

**“Levels of Consciousness”**  
**April 1, 2007**  
**Quimper Unitarian Universalist Fellowship**  
**Bruce A. Bode**

**Call to Worship**

This is a resplendent new day that has been given to us.  
Let us then rejoice in it and be glad.  
And let us count our many, many blessings:  
Let us be grateful for the incredible gift of life,  
And for the capacity to see, to feel, to hear, and to understand.  
Let us be grateful for this time of fellowship, for work to do, and service to render.  
And let us then be especially grateful for the ties of love that bind us together, giving  
dignity, meaning, worth, and joy to all our days.

**Lighting the Chalice** (in unison)

May this flame,  
symbol of transformation since time began,  
fire our curiosity,  
strengthen our wills,  
and sustain our courage  
as we seek what is good within and around us.  
(Candy Drollinger)

**Responsive Reading**

MINISTER: We may say that there are two kinds of naiveté.

CONGREGATION: The first is one which is not yet aware of all the problems, and has not yet knocked at all the doors of knowledge.

MINISTER: The second, a higher kind, is the result of having looked into all the problems, having sought counsel in all spheres of knowledge, and having come to see that we cannot explain anything.

CONGREGATION: The deeper we look into nature, the more we recognize that it is full of life, and the more profoundly we know that all life is a secret.

MINISTER: A true acquaintance with the world consists in being filled with a sense of the mystery of existence and life, a mystery that only becomes more mysterious with each advance in scientific research.

CONGREGATION: The more profound a religion is the more it realizes this truth: that what it knows through belief is little compared to what it does not know.

MINISTER: To be filled with the mystery of life is like that which is called in the language of mysticism the “knowing ignorance.”

CONGREGATION: The highest knowledge is to know that we are surrounded by mystery.

(Albert Schweitzer, adapted)

### **Congregational Announcements**

Since this Sunday, April 1, is also April Fools’ Day, and since this evening is the opening of the major league baseball season with the New York Mets visiting last year’s World Series champions, the St. Louis Cardinals, I thought it would be appropriate to recount an April Fools’ prank that combines, April Fool’s Day, baseball, and religion:

In its April 1985 edition, Sports Illustrated published a story about a new rookie pitcher who planned to play for the New York Mets. His name was Sidd Finch and he could reportedly throw a baseball with startling, pinpoint accuracy at 168 mph, which is 65 mph faster than anyone else has ever been able to throw a baseball.

Surprisingly, Sidd Finch had never even played the game before. Instead, he had mastered the "art of the pitch" in a Tibetan monastery under the guidance of the "great poet-saint Lama Milaraspa."

Ever-hopeful Mets fans everywhere celebrated their team’s amazing luck at having found such a gifted player, and Sports Illustrated was flooded with requests for more information.

In reality this legendary player only existed in the imagination of George Plimpton, the writer of the article.

### **Introduction to reading**

My sermon today will be the sixth in a series of eight sermons related to the books and ideas of author and Jungian psychologist, Robert A. Johnson. Today I will be exploring his ideas related to what he characterizes as “three levels of consciousness,” namely, two-dimensional, three-dimensional, and four-dimensional consciousness.

Johnson finds the dynamics of these three different levels of consciousness illustrated in three classic works of literature: Cervantes’ Spanish classic, Don Quixote, representing two-dimensional consciousness; Shakespeare’s English classic, Hamlet, representing three-dimensional consciousness; and Goethe’s German classic, Faust, representing four-dimensional consciousness.

My reading is from Don Quixote and his famous attack on the windmills, which he believes to be giants.

Don Quixote, a name taken from the piece of medieval armor that covers the upper thighs and genital area, is, as it were, “Mr. Codpiece.” His sidekick in his many adventures is his faithful, paunchy, and practical squire, Sancho Panza, which means “Mr. Paunch.” The fair lady, who animates his adventures from beginning to end and for whom he would give his very life is Dulcinea, though it is doubtful she actually exists, and, indeed, she is never found. And, finally, Don Quixote’s splendid steed is a decrepit horse he names, “Rocinante,” meaning, “she-whom-one-follows.”

