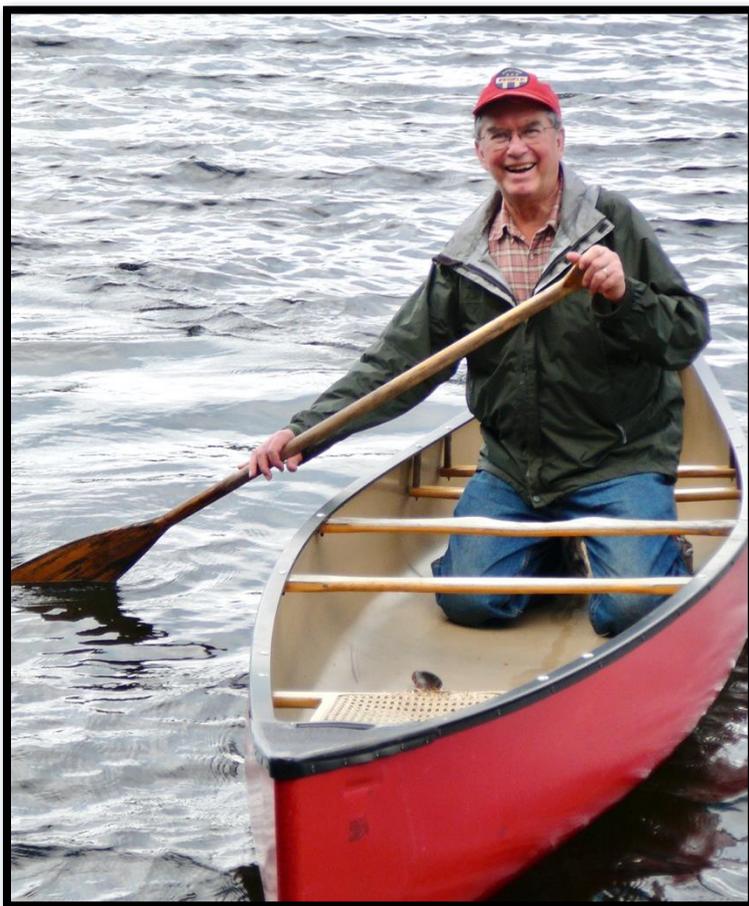


A Service of Thanksgiving



For the life and in loving memory of

Peter Dodge Mott

November 6, 1933 – May 27, 2020

1. You moved in the waters, you called to the deep,
Then you coaxed up the mountains from the valleys of sleep,
And over the eons you called to each thing:
"Awake from your slumbers and rise on your wings."

Unison Prayer

Dear God of All - Grant us the power to be gentle,
The strength to be forgiving,
The patience to be understanding,
The endurance to accept the consequences of holding on to what is right.
Help us to put our trust in the power of good to overcome evil, the power of
love to overcome hatred.
Enlighten us with the vision to see and the faith to believe in a world free from
violence, a new world where fear will no longer lead us to commit injustices,
nor selfishness cause us to bring suffering to others ...
AMEN

Hymn

Spirit of Gentleness

SPIRIT

2. You swept through the desert, you stung with the sand,
and you goaded your people with a law and a land;
and when they were blinded with idols and lies,
then you spoke through your prophets to open their eyes.

Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free,
Spirit, Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.

"Where Am I Going When I Die?" (Peter's words)

Gail Mott

Hymn

Spirit of Gentleness

SPIRIT

3. You sang in a stable, you cried from a hill,
then you whispered in silence when the whole world was still;
and down in the city you called once again,
when you blew through your people on the rush of the wind.

Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free,
Spirit, Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.

Family Remembrances

Bill (William S.) Mott, son
Andy (Andrew H.) Mott, brother

Reading from the *Book of Q*

Stephanie Mott, daughter-in-law

Hymn

Spirit of Gentleness

SPIRIT

4. You call from tomorrow, you break ancient schemes.
From the bondage of sorrow all the captives dream dreams;
our women see visions, our men clear their eyes.
With bold new decisions your people arise.

Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free,
Spirit, Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.

