

Worship transcript for May 2, 2021

Prelude (All Souls Choir)

“Psalm 23” (Bobby McFerrin)

The Lord is my shepherd, I have all I need
She makes me lie down in green meadows
Beside the still waters, she will lead
She restores my soul, she rights my wrongs
She leads me in the path of good things
She fills my heart with songs

Even though I walk through a dark and dreary land
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said she won't forsake me, I'm in her hand
She sets a table before me in the presence of my foes
She anoints my head with oil, and my cup overflows

Surely, surely goodness and kindness will follow me
All the days of my life
And I will live in her house forever, forever and ever.
Glory be to our mother and daughter and to the holy of holies
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end, Amen.

Call to Worship (Rev. Kathleen Rolenz)

We arrive together here
May our joining be a blessing
May it bring comfort to those who are in pain
May it bring hope to those who despair
May it bring peace to those who tremble in fear
May it bring wisdom and guidance for our journeys
And though this joining may be for just a moment in time
The moment is all we can ever be certain of
May we embrace this and every instant of our lives.
We now invite Julie James and Brian, Raffi and Joni Petruska to kindle our chalice flame.

Chalice Lighting (the James-Petruska family)

(Melanie Davis)

If ever there were a time for a candle in the darkness,
this would be it.
Using a spark of hope,
kindle the flame of love,

ignite the light of peace,
and feed the flame of justice.

Hymn 211

“We Are Climbing Jacob’s Ladder”

We are climbing Jacob’s ladder (3x) We are climbing on
Every round goes higher, higher (3x) We are climbing on
If I stumble, will you help me? (3x) We are climbing on
Though the road is steep and rugged (3x) We are climbing on

Welcome (Rev. Maybelle Taylor Bennett)

Welcome to All Souls Church! My name is Rev. Maybelle Taylor Bennett and my pronouns are she/her/hers. We welcome all who have joined us this morning, especially if you are joining us for the very first time. We are now a global church community where our name, All Souls says it all. Here we seek to create a community where ALL people—people of all races, creeds, sexual orientations, gender expressions and abilities***—where ALL people are welcome at the table of God’s love and human fellowship.

Our mission at All Souls is to build what Dr. King called the “Beloved Community,” in the midst of the division and overagainstness we experience in our environment. Our intention is to create sacred space for a diverse, spirit-filled, justice-seeking community that bears witness to the unity of the human family. We invite you to join us on this journey of faith and hope. If you are visiting us for the first time, we welcome you. Please send a Direct Message to Gary Penn, Membership Coordinator, if you’d like to be included on our mailing list.

In an effort to acknowledge and support Indigenous communities, it is important to recognize the land on which our church stands. The closest tribe was Nacotchtank, from which the name Anacostia is derived. They were part of the Piscataway group of tribes. We acknowledge that indigenous peoples were here before us, are here with us now, and will continue to be with us, as we look forward to the future. Let’s take a moment of silence to reflect on whose land we each reside, in our individual and collective locations around the U.S. and our planet Earth. [Silence]

If we were together in the building, we would turn and greet one another. While we are still on-line, we do something called “beholding.” Take a moment to scroll through the gallery view, say hello in the chat to one another, and behold one another’s faces as we together, create community.

Story for All Ages

Abiyoyo (adapted from a book by Pete Seeger)

Narrator: Once Upon a time there was a town. And in this town lived a little boy who loved to play the ukulele. Simon: (walking around “plinking”)

Narrator: People would say:

Sylvie: (covering ears) Stop that racket!

Delphine: Get that thing out of here!

Narrator: Not only that, the boy's father was a magician and he got in trouble making things disappear with his magic wand. He'd come up to someone about to drink a nice refreshing glass of water, and

Morgan: (pointing wand) Zoop!

Ruth: (about to drink and glass disappears, gets wet, reacts)

Narrator: He'd come up on someone about to fix a chair, and

Morgan: (pointing wand) Zoop!

Genevieve: (hammering into chair, hammer disappears, reacts)

Aedyn: We've had enough!

Sylvie: Take your magic wand and your ukulele playing son and just git!

Narrator: The boy and his father were ostracized. (Morgan and Simon walking away) Meaning made to go live on the edge of town. Now in this town the old people told stories about a giant who lived in the old days. The giant's name was, Abiyoyo. They said he was as tall as a tree and could eat people. Of course, no one believed this story, but they told it anyway. Then, one day, people woke up and felt the ground shake.