And, now, Don Quixote’s attack on the evil giants:

### **Reading**

At this point they [Don Quixote and Sancho Panza] caught sight of thirty or forty windmills which were standing on the plain there, and no sooner had Don Quixote laid eyes upon them than he turned to his squire and said, “Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have wished; for you see there before you, friend Sancho Panza, some thirty or more lawless giants with whom I mean to do battle. I shall deprive them of their lives, and with the spoils from this encounter we shall begin to enrich ourselves; for this is righteous warfare, and it is a great service to God to remove so accursed a breed from the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those that you see there,” replied his master, “those with the long arms some of which are as much as two leagues in length.”

“But look, your grace, those are not giants but windmills, and what appear to be arms are their wings which, when whirled in the breeze, cause the millstone to go.”

“It is plain to be seen,” said Don Quixote, “that you have had little experience in this matter of adventures. If you are afraid, go off to one side and say your prayers while I am engaging them in fierce, unequal combat.”

Saying this, he gave spurs to his steed Rocinante, without paying any heed to Sancho’s warning that these were truly windmills and not giants that he was riding forth to attack. Nor even when he was close upon them did he perceive what they really were, but shouted at the top of his lungs, “Do not seek to flee, cowards and vile creatures that you are, for it is but a single knight with whom you have to deal!”

At that moment a little wind came up and the big wings began turning.

“Though you flourish as many arms as did the giant Briareus [a hundred-armed giant from Greek mythology],” said Don Quixote when he perceived them, “you still shall have to answer to me.”

He thereupon commended himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in this peril; and being well covered with his shield and with his lance at rest, he bore down upon them at a full gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in his way, giving a thrust at the wing, which was whirling at such a speed that his lance was broken into bits and both horse and horseman went rolling over the plain, very much battered indeed. Sancho upon his donkey came hurrying to his master's assistance as fast as he could, but when he reached the spot, the knight was unable to move, so great was the shock with which he and Rocinante had hit the ground.

"God help us!" exclaimed Sancho, "did I not tell your grace to look well, that those were nothing but windmills, a fact which no one could fail to see unless he had other mills of the same sort in his head?"

"Be quiet, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Such are the fortunes of war, which more than any other are subject to constant change. What is more, when I come to think of it, I am sure that this must be the work of the magician Freston, the one who robbed me of my study and my books, and who has thus changed the giants into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of overcoming them, so great is the enmity that he bears me; but in the end his evil arts shall not prevail against this trusty sword of mine."

"May God's will be done," was Sancho Panza's response. And with the aid of his squire the knight was once more mounted on Rocinante, who stood there with one shoulder half out of joint. And so, speaking of the adventure that had just befallen them, they continued along the Puerto Lapice highway; for there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to find many and varied adventures, this being a much traveled thoroughfare. The only thing was, the knight was exceedingly downcast over the loss of his lance.

"God's will be done," said Sancho. "I do believe everything that your grace says; but straighten yourself up in the saddle a little, for you seem to be slipping down on one side, owing no doubt, to the shaking-up that you received in your fall."

Sancho then called his master's attention to the fact that it was time to eat.

(Miguel de Cervantes, Don Quixote, tr., Samuel Putnam)

## **"LEVELS OF CONSCIOUSNESS"**

### **Introduction**

As I said in the introduction to the reading a couple of minutes ago, this morning I will be speaking about Robert Johnson's ideas on levels of consciousness, ideas he lays out most carefully in a little book titled, Transformation: Understanding the Three Levels of Masculine Consciousness.

“Masculine Consciousness.” Here we run into the same problem of language we did a couple of weeks ago when I spoke about Johnson’s work on “masculine” and “feminine” psychology.

For Johnson, as for other Jungian authors, both males and females have so-called “masculine” and “feminine” qualities and characteristics. Males, typically, may be closer to some of these so-called “masculine” qualities and females, typically, closer to so-called “feminine” qualities, in the same way that males have more of the hormone testosterone and females more of the hormone estrogen, but each have both, and so why designate some qualities as “masculine” and others as “feminine?” It just brings confusion and irritation.