Family Remembrances

Emily Mott Duncannon, daughter
Johnny (John McAdam) Mott, son

Musical Reflection

La Peregrinación (The Pilgrimage)

Agustín Lira

The United Farm Workers, led by Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta, sang this song written by Agustín Lira in 1965 as they marched from Delano to Sacramento as part of a strike to protest inhumane conditions and poor wages.

*"And what should I say?
That I am tired?
That the road is long and the end is nowhere in sight?
I do not come to sing because I have such a good voice.
Nor do I come to Cry about my bad fortune.
From Delano I go to Sacramento, to Sacramento to fight for my rights.
My Virgin of Guadalupe
Hear these steps,
Because the world will know of them.
From Delano I go to Sacramento, to Sacramento
To fight for my rights!"*

Luke Mott, soloist (grandson)

Remembrances from Friends

Bill Barker, M.D.
Azalea Ingrid Noronha, M.D.
Arnie (Arnold) Matlin, M.D.

Congregational Song

We Shall Overcome

1. We shall overcome, We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day.
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.
2. We'll walk hand in hand (some day)
3. We shall live in peace (some day)

The most important verse is the one they wrote down in Montgomery Alabama. They said 'We are not afraid.'
And the young people taught everybody else a lesson.

All the older people that had learned how to compromise
And learned how to take it easy, and be polite, and get along
And leave things as they were. The young people taught us all a lesson.

4. We are not afraid (today)

5. The whole wide world around (some day)

The Prayer of Jesus (unison)

from *The New Zealand Book of Prayer*

Eternal Spirit, Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
Source of all that is and that shall be,
Mother and Father of us all,
Loving God, in whom is heaven:

The hallowing of your name echo through the universe!
The way of your justice be followed by the peoples of the world!
Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!
Your commonwealth of peace and freedom sustain our hope and come on earth.

With the bread we need for today, feed us.
In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.
From trials too great to endure, spare us.
From the grip of all that is evil, free us.

For you reign in the glory of the power that is love, now and for ever.
Amen.

Remembrance

Rev. Kaiser

Hymn

For All the Saints

SINE NOMINE

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Thou wast their rock, their shelter, and their might;
Thou, their companion in the soul's dark night;
Thou, in the search for truth, their inward light.
Alleluia! Alleluia

3. Now may we prophets, faithful, true, and bold,
Speak for your justice, as they spoke of old,
And taste new joy as gifts of peace unfold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4. And when the strife is fierce, the struggle long,
Steals on the ear the distant freedom song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

(Text adapted by the Rev. Dr. Pat Youngdahl, 2006)

Benediction (from a prayer by Louis Untermeyer -1885-1977)

Rev. Kaiser

"May we ever be an insurgent people, more daring than devout. From sleek contentment keep us free and fill us with a buoyant hope. Open our eyes to beauty and wonder, but never let us turn away from suffering and injustice. Open our ears to the music of the world, let us thrill to the sound of laughter, but God never let us dare forget the cries for help coming from our city and its people. For if we are to minister in the world we are to minister to the least of your children first. From compromise and things half-done keep us with stern and stubborn pride. And when at last our fight is won, God keep us still unsatisfied."

Postlude
(please stay seated)

Improvisation on Lift Every Voice and Sing
"The Black National Anthem"
James Weldon & J. Rosamond Johnson

Friends, If you have a special memory or words you would like to share about Peter, our daughter-in-law Sonja Livingston will be recording 2-3 minute tributes in the vestibule after the service (go through the doors at the back of the church). These messages will be compiled and shared.

Where Am I Going When I Die?

Peter Mott, 2011

I know. I don't wonder. I don't guess. I feel certain – certain that I will continue. It may be in the form of spirit – “Spirit” doesn't scare me. Spirit exists. It's lovely. It's very familiar because I've felt it and observed it and, at times – times which can reveal themselves to me, or which I can move into – as I've said before to you – by being quiet, relaxing progressively and completely for a few minutes or half an hour. That is definite. It is a learned skill. It takes practice. I'd suggest taking 15-45 minutes every morning, early, and in a comfortable, very quiet place, first letting one's body relax – bit by bit – than visualizing a favorite scene in nature – then the Lord's Prayer – then blessing each loved one – then loving that person and beginning a visit with her or him.