Edison & Delilah: (sit on bed looking scared, then hug each other in fear) What's happening?

Joanne: (looking out window or door, shouting) Abiyoyo's coming!

Layla: (looking out window/door, shouting) Run! (in Spanish)

Narrator: Just then the boy and his father woke up.

Morgan: (Looking out, surprised/worried) Son, it's Abiyoyo. If only I could get him to lie down, I could make him disappear.

Simon: Come on, Pa. Grab your wand! I'll get my ukulele!

Narrator: They ran outside. (video of running outside) There was Abiyoyo. (Kirk looking mean. Shows nails, feet, hair) He had long fingernails cause he never cut em. He had stinky feet cause

he didn't wash em. He had matted hair cause he didn't brush it. He raised his claws. The boy started playing a song.

Simon: (Playing. We hear song)

Narrator: Well, Abiyoyo had never heard a song about himself before. He started to dance! And as the boy played faster, Abiyoyo danced faster. (Abiyoyo & song get faster and faster). Until he ran out of breath and fell down.

Morgan: (points wand, says dramatically) Zoop!

Harrison & Grace, Sylvie & Delphine, Aedyn: (cheering)

Edison & Delilah: Abiyoyo disappeared!

Genevieve: Come on back to town.

Ruth: Bring your darn wand and ukulele! We don't care anymore.

Narrator: And now the townspeople knew that the boy and his father really were their blessing.

Announcements and Prayer (Rev. Louise Green and Rev. Rolenz)

Rev. Green: Hello, I'm Rev. Louise, your Minister of Congregational Care. Today you are invited to Coffee Hour social time by staying on the Zoom after the service. This time for smaller group conversation is hosted by staff member Rose Eaton.

You may also join the Mindful Souls, an affinity group meets every single Sunday from 11:45 to 12:30, for group meditation and discussion. Zoom link will be in the chat and is on the website homepage calendar.

Next Saturday, May 8, is our annual Mother's Day weekend Plant Sale. An in-person spring event on the All Souls Terrace, hooray! We depend on your plant donations, which we are ready to collect. Bring those plants to the Harvard St door, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, between 9 and 3:30. Label each plant with its name, care instructions, and dollar amount you feel the plant is worth. See you next Saturday for the Plant Sale from noon-4, a great chance to meet, mingle, and buy plants to benefit our congregation.

The annual budget hearing is also next Saturday 11-Noon on Zoom. Please join Board Treasurer Bernard Mustafa, Exec. Dir. Traci Hughes-Trotter and Rev. Kathleen to hear about budget priorities for the new church year. Budget documents and the Zoom link will be posted on the All Souls website on Monday. Hearing details will be in the Friday Weekly Bulletin as well.

Next Sunday is Mother's Day, and we are doing something different. We're returning to the original purpose of the holiday, started in 1870 with [a proclamation from Unitarian Julia Ward Howe](#) calling for women in particular to work for peace. On May 9, we'll move from the original

focus on international peace, to our current local challenges. In Julia Ward Howe's time and ours, mothers were losing their children to war. In our time, mothers—especially Black, Brown, and Asian-American mothers—are also losing their children to police violence and gun violence. The service will focus on how we must re-define the concept of safety, and take actions within and beyond the congregation. The May 9 After Hour conversations will offer small group reflection on this effort and commitment.

Rev. Rolenz: I want to add my welcome to Rev. Louise. I'm Rev. Kathleen Rolenz, Interim Senior Minister. I wanted to take this moment for a special announcement. This year, as some of you may know, this past year we had been in search for a Minister of Adult Spiritual Development. We weren't able to find the right person for that position, so we got creative. I wondered if we might attract a seasoned and experienced minister of color to serve as what I'm calling "A Minister-in-Residence" for the 2021-2022 church year. This minister would preach and teach monthly, would be available for pastoral care and – as they say -other duties as needed. This minister would lend their expertise, knowledge and wisdom and provide valuable support and counsel during this time of transition. I am pleased to announce that the Rev. Dr. Bill Sinkford has agreed to be our Minister in Residence for the upcoming church year. Rev. Bill is currently serving as the Senior Minister of the First Church of Portland, OR. We are both expecting this to be an on-site position; approximately one week a month, in addition to being available and participating via Zoom.