Nevertheless, Johnson continues to follow the conventional usage of the terms, sometimes wringing his hands at the paucity of our language. Thus, he begins this book with an apologetic “Author’s Note” that reads:

Transformation is a study of the evolution of consciousness through its three main levels of development and is predominately masculine in character. This is not to say that it is the exclusive property of males, and it should be clear that it is as applicable to women as to men. Though each of our three stories depicts the passage of a man through the stages of consciousness, it is women’s journey as much as man’s. Since English usage has not yet found a term for those characteristics that apply to both men and women, masculine pronouns and references have been retained throughout.”

(Transformation, p. vii)

Despite this problem in terminology, I find this book, Transformation, to be a most interesting one. And I know it’s a personal favorite of the author’s, though not as popular in terms of sales as many of his other books.

Part of the reason for his affection for this book is that, as he once described it to me, it kind of “fell out of the clouds” for him. This came about around 1990 when he had to drive all the way from Minneapolis to his home in San Diego. With this kind of time to be alone with his thoughts, he began cogitating on the nature of consciousness. By the time his journey home was complete, the book also had taken shape.

What the book outlines, as I have indicated, are three different levels of ego-consciousness, which Johnson speaks of as two-dimensional, three-dimensional, and four-dimensional consciousness. The development and movement of these levels of consciousness is similar to that described in a familiar Zen proverb, which goes:

When I was young and free, the mountains were the mountains, the river was the river, the sky was the sky. Then I lost my way, and the mountains were no longer the mountains, the river was no longer the river, the sky was no longer the sky. Then

I attained satori [enlightenment], and the mountains were again the mountains, the river was again the river, and the sky was again the sky.

(quoted in Transformation, p. 4)

Let me now give a summary of my understanding of these three different levels of consciousness, following that with some concluding commentary.

### **Two-dimensional consciousness**

Two-dimensional consciousness, as Johnson uses it, is *human* consciousness – that is, a consciousness that includes the evolution and development of the rational faculty with its capacity to reason, to distinguish cause and effect, and to divide and differentiate between right and wrong, good and evil.

If one were to speak of one-dimensional consciousness, though Johnson doesn't do this, it could perhaps be described as the awareness and intelligence that animals and human infants before the age of two have – an intelligence and awareness that is impressive in many respects, but which does not yet include a clear sense of self-identity or a developed cause- and-effect reasoning.

With two-dimensional consciousness the rational faculty is in place, and with it the splitting of the wholeness of reality into pairs of opposites. One has divided reality into good and evil, thus, creating a shadow; but in two-dimensional consciousness one is not yet *consciously aware* of having done so. It's a time of simple, uncomplicated, undivided faith. One knows how the world operates, who one is, and what one is called to do.

Thus, one is psychologically whole, non-neurotic, not troubled by existential doubt. The splitting into pairs of opposites is not yet a psychological problem. One does yet *feel* the split.

I think of this two-dimensional consciousness as the time in the Garden of Eden just before the tempter arrives. With the rational faculty evolved, the stage is set for the tempter's arrival, but doubt has not yet entered the picture. It's the time just before one's secure world-view is shaken, before one's innocence is shattered, before one has eaten the fruit and been sent into exile.

Two-dimensional consciousness is represented for Johnson in the figure of Don Quixote, who lives constantly in the realm of fantasy and imagination, who lives only his inner reality and imposes it upon outer reality.

Don Quixote is the literary creation of Cervantes, born in 1547 and a contemporary of Shakespeare. Coincidentally, Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day, April 23, 1616, as dated by the Gregorian calendar, though not by the Julian calendar, which Spain was still using at that time. By the Julian calendar, Cervantes' death was April 11, twelve days earlier than the Gregorian calendar.

This coincidence of Cervantes' and Shakespeare's death dates with different calendars is not lost on Johnson, for he sees Cervantes and Shakespeare standing at the same place but back to back facing different directions: Cervantes faces the Old World characterized by two-dimensional consciousness, and Shakespeare faces the New World that would be characterized by three-dimensional consciousness. Says Johnson:

Cervantes pointed his genius backward and illuminated the medieval consciousness that was just ending in Europe. He constructed Don Quixote, the unwounded, unself-conscious man of unshakable faith, the man for whom everything works in poetic terms, outside the vicissitudes of reality. Cervantes spoke of the childhood of Western man, man who had not yet suffered the shock of being expelled from the Garden of Eden. No better description of two-dimensional man can be found.

Shakespeare, in Hamlet, looked forward and made a statement about the modern man who was to come.

