Staff

Helen Hempfling, Pastor
Linda Abe, Jazz Vespers Ministry
Elena Escudero, Director of Friday Jazz Vespers Moments
Jan Harrington, Director of Music
Jono Palmer, Video Editor

Acknowledgement

Release: Peter Friedrichs, accessed 2020
<https://www.uua.org/worship/words/poetry/release>

Precious Lord, Take My Hand: Words: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932
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