

“Our Fathers, Our Children – In the Aftermath of Orlando”

A Guided Meditation by Rev. Dr. Jan Carlsson-Bull and Molly Nolan
Unitarian Universalist Church in Meriden
Meriden, CT

June 19, 2016

“Listen! Can you hear it?” The sound of weeping from far off, and so close, like it’s coming from inside you. “God is crying for his/her children.” “Love is crying for love interrupted, cut down.” This reverie from a friend of one among you. “Can you hear it? Listen!”

[Silence]

It was 49. It could have been one, one too many. Each was once a baby cradled, cuddled, and if fortunate, then loved. Each grew into a child, a teenager, an adult, his/her own person, most coming out of closets suffocating the freedom to love him/her; some finding their bodies labeled male/female, labels imposed. At long last bodies matched souls, beyond she or he. Who am I? Who are we?

[Silence]

Love is a high-risk enterprise, not for the feint of heart. Love deep and wide and inclusive is radical. Love is what you reach for when nothing else will do.

[Silence]

Singing, dancing, laughing, shouting, pulsing to the music at the Pulse.” A good time, a great time, a sacred moment in the flow of life, until.... Again? Oh my God, again? How many more? How many more will it take? Where is our voice beyond grief? What is our voice of outrage? “Justice if love in public.” The words of Cornel West. “Justice is love in public.”

[Silence]

“Religion at its best is about compassion.” The words of Karen Armstrong. Religion at its worst is about violence, hatred, reviling the prophets—Jesus, Mohammed.

[Silence]

Ramadan, the holiest month of the Islamic year. *“The servants of the Compassionate are they who walk upon the earth humbly, and when the foolish address them, they answer: “Peace!”* The words of the Qur’an, Sûrah 25:63

[Silence]

And the words of Mohammed Iqbal, Pakistan's prime philosopher and poet, revered, statesman, spiritual; founder, devout Muslim: "The journey of love is a very long journey. But sometimes with a sigh you can cross that vast desert. Search and search again without losing hope."

[Silence]

Hope against hope, hope against hopelessness. We're wrenched with grief. Grief cut short, we react with revenge against....against?

[Silence]

Truth, ever dynamic, like the flame in our chalice. What is truth? Neither mine nor yours. It eludes us. Yet we search. We search.

[Silence]

Life, precious, so quickly snuffed out, like the flame in our chalice. Love, deep, relentless, riding the frailties of we who are human. "Love bears all things...hopes all things, endures all things."

"While love is dangerous
let us walk bareheaded
beside the Great River.
Let us gather blossoms
under fire."
ring the words of Alice Walker

[Silence]

Stay, stay with your grief, until it become love, love that won't let go, love that calls us to reflection over outbursts, response over reaction, thoughtful action over a complicity of silence.

[Silence]

*"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.
How deeply you're connected to my soul."*

[Silence]

For the fathers and the mothers and the children, for the brothers and the sisters, for the singers and the dancers, for the partners and the lovers and the friends... for those who were lost and those who grief numb. For each of us and all of us, we pray.

Amen

Sources

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