(Transformation, pp. 30-31)

The story of Don Quixote ends on a "somber note," for in the last hours of Don Quixote's life, after all his adventures of faith and heroism, he begins to question and doubt his life. He has, as Johnson puts it, "a moment of lucid insight in which he sees that all his adventures have been unreal exercises of his imagination."

(Transformation, p. 29)

Thus, says Johnson, "The last few hours of his [Don Quixote's] life were lived as a three-dimensional man, part of the necessary movement toward higher consciousness."

(Transformation, p. 29)

### **Three-dimensional consciousness**

What is this higher, three-dimensional consciousness that Don Quixote experienced at the end of his life, which Shakespeare felt and foresaw and laid out most fully in the figure of Hamlet?

Three-dimensional consciousness, believes Johnson, is the consciousness that predominates in modern humanity. Ours is not an age of faith, nor an age of innocence, nor an age of simplicity; but, rather, an age of anxiety, an age of neurosis, an age of complexity.

Ours is the consciousness of those that have fully eaten the fruit from the tempter's hand. It's the consciousness of *being aware* of having to divide and choose and of thus creating a shadow. It's the reality of those driven in exile from the Garden of Eden and who believe they must now be masters of their own fate.

And yet what to do, how to act, how to live? ... for there is doubt at every turn, one stands continually at the crossroads – "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood/ And sorry I could not travel both/ And be one traveler, long I stood..."

It is the consciousness of the person who feels the split in everything, who knows that every choice and every action will only further split things.

For Johnson, Hamlet is the classic figure representing the split-mind of three-dimensional consciousness. That split in Hamlet's mind is clearly expressed in one of the most famous passages in English literature, where Hamlet is debating whether to kill the usurper to his Denmark throne, which is the right of a medieval king, or to listen to a more noble part of his being that would not add more blood to the situation. Caught between his need to act and his abhorrence of violence, Hamlet in anguish cries:

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause:

“Hamlet, the very epitome of the uncertain man, cannot make up his mind whether to live or die! He cannot live; he dares not die.” (Transformation, p. 40)

Hamlet is caught between two worlds. He has been uprooted from the instinctive world of Don Quixote, and though he senses a state of enlightenment beyond the split of his current consciousness, he cannot act. This inability to act, says Johnson, is the failure that shreds everything around him:

He cannot make up his mind whether to follow the dictates of custom and its barbaric solutions or to listen to the enlightenment of his own soul and conscience. He does neither, and finally, he loses the value of both.  
(Transformation, p. 37)

Thus, Hamlet, says Johnson, is:

...the man of tragedy, he who makes chaos and failure of everything he touches. Hamlet is torn man, tragic man, suffering man, “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.” He is the opposite of Don Quixote in nearly every respect. Hamlet is the most profound example in all of literature of the divided man. Only Dostoevsky's characters come close to equaling him in their dividedness.  
(Transformation, p. 35)

As with Don Quixote, who just before his death became aware of the three-dimensional world, so Hamlet, in the last scene of Shakespeare's play, "...comes to an awareness of a consciousness beyond his neurotic split and indecision.... Hamlet sees that which is greater than himself at the last moment of his life." (Transformation, p. 46) He says:

Our deep plots do pall. And that should learn us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

### **Four-dimensional consciousness**

Hamlet's situation sets the stage for the evolution a new state of consciousness that Johnson calls "four-dimensional consciousness." It's a return to the wholeness of "two-dimensional consciousness," except now it's a "conscious wholeness" rather than an "innocent or naïve wholeness."

In four-dimensional consciousness one moves beyond and through Hamlet's ego-centered consciousness characterized by psychological suffering and physical paralysis to a consciousness that moves out of a deeper center than one's ego.

Johnson's literary example of this development is Goethe's German classic, Faust, which Goethe worked on for about sixty years of his life and which was published in two parts: the first part in 1808 when Goethe was 59; the second part, which he did not permit to be published until after his death, in 1832.

The story begins in Faust Part I with Faust's current life and present consciousness running dry. A middle-aged college professor, who has achieved the highest position in his profession, Faust now finds himself "alone, unrelated, his life meaningless" (Transformation, p. 54) – what we have come to call a "mid-life crisis."

