



From the *Book of Time*

by Mary Oliver

I rose this morning early as usual, and went to my desk
 But it's spring,
 and the thrush is in the woods,
somewhere in the twirled branches, and he is singing.
And so, now, I am standing by the open door.
And now I am stepping down onto the grass.
 I am touching a few leaves.
 I am noticing the way the yellow butterflies
move together, in a twinkling cloud, over the field.
And I am thinking: maybe just looking and listening
 is the real work.
 Maybe the world, without us,
 is the real poem.



Celebration of Life



Patricia Elizabeth Olsen Hall

March 5, 1936

January 10, 2024

*Where flowers bloom, so does hope.
Lady Bird Johnson*

Patricia Elizabeth Olsen Hall

Celebration of Life

May 4, 2024, 3:00 pm

UU Community Church of Washington County

Hillsboro, Oregon

Gathering Music Sheryl Macy

Singing Bowl Diane Larson

Welcome Rev. Ben Robins and Diane Larson

Chalice Lighting words by Mira Mickiewicz
Diane Larson

Hymn #21 *For the Beauty of the Earth*

Reading *When I Am Among the Trees*, by Mary Oliver
Alana Graham

A Prayer of Remembrance Diane Larson

Special Music
No, Not Much, by Robert Allen and Al Stillman*
Ingrid Unterseher

Eulogy Duane Hall and Cliff Hall

Open Sharing

The Larger Story Rev. Ben Robins

Closing Hymn *Blue Boat Home*, by Peter Mayer

Chalice Extinguishing
words by The Rev. Dr. Kenneth W. Collier
Diane Larson

Invitation to Fellowship Diane Larson

Postlude Sheryl Macy

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth, for the splendor of the skies,
for the love which from our birth over and around us lies:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony linking sense to sound and sight:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour of the day and of the night,
hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human care, sister, brother, parent, child,
for the kinship we all share, for all gentle thoughts and mild:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

Blue Boat Home

Though below me, I feel no motion
standing on these mountains and plains.
Far away from the rolling ocean
still my dry land heart can say:
I've been sailing all my life now,
never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel
and the earth is my blue boat home.

Sun my sail and moon my rudder
as I ply the starry sea,
leaning over the edge in wonder,
casting questions into the deep.
Drifting here with my ship's companions,
all we kindred pilgrim souls,
making our way by the lights of the heavens
in our beautiful blue boat home.

I give thanks to the waves upholding me,
hail the great winds urging me on,
greet the infinite sea before me,
sing the sky my sailor's song:
I was born upon the fathoms,
never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel,
and the earth is my blue boat home.