

"Not dark yet"

En mässa om livets brustenhet

16 september i Annedalskyrkan

Text och musik av *Bob Dylan*

Mässan är utarbetad av *Valle Erling, Mikael Ringlander och Pär Friberg.*

Valdemar

Valle Erling - sång, gitarr och munspel

David Ekh – gitarr

Anders Sjöling - bas och sång

Urban Löfgren – trummor

Claes Johansson – keyboards

Björn Almgren - percussion och saxofon

Gunnar Frick - pedal steel, dragspel, orgel och gitarr

Pär Friberg - predikan

Gudmund Erling - celebrant

Anna Jagell och *David Oest* - läsning ur Psaltaren

Britt Grandin - överlåtelsebön

Cecilia Nyholm - tackbön

Ljus: *Leif Ekring* - Chroma Ljusuthyrning AB

Ljud: *Johan Blomqvist* - Prosona AB

Arrangörer: Kultursamverkan Svenska Kyrkan, Valdemar och Annedals församling

Medarrangörer: Brämaregårdens församling, Haga församling, Högsbo församling och Skolkkyrkan

Än är det inte mörkt. Men snart. När nittonhundratalet nästan är slut släpper Dylan CD:n "Time Out of Mind" med spåret "Not Dark Yet". Som en sammanfattning av tidens anda och en monolog över hur den egna själen krackelerar.

*"Feel like my soul has turned into steel
I´ve still got the scars that the sun didn´t heal"*

I samma tonläge ligger Dylans CD "Oh Mercy" som kom 10 år tidigare. Detta är låtar som rymmer en sprödhet och nakenhet som saknar motstycke i västvärldens rockmusik. Livets brustenhet i en samling enkla låtar med en sårbar musik där det vackra inte sällan ligger i de spruckna ljuden, i det som faller isär. Med hjälp av producenten Daniel Lanois lyckas Dylan måla mörka suggestiva landskap.

Mässan "Not Dark Yet" bygger fram för allt på sånger från dessa två plattor. Vi möter en Dylan långt ifrån den kaxige protestsångaren från 60-talets Greenwich Village och den salvelsefulle predikanten från slutet av 70-talet. Inte för att dessa ytterligheter skulle sakna betydelse idag, nej Dylan förnekar inte sin historia. Men den Dylan vi möter i dessa senare sånger, låter även det brustna i livet få en plats och en mening. Här finns spänningen mellan en förtröstan på en närvarande Gud och i nästa andetag en tillvaro som faller i bitar. Oh mercy, time out of mind. En förundran över nådens tidlöshet.

Nattvarden är sårbarhetens måltid. Instiftat av en Gud som blev människa. En människa med sår. Men i det som gör ont föds också det vackra. En kärlekens måltid av enkelt bröd och vin för brustna hjärtan. Vi har i denna mässa varsamt lånat Dylans sårbara sånger och texter för att uttrycka nattvarden's mysterium.

"Behind every beautiful thing there´s been some kind of pain"

Valle Erling, Pär Friberg och Mikael Ringlander

Inledningsord

Klockringning

Not Dark Yet

Shadows are falling and I've been here all day
It's too hot to sleep time is running away
Feel like my soul has turned into steel
I've still got the scars that the sun didn't heal
There's not even room enough to be anywhere
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well my sense of humanity has gone down the drain
Behind every beautiful thing there's been some kind of pain
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
She put down in writing what was in her mind
I just don't see why I should even care
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well, I've been to London and I've been to gay Paree
I've followed the river and I got to the sea
I've been down on the bottom of a world full of lies
I ain't looking for nothing in anyone's eyes
Sometimes my burden seems more than I can bear
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

I was born here and I'll die here against my will
I know it looks like I'm moving, but I'm standing still
Every nerve in my body is so vacant and numb
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
Don't even hear a murmur of a prayer
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

(Time out of mind, 1997)

Psaltaren 88:2-5 och 9b-13. (M = man och K = kvinna)

K Min Gud, om dagen ropar jag på hjälp
om natten stiger mitt klagoskri till dig.

M Låt min bön nå fram,
lyssna till min klagan.

K Mitt liv är fyllt av elände,
jag står vid dödsrikets rand.