Having intuited that his life might come to such a place of hopelessness and despair, Faust is about to drink a vial of poison he has hidden away for just such a time, but as he is about to drink the poison and so end the unbearableness of his mental suffering, he hears Easter music – music, says Johnson, that is available to any person at any time, but which generally is heard only at a time of great spiritual and emotional crisis.

Setting aside the poison and leaving his study, Faust goes outside to mingle with the festival crowd at the Easter celebration. He dances with a peasant girl, drinks a stein of beer, and thus draws closer to the ordinary world, which moments before had seemed so alien, but which now brings him some much needed human warmth and energy.

When Faust returns to his study, a black poodle that had attached itself to him slips between his feet and takes up residence in his study, a visible symbol, says Johnson, of those dark, shadowy parts of his life that have been cut off and un-lived.

The black poodle brings new energy into the dry, academic atmosphere of his study, so much energy, in fact, that as the poodle moves about the study, “flames leap up from its footprints on the stone floor.” (Transformation, p. 60)

When Faust goes back to his academic work, he finds he is dissatisfied with the opening line of the Gospel of John, which reads, “In the beginning was the Word.” As Hamlet before him, so too Faust has had enough of “words, words, words” and so re-translates the opening line to say: “In the beginning was the Act.”

At the moment when Faust replaces “Act” for “Word,” the poodle races around the room leaving footprints of flame, then disappears behind an old stove in the study. And who should appear in the poodle’s place but an even more striking symbol of the shadow: his lordship, the devil, Mephistopheles.

“Mephistopheles announces himself as ‘part of the part which was once the whole.’”  
(Transformation, p. 62)

As “part of the part which once was the whole,” Mephistopheles, the devil, holds the energy that can bring vitality to Faust’s dried-up life. He is the neglected fourth part of the dried-up patriarchal, trinitarian structure, and he will also point the way to the neglected feminine dimension of being.

Mephistopheles is willing to make a bargain with Faust: twenty-four years of restored youth in exchange for his soul. This is the traditional bargain, but in Goethe’s version a provision is added, namely, that Faust will be free at the end of the twenty-four years, if he does not at any point along the way say, “Linger, thou art fair.”

“In other words,” says Johnson, “if Faust can experience the un-lived life of his youth but not become attached to any part of it, he is free!” (Transformation, p. 83)

And so off they go on their adventures, Faust and Mephistopheles, these representatives of ego and shadow.

And the point for Goethe, says Johnson, is not for one to conquer the other as in the traditional meetings of light and dark, but for the two sides to rub against each other and temper each other, and so together to restore a lost totality, to integrate in a conscious way those elements of the wholeness of life that have been split off. Says Johnson:

At the beginning of the relationship Faust is weak, shy, frightened, and inept; Mephistopheles is ruthless and bold, without morality or ethics. At the end of the play, Faust has become strong and Mephistopheles has learned to love. Such is the true transformation of a pair of opposites: tempering, not triumph.

(Transformation, p. 65)

But as Faust, Part I ends, despite their many adventures, no solution has been found to Faust's dilemma, and, like Shakespeare's Hamlet, he suffers greatly, a representative of three-dimensional consciousness that has hit the wall.

However, at the end of Faust, Part I, Faust has become more conscious of his dilemma. This sets the stage for Faust, Part II that calls for a different approach to the problems of life, namely, to relinquish ego-control and to seek a deeper center for one's life, a reality greater than one's own ego.

Faust, Part II – which for many readers is not as initially interesting or understandable as Faust, Part I – is an expression of the symbolic working of one's soul as it seeks a deeper center in life. “Mephistopheles instructs Faust to go to the place of the Mothers in the eternal depths,…” (Transformation, p. 78)

Thus, the solution for Faust is to not to be found in any outward or literal action, but inwardly – through reflection, art, symbol, and imagination. Says Johnson:

It is only on this level that Faust can find a way out of his imprisonment in three-dimensional consciousness. The efforts of planning, reasoning, discipline, and heroic ventures would only further the emotional confusion of a man who has attained the degree of consciousness Faust has at the end of Part I. ....it is only in the realm of symbol and ceremony that the solution can be found.