I did those steps every day when recovering from the heart attack 16 years ago and, three and a half years later, after my heart surgery. I continued doing that daily for I don't know how many years – probably several. After that time I could do the whole thing in much less time, including a visit with different loved ones. This is 2011 and I haven't practiced this for probably two years. But I will start again because I think practice perfects the skill.

I want to be good at this because I suspect I will die fairly soon – I'm 77. Maybe this year or next or maybe in 10-15 years. I want to be ready to receive such communications – or visits – whenever that happens. I realize this will sound strange to you – but it isn't strange. I've been terribly objective and science-based all my life and feel that way now. I'm not moody, not depressed, not hypo-manic, not at all – yet I feel certain about it – anytime, day or night, when I think about it. It is real.

This is as real to me as it is whenever I sense the presence of God – when an act of kindness is shown by one human being to another; when I visit with one of our six grandchildren; in the children's smile; when a poor person celebrates; when a refugee gains insight.

At the same time my thoughts about religion have become much simpler, more universal. I know there is a God or Holy Spirit, something known to all religions equally. I know also that God has hopes for each of us, a purpose in life. I feel that God's will is revealed to us in different ways: by the prophets? Yes, and the authentic words of Jesus,

who may be the greatest of the Prophets, the closest to God. But also we can learn to feel, see, hear, and learn God's will in nature, in art, in music, in an act of justice, in life experiences – especially with the poor, “the least of these.”

This whole thing is an adventure. For 16 years I have not dreaded the idea of death. I am certain life will continue in a form we cannot know – yet. But one part of it is clear to me – there will be a loving, brilliant light and great and wonderful beauty.

And you, our closest family and friends, will be there.

[Two years before he died Peter reviewed his handwritten text from 2011 and noted: “Mum [i.e. Gail] found this and read it to me. I still believe it. PDM”.] For more of Peter's writings go to <http://jimmott.com/peterhtml>



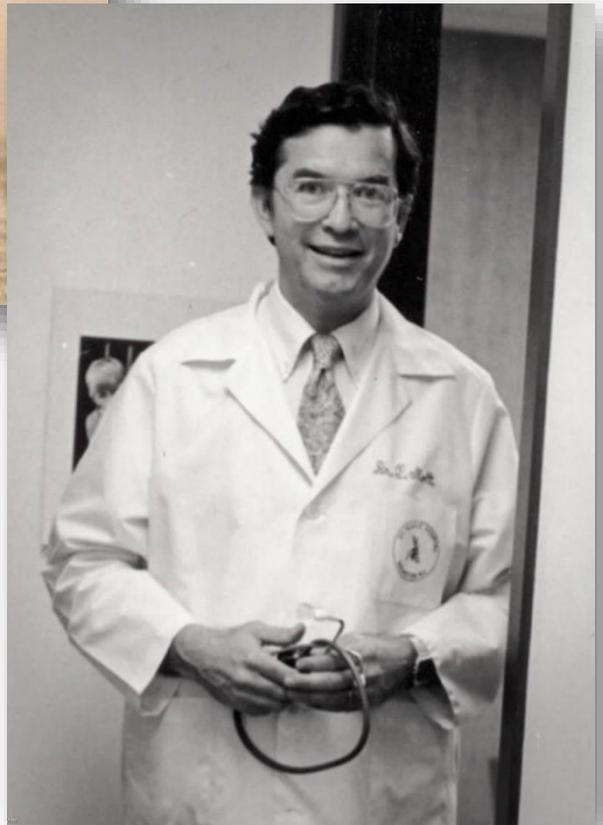
Our family deeply appreciates everyone who has taken time out of their holiday weekend to help with Peter's service: David McDowell and Don Fairman, who have live-streamed and recorded this service for family and friends who could not be here; the inimitable Dr. Lee Wright, Director of Music Ministry at DUPC; The Rev. Penny Crudup, and the Deacons for all their kindness; and for Rev. Bob Kaiser, for his thoughtful support and for officiating today.

THANK YOU.

Gail; Johnny, Vlatka, Luke and Sam; Jim and Sonja; Bill, Stephanie, Sophia and Nicholas, Emily, Fred, Ella and Will.

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Participants in the Service

The Rev. Bob Kaiser, Guest Minister

Lee Wright, D.M.A., Director of Music Ministry