M Jag räknas till dem som lagts i graven,
jag är en man som har mist sin kraft.

K Jag är inspärrad, jag kan inte komma ut.
Mitt lidande gör blicken skum.

M Varje dag ropar jag till dig, Herre,
jag sträcker mina händer mot dig.

K Gör du under med de döda?
Kan skuggorna resa sig och prisa dig?

M Talar man i graven om din godhet,
i avgrunden om din trofasthet?

K Blir dina under kända i mörkret,
din rättfärdighet i glömskans land?

Tryin' To Get To Heaven

The air is getting hotter
There's a rumbling in the skies
I've been wading through the high muddy water
With the heat rising in my eyes
Every day your memory grows dimmer
It doesn't haunt me like it did before
I've been walking through the middle of nowhere
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

When I was in Missouri
They would not let me be
I had to leave there in a hurry
I only saw what they let me see
You broke a heart that loved you
Now you can seal up the book and not write anymore
I've been walking that lonesome valley
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

People on the platforms
Waiting for the trains
I can hear their hearts a-beatin'
Like pendulums swinging on chains
When you think that you lost everything
You find out you can always lose a little more
I'm just going down the road feeling bad
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

I'm going down the river
Down to New Orleans
They tell me everything is gonna be all right
But I don't know what "all right" even means
I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary-Jane
Miss Mary-Jane got a house in Baltimore
I been all around the world, boys
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

Gonna sleep down in the parlor
And relive my dreams

I'll close my eyes and I wonder
If everything is as hollow as it seems
Some trains don't pull no gamblers
No midnight rambles, like they did before
I been to Sugar Town, I shook the sugar down
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

(Time Out of Mind, 1997)

What Good am I?

What good am I if I'm like all the rest,
If I just turned away, when I see how you're dressed,
If I shut myself off so I can't hear you cry,
What good am I?

What good am I if I know and don't do,
If I see and don't say, if I look right through you,
If I turn a deaf ear to the thunderin' sky,
What good am I?

What good am I while you softly weep
And I hear in my head what you say in your sleep,
And I freeze in the moment like the rest who don't try,
What good am I?

What good am I then to others and me
If I've had every chance and yet still fail to see
Bridge: If my hands tied must I not wonder within
Who tied them and why and where must I have been

What good am I if I say foolish things
And I laugh in the face of what sorrow brings
And I just turn my back while you silently die,
What good am I?

(Oh Mercy, 1989)

Överlåtelsebön

Alla Gud, vi vänder oss till dig
för att söka ord för vår brustenhet,
för det som är sårigt och söndrat
i vårt eget och i världens liv.

P *"I've been walking that lonesome valley
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door."*

Alla Gud, vi ber om befrielse
från det som stänger in och skiljer oss
från varandra och din skapelse.

P *"I was born here and I will die here, against my will.
I know it looks like I am moving, but I am standing still."*

Alla Gud, vi ber om förlåtelse
när vi drar oss undan från dig,
när vi missbrukar det liv du ger oss.

P *"What good am I then to others and me
If I have had every chance and yet still fail to see?"*

P Guds vilja till läkedom är gränslös.
Må Gud förlåta och befria dig
så att du kan leva utan fruktan.

Everything is Broken

Broken lines, broken strings,
Broken threads, broken springs,
Broken idols, broken heads,
People sleeping in broken beds.
Ain't no use jiving
Ain't no use joking
Everything is broken.

Broken bottles, broken plates,
Broken switches, broken gates,
Broken dishes, broken parts,
Streets are filled with broken hearts.
Broken words never meant to be spoken,
Everything is broken.

Bridge: Seem like every time you stop and turn around
Something else just hit the ground

Broken cutters, broken saws,
Broken buckles, broken laws,
Broken bodies, broken bones,
Broken voices on broken phones.
Take a deep breath, feel like you're chokin',
Everything is broken.

Bridge: Every time you leave and go off someplace
Things fall to pieces in my face

Broken hands on broken ploughs,
Broken treaties, broken vows,
Broken pipes, broken tools,
People bending broken rules.
Hound dog howling, bull frog croaking,
Everything is broken.

(Oh Mercy, 1989)

What Was It You Wanted?