(Transformation, p. 76)

This is what Faust, Part II is about – the interior journey, a movement beyond time-and-space bound consciousness to the experience of another dimension, a larger reality, the eternal depths out of which three-dimensional consciousness arose and back to which it must refer if it is to find its way. The ending lines of the play say:

“All that is perishable  
is but an image...  
The Eternal Feminine  
draws us on.

## **Commentary**

Let me conclude with a couple of endnotes on these three levels of consciousness.

Even though Johnson presents these levels of consciousness in a hierarchical and developmental way, he believes one should not try to force an individual into and through these developmental stages. Indeed, Johnson strongly advises parents and society not to try to quickly force a child out of the two-dimensional consciousness of the Garden of Eden before they show signs of needing and wanting to leave. (Don't tell a child of five, six, or seven there's no Santa Claus.) Writes Johnson:

Because we have the unjustifiable opinion that complex consciousness is highly desirable, we very carefully educate our young out of their simplicity as early in life as possible. Parents are very proud if their youngsters can read and write or gain computer skills at a very early age. This often produces children who have been robbed of their childhood and driven from their Garden of Eden much too early, and who therefore develop neuroses later in life.

(Transformation, pp. 8-9)

He says:

Complex consciousness is so highly prized in our society that no cost is thought too high to gain freedom, self-determination, and choice, the qualities of this level of consciousness. We are so zealous in championing complex consciousness that we will export its way of life to any other less-advanced country, free of charge.

(Transformation, pp. 9-10)

### **No return**

On the other hand, once one has left the Garden of Eden and tasted a more complex three-dimensional consciousness, one really can't go back to the simpler two-dimensional consciousness, as the Genesis myth with the angels and their flaming swords guarding the entrance to the Garden indicates.

To me, the various fundamentalisms of the world can be seen as standing at the cusp between the worlds of two- and three-dimensional consciousness. In fundamentalism, either one has just entered the complexity of three-dimensional consciousness and doesn't like what one sees and so tries to retreat to a simpler consciousness. Or, one is still essentially in two-dimensional consciousness but has an inkling of the problems of three-dimensional consciousness and so refuses to enter, and instead desperately tries to hold on to one's simple faith, or even makes attempts to undercut and destroy the world of three-dimensional consciousness.

Our world is currently buffeted by those in-between two-and three-dimensional consciousness, while those in three-dimensional consciousness are often paralyzed into inaction like a Hamlet.

### **An artificial structure**

Another thing to point out about these three levels of consciousness is this is an artificial structure and that one is not only at one level or only at another level. One may say that a certain level of consciousness predominates in a person or in a society, but one may also see that all three levels are present in a given individual or in a given society at one time.

Thus, we may think of these three levels of consciousness as fluid movements that we are continually going through with respect to different aspects of ourselves – different aspects of ourselves are losing innocence, entering greater complexity and anxiety, and

also seeking a deeper level of unity that can redeem and integrate that aspect and make us more whole.

### **Conscious suffering**

And one final, concluding endnote: In regard to the movement and development of these levels of consciousness, we may say that there are two kinds of suffering: the suffering of being stuck, which is brought about by avoidance, an excruciating suffering that goes nowhere; and a second kind of suffering, conscious suffering, in which one moves forward by a willingness to stay with confusion, not to look for shortcuts, not to hold on to one's ego, but to let go, to willingly sacrifice one's present formulations for larger, ongoing life.

Thus, one cannot return to or hold onto a life that has now passed you by, for that old life will only tear you up. Like Faust, you are lost if you say, "Linger, thou art fair."

I will be speaking about such conscious suffering at our Good Friday Service of Meditation, this coming Friday at the noon hour.

### **Benediction**

Now may peace be in our hearts,  
and understanding in our minds,  
may courage steel our wills,  
and the love of truth forever guide us. Amen.

### **Extinguishing of Chalice**

And now we extinguish our chalice  
But not the light of truth,  
The warmth of community,  
Or the fire of commitment.  
These we carry in our hearts  
Until we are together again.

(NOTE: This is a manuscript version of the service given by The Reverend Bruce A. Bode at the Quimper Unitarian Universalist Fellowship on April 1, 2007. The spoken service, available on audio cassette at the Fellowship, may differ slightly in phrasing and detail from this manuscript version.)