The minister in residence program idea was inspired by the fact that All Souls had an artist in residence some years back. This is a new idea and one that is evolving, but I can tell you that your ministers, staff and leaders are very excited that Rev. Sinkford has agreed to be with us monthly for the upcoming year. A more detailed description of The Minister-in-Residence Program will be in this Friday's e-newsletter and there will be an Q & A session scheduled this month.

Rev. Green: Pastoral Concerns and Meditation

We move now to the joys and concerns of this community and the wider world, as we create a space for shared meditation.

First, a celebration! We rejoice that Charles Smith and Jessica Mead were married last weekend, April 24 in Nags Head, North Carolina in front of family and friends.

Sending house-warming blessings to the Rev. Don Robinson this morning, as he settles into Knollwood Community in Chevy Chase, D.C.

Our hearts are still with Carol Chamberlain, who has been at Forest Hills rehab facility this week after a fall required hip surgery.

We grieve with Mara Rosenberg, whose 19-year old niece, Karrah, died earlier in April. We send deep love and prayers to Mara, her brother Josh, and Karrah's mother Naomi.

Now your names and situations...

Each week we name just a few of the world events that deserve our compassion and action. Each tragedy impacts us, and our relationships with family, friends, and broader communities.

We grieve with the family of Anthony Brown in Elizabeth City, NC in another loss of a Black man to police violence. We mourn with the people of India in the midst of enormous crisis from COVID infection, death, and medical shortage. We lament with those in the Orthodox Jewish communities in Israel and the U.S facing grieving many deaths at an overcrowded religious event.

And in this May Asian Heritage Month, we abhor the rise in hate speech and crimes against Asian and Pacific Islanders and offer our solidarity.

Valerie Kaur, a Sikh national leader and organizer, wrote: Shallow solidarity is based on the logic of exchange—You show up for me, and I will show up for you. But deep solidarity is rooted in recognition—I show up for you, because I see you as part of me. Your liberation is bound up in my own.

We hold a moment of silence together, committing to a vision of deeper solidarity, remembering this interdependent web of existence which binds us all. Blessed Be and Amen.

Hymn 123

“Spirit of Life”

Fuente de amor, ven hacia mi
Y al corazon cantale tu compasion
Sopla al volar, sube en la mar
Hasta moldear la justicia de la vida
Arraigame, liberame
Fuente de amor, ven a mi, ven a mi

Spirit of life, come unto me
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea
Move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice
Roots hold me close, wings set me free
Spirit of life, come to me, come to me.

Reading (Rev. Bennett)

Genesis 32: 22-31 – NIV

That night Jacob got up and took his two wives, his two female servants and his eleven sons and crossed the ford of the Jabbok. After he had sent them across the stream, he sent over all his possessions. So Jacob was left alone, and a man wrestled with him till daybreak. When the man

saw that he could not overpower him, he touched the socket of Jacob's hip so that his hip was wrenched as he wrestled with the man. Then the man said, "Let me go, for it is daybreak."

But Jacob replied, "I will not let you go unless you bless me."

The man asked him, "What is your name?"

"Jacob," he answered.

Then the man said, "Your name will no longer be Jacob, but Israel,^[a] because you have struggled with God and with humans and have overcome."

Jacob said, "Please tell me your name."

But he replied, "Why do you ask my name?" Then he blessed him there.

So Jacob called the place Peniel, saying, "It is because I saw God face to face, and yet my life was spared."

The sun rose above him as he passed Peniel, and he was limping because of his hip.

Sermon (Rev. Rolenze)

"Wrestling a Blessing"

All Souls, it is a blessing to be here with you this morning! I am blessed to be with you – blessed to be able to offer this sermon to you, blessed to have breath in my body and spirit in my bones. I'm using this word blessing intentionally – because as you heard from this morning's fabulous story, Abiyoyo, the theme for the services in May is "Blessing." Many faith traditions use the word "blessing" more freely than ours because it has its roots in the idea that a person or nation is blessed by God – and so by saying "I'm blessed" is another way of thanking God for that blessing. But today, I want to explore and then expand on the idea of blessing – and to do that, I am going to go to one of the most significant stories in the Hebrew scriptures – the one that you heard in this morning's reading. Jacob, wrestling with the mystery man, demanding that he receive a blessing. In order to get us to the blessing we first have to get to the backstory. So let me tell you a little something about what preceded Jacob's all-night fight for a blessing.