What was it you wanted?
Tell me again so I'll know.
What's happening in there,

What's going on in your show.
What was it you wanted,
Could you say it again?
I'll be back in a minute
You can get it together by then.

What was it you wanted
You can tell me, I'm back,
We can start it all over
Get it back on the track,
You got my attention,
Go ahead, speak.
What was it you wanted
When you were kissing my cheek?

Was there somebody looking
When you give me that kiss
Someone there in the shadows
Someone that I might have missed?
Is there something you needed,
Something I don't understand.
What was it you wanted,
Do I have it here in my hand?

Whatever you wanted
Slipped out of my mind,
Would you remind me again
If you'd be so kind.
Has the record been breaking,
Did the needle just skip,
Is there somebody waitin',
Was there a slip of the lip?

What was it you wanted
I ain't keepin' score
Are you the same person
That was here before?
Is it something important?
Maybe not.
What was it you wanted?
Tell me again I forgot.

Whatever you wanted
What could it be
Did somebody tell you
That you could get it from me,
Is it something that comes natural
Is it easy to say,
Why do you want it,
Who are you anyway?

Is the scenery changing,
Am I getting it wrong,
Is the whole thing going backwards,
Are they playing our song?
Where were you when it started
Do you want it for free

What was it you wanted
Are you talking to me?

(Oh Mercy, 1989)

Predikan

Kollekt

Ring Them Bells

Ring them bells, ye heathen
From the city that dreams,
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries
Cross the valleys and streams,
For they're deep and they're wide
And the world's on its side
And time is running backwards
And so is the bride.

Ring them bells St. Peter
Where the four winds blow,
Ring them bells with an iron hand
So the people will know.
Oh it's rush hour now
On the wheel and the plow
And the sun is going down
Upon the sacred cow.

Ring them bells Sweet Martha,
For the poor man's son,
Ring them bells so the world will know
That God is one.
Oh the shepherd is asleep
Where the willows weep
And the mountains are filled
With lost sheep.

Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf,
Ring them bells for all of us who are left,
Ring them bells for the chosen few
Who will judge the many when the game is through.
Ring them bells, for the time that flies,
For the child that cries
When innocence dies.

Ring them bells St. Catherine
From the top of the room,
Ring them from the fortress
For the lilies that bloom.
Oh the lines are long
And the fighting is strong
And they're breaking down the distance
Between right and wrong.

(Oh Mercy, 1989)

Nattvardsbönen

P Gud, vi behöver inte mycket för att bli stärkta

Alla Bara en bit bröd

P En bit bröd och människor som vi kan vara tillsammans med.

Alla Bara en smula av kärlek och en bågare med vin

P Jesus Kristus, med ditt liv mättar du vår hunger och stillar vår törst.
Den natt då han blev förrådd...

*"We are hanging in the balance of the reality of man
Like every sparrow is falling, like every grain of sand"*

Måltiden

Every Grain of Sand (under måltiden)

In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear,
Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer.
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.
Then onward in my journey I come to understand
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light,
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space,
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other times it's only me.
I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

(Shot of Love, 1981)

Tackbön

Som en fallande stjärna lyser du för oss
Du föll ner för att ge oss
Liv av ditt liv.
Hjälp oss att inte behålla det för oss själva
Utan ge vidare det vi fått

Välsignelsen

"I know God is my shield and he won't lead me astray"

Shooting Star

Seen a shooting star tonight
And I thought of you.
You were trying to break into another world
A world I never knew.
I always kind of wondered
If you ever made it through.
Seen a shooting star tonight
And I thought of you.

Seen a shooting star tonight
And I thought of me.
If I was still the same
If I ever became what you wanted me to be
Did I miss the mark or
Over-step the line
That only you could see?
Seen a shooting star tonight
And I thought of me.

Listen to the engine, listen to the bell
As the last fire truck from hell
Goes rolling by, all good people are praying,
It's the last temptation
The last account
The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount,
The last radio is playing.

Seen a shooting star tonight
Slip Away.
Tomorrow will be another day.
Guess it's too late to say the things to you
That you needed to hear me say.
Seen a shooting star tonight
Slip away.

(Oh Mercy, 1989)