It was Tolstoy who wrote "Happy families are all alike, every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Jacob's family is not a happy family. We learn that Jacob has a twin brother, Esau, and the wrestling between Jacob and Esau began in the womb. When they were born, Esau was their father Issac's favorite son, but Jacob, he was a mamma's boy and spoiled rotten by his mother Rebekah. As a teenager, Jacob dupes his brother Esau into giving him his birthright and deceives his own father to get his blessing. When we meet Jacob in this passage, he is running from Esau, who has gathered 400 men on the other side the river where Joseph now sits. It is his intention to annihilate Jacob and his family. Is this all because Jacob got his father's blessing? Is this really that powerful a word?

In our culture, not so much! Like so many religious words in our culture, is now often used quite freely. It's found on pillows that say things like "grateful, thankful and blessed," or we might casually say "Finally closed on the house. Feeling blessed." Or, it would seem every President must end an important speech with "God Bless the United States of America." So blessing is one of those words that's made it into secular culture that we take for granted. It's a religiously-sounding way of saying "I or we have been fortunate." It's a nice word. It's a comforting word. It's a sweet word, unless you are Esau, Jacob's brother. But in ancient times, for a father to bless a son wasn't just a pat on the head or handing over the reins to the chariot. It was the bestowing of power and authority. But with that blessing is the expectation that they who receive the blessing will use it for the benefit of family and community.

It reminds me of a story line in the graphic novel series Black Panther. King T'Challa gives Clementine a potion of vibranium to drink, which will bestow upon Clementine incredible power. But he cautions: "the people of Wakanda have blessed you with this gift. Use it to only fight evil and to protect those you love. If you should in any way abuse this gift, or use it for the wrong reasons, we will find, you and we will strip you of these powers."

Jacob gets the blessing but does not use it to benefit anyone but himself. He lies, steals, cheats and then runs. Time and time again, Jacob makes the wrong choice based on his own arrogance and desire for power. But now, Jacob is alone, and Esau and 400 men are on the other side of the river and night is coming fast.

This story of warring twins on opposite sides of a river reminds me of our country right now. We could characterize our warring twins as the right and the left, the conservatives and the liberals but whatever we want to call them the river that divides them is indeed deep. All of these differences are long-standing and well known. But the newest protestation that is vexing to me is that one camp continues to insist that by somehow telling the truth about the river of American history that they are camped beside – specifically the upstream impact of slavery, white supremacy and white privilege on the nation's inequities – is – well, such a downer. In his rebuttal to President Biden's Wednesday night address, Senator Tim Scott of South Carolina argued that Americans are spending too much time feeling bad about American's original sin and instead, should celebrate the progress we've made as a nation, particularly with race relations. It's a refrain I hear often, from both politicians and my conservative Facebook friends, who feel that America has been blessed with resources and riches and we should be celebrating that blessing instead of challenging it. But there is another twin, the one who is waiting on the other side of the river who says "This river is not clean, and until we know what has happened upstream, it will never be clean. You have wronged me. And there can be no reconciliation without a reckoning."

So Jacob is alone on one side of this river. Then the Scripture says: And a man wrestled with him until the break of dawn. Where did this man come from? What did he look like? The text doesn't say. It just says "he wrestled with him until the break of dawn." Jacob was wrestling with something that is translated as "a man" but Jewish scriptures and midrash have often identified as a divine being, because sometimes God and angels can appear in human form. We don't know what form this being took, but we do know that he and this man or angel or spirit or ghost were engaged in mortal combat for HOURS – all night long.

Have you ever wrestled with anything in the middle of the night? I don't know about you, but I'm now in the habit of waking up at 3 AM wrestling with my own mind. It's not every night, but sometimes I wake up and I just can't shut my brain off. I am thinking about you, All Souls – and re-opening – and what that's gonna be like; I'm thinking about the trauma of the nation and the world post-pandemic; I'm thinking about your kids going back to school or not going back to school; I'm thinking about what kind of environment my grandkids are going to inherit if we don't if not reverse, at least stall climate change and global warming. I think about these outrageous and damaging legislation making their way through the states that affect our transgender and genderqueer kids and I'm thinking about the hate crimes against Asian Americans and black boys and girls and I feel like I am wrestling with some unknown, unnamed force in the middle of the night.

And then in that liminal space of 3 AM when I can't sleep, sometimes questions tug at my soul, not just the big existential questions of politics or climate change, but reviewing and replaying the interactions of the day or the week and sometimes those come up wanting. Maybe you've been there too – wondering things like: Why was I so judgmental of my friend? Why did I pick a fight with my spouse? Why am I in constant conflict with my child? Why can't I just let them be who they are becoming? Why do I have that extra drink at dinner, and then after dinner, and then a nightcap, even when my beloved asks me to stop? It's the 3 AM wrestling with our own moral compass, our own soul and maybe that's what Jacob was doing that night. Too often in life we know these things about ourselves but it isn't until we are faced with a crisis that we must confront that voice that also lives within us that says “this is not who I want to be.” We know something about Jacob because we know something about ourselves.

What happens next? When (the man) saw that he had not prevailed against him, he wrenched Jacob's hip at its socket, so that the socket of his hip was strained as he wrestled with him. Then he said “Let me go, for dawn is breaking,” and Jacob said “I will not let you go, until you bless me.”

So Jacob is winning in this wrestling match, but he is wounded in the process. You see, all his life he's gotten the blessings, by hook or by crook. He's been listened to, appreciated and approved his whole life. He's gotten the job promotion, the housing loan, the equivalent of entrance to the country club. People have been moved over to allow him to take over. And now, it's come reckoning time. He can run, but he can't hide because now this adversary has come to find him. But Jacob, you see, is a pretty good wrestler. He's been trained at Ivy League schools. So he is winning this match but even so there is one thing it turns out he cannot force – he cannot force this being to give him a blessing. He has to earn it. And getting that blessing comes with a price.

These days we talk about a blessing something like luck, as something we hope will just happen in our lives. Oh I'm so blessed we say –but we don't often want the blessing without the burden. It's like....

Like you want the wedding – but not the marriage.

You want the baby – but not the bawling;

You want the degree but not the drudgery;

You want the paycheck but not the pressure;

You want the blessing of a good life – but not the strain, conflict or strife. That’s what Jacob was finally coming to realize. He can’t have the blessing without the burden. He had messed up his relationships his entire life. His brother hated him so much he wanted to kill him. He was all alone but for this man or angel or who knows was wrestling with him and he has the audacity to ask for a blessing. But the blessing he actually gets is not the one he thought he wanted. This being doesn’t come out and say the three words that Jacob wants to hear – simply: “I bless you.” Instead he asks him a question: “What is your name?”

What? I can hear Joseph ask. “We’ve been wrestling all night and you still don’t know my name?” Names are important because names are part of our identity and most names have a meaning associated with them. Instead of a blessing, the man says “Your name shall no longer be Jacob, but Israel, for you have striven with beings divine and human and have prevailed.” And what does the name “Israel” mean? Rabbinical scholars don’t have consensus on this, but one interpretation is simply “God Rules.” Jacob gets a new name as a blessing, but the adversary has the last word. He is able to walk away from this wrestling match, but he will forever walk with a limp because of it. He is humbled by this encounter, naming this place of struggle as Peniel, which means “I have seen a divine being face to face, yet my life has been preserved.”

The story has a kind of happy ending. After Jacob’s exhausting night of wrestling, he sees Esau coming towards him. He puts himself ahead of his family and bows to the ground seven times. It’s all on Esau now. What shall he do? The text says “Esau ran to greet him. He embraced him and falling on his neck, he kissed him, and they wept.” Instead of enacting revenge, he chose to give Jacob a blessing. Why? Perhaps Esau believed that Jacob was truly repentant for his sins. Perhaps he could tell that Jacob himself had had a reckoning. Perhaps he was just tired of fighting the same old battles and thought, why not give a blessing and see what happens next?

To bless another – or the world is not an easy choice – and all hurts and harms are not swept away by simply the pronouncement of a blessing. But, to bless one another – and the world is the better choice, ultimately. This is what I hear echoed in the writing of the poet Jan Christenson, to whom I will give the last word, today, through her poem *Wrestling the Blessing*:

If this blessing were easy, anyone could claim it.

As it is, I am here to tell you that it will take some work.

This is the blessing that visits you

in the struggling, in the wrestling, in the striving.

This is the blessing that comes after you have left
everything behind,

after you have stepped out, after you have crossed
into that realm beyond every landmark you have known.
This is the blessing that takes all night to find.
It's not that this blessing is so difficult,
as if it were not filled with grace or with the love that lives in every line
It's simply that it requires you to want it,
to ask for it, to place yourself in its path.
It demands that you stand to meet it when it arrives,
that you stretch yourself in ways you didn't know you could move,
that you agree to not give up.
So when this blessing comes, borne in the hands
of the difficult angel who has chosen you, do not let go.
Give yourself into its grip.
It will wound you, but I tell you
there will come a day when what felt to you like limping
was something more like dancing
as you moved into the cadence of your new
and blessed name.

Anthem (All Souls Bluegrass Band)

“My Silver Lining” (First Aid Kit)

I don't wanna wait anymore, I'm tired of looking for answers
Take me some place where there's music and there's laughter
I don't know if I'm scared of dying, but I'm scared of moving too fast, too slow
Regrets, remorse, hold on...oh no, I gotta go
There's no starting over, no new beginnings, time races on
We've just gotta keep on keepin' on

Gotta keep on goin', looking straight out on the road
Can't worry 'bout what's behind you or what's coming for you further up the road
Try not to hold on to what is gone, try to do right what is wrong
Try to keep on keepin' on
Yeah, I just keep on keepin' on

I hear a voice callin', callin' out for me
These shackles I made in an attempt to be free
Be it for reason, be it for love
I won't take the easy road
I've woken up in a hotel room, my worries as big as the moon
Having no idea who or where I am
Something good comes with the bad, a song's never just sad
There's hope, there's a silver lining
Show me my silver lining

I hear a voice callin', callin' out for me
These shackles I made in an attempt to be free
Be it for reason, be it for love
I won't take the easy road
I won't take the easy road, the easy road, the easy road, whoa
I won't take the easy road, the easy road, the easy road, whoa
Show me my silver lining (gotta keep on keepin' on) (repeat 3x)

Offertory (Rev. Bennett)

This morning's offering is a gift that we give to one another. When you make a donation to our virtual offering plate, you are sending a message to all those who hold this church in tender care – you are saying “I see you, I thank you for being here.” When you make and pay on your pledge, whether all at once or one month at a time, you are sending a clear signal to the members and staff at All Souls that says “I am here and we are here – together.” So we're asking you to consider two gifts this morning; if you haven't made your pledge for the 2021-2022 church year please do so now. And then, make a gift to the church as we pass the virtual plate. Thank you in advance for your generosity. Let the morning offering now be taken.

Hymn 6

“Just as Long as I Have Breath”

Just as long as I have breath, I must answer “yes” to life
Though with pain I made my way, still with hope I greet each day
If they ask what I did well, tell them I said yes to life

Just as long as vision lasts, I must answer “yes” to truth
In my dream and in my dark, always that elusive spark
If they ask what I did well, tell them I said yes to truth

Just as long as my heart beats, I must answer “yes” to love
Disappointment pierced me through, still I kept on loving you
If they ask what I did best, tell them I said yes to love.

Benediction (Rev. Rolenz)

The words to this morning’s closing hymn are the best benediction and blessing I know that as long as we have breath, we must answer yes to life

As long as vision lasts, we must answer yes to truth

And as long as our hearts beat, we must answer yes to love

If we do these three things, we will remember that life itself is a blessing.

Music (UU Ensemble; Rochelle Rice, soloist)

“Love’s Divine” (Seal)

Then the rainstorm came over me, and I felt my spirit break
I had lost all of my belief, you see, and realized my mistake
But time threw a prayer to me, and all around me became still

I need love, love’s divine
Please forgive me now I see that I’ve been blind
Give me love, love is what I need to help me know my name

Through the rainstorm came sanctuary, and I felt my spirit fly
I had found all of my reality and realized what it takes

I need love, love’s divine
Please forgive me now I see that I’ve been blind
Give me love, love is what I need to help me know my name

Oh, I don’t bend, don’t break
Teach me how to live and promise me you won’t forsake
‘Cause love will help me know my name

Well, I tried to say there’s nothing wrong
But inside I felt me dying all along
And the message here is plain to see, believe me

I need love, love’s divine
Please forgive me now I see that I’ve been blind
Give me love, love is what I need to help me know my name

Oh, I don't bend, don't break
Teach me how to live and promise me you won't forsake
'Cause love will help me know my name