

Arlington Street Church, *Unitarian Universalist*

Boston, Massachusetts

<https://zoom.us/j/8958866876> (video)

or (929) 436-2866 (phone)

[Meeting ID is 895 886 6876]

SUNDAY, MAY 22ND, 2022

PRELUDE

Improvisation on “Abide with Me” ... music: *William Henry Monk* (1823 – 1889)

Improvisation on “How Can I Keep from Singing?”

music: *Robert Lowry* (1826 – 1899)

Tyler Turner, piano

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

INTROIT Arlington Street Church Choir

Be Like the Bird text: *Victor Hugo* (1802 – 1885)

music: *Abbie Betinis* (b. 1980)

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor

Be like the bird that,
Pausing in her flight awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her – and sings –
Knowing she hath wings.

GREETINGS ... Lucy Humphrey, Worship Coordinator; Dan Simpson, in training

HYMN 38

Morning Has Broken text: *Eleanor Farjeon* (1881 – 1965)

music: *Gaelic Melody*

harmonization: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Julie Metcalf, violin

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain’s new fall sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where G*d’s feet pass

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise every morning
G*d’s recreation of the new day!

COMMUNITY CANDLES OF SORROW & JOY

Sanctuary *John W. Thompson and Randy Scruggs (b. 1953)*
adaptation: *Crawford Harvie/Buckles*
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles (b. 1980)*

Open my heart to be a sanctuary
All made holy, loved and true
With thanksgiving, I'll be a living
Sanctuary for you

To have your candle of sorrow or joy read during the service, please submit it in advance [here](#). During the service, candles are welcome in the Zoom chat.

AFFIRMATION AND COVENANT

Love is the spirit
of this congregation,
And service is our gift.

This is our great covenant:
To dwell together in peace,
To speak our truths in love,
And to help one another.

El amor es el espíritu
de nuestra congregación
Y el servicio es nuestro regalo.
Esto es a lo que nos comprometemos:
Convivir en paz,
Hablar nuestras verdades con amor,
Y ayudarnos los unos a los otros.

HYMN 12

O Life That Maketh All Things New text: *Samuel Longfellow (1819 – 1892)*
music: *Traditional English Melody*
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles (b. 1980)*

Hannah Shanefield, soprano
Julie Metcalf, violin

O Life that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, our thoughts within,
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The seekers of the light are one:

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of G*d;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new,

The Life that maketh all things new.

SERMON

Pain is Inevitable; Suffering is Optional Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM Arlington Street Church Choir

The May Night (Die Mainacht) music: *Johannes Brahms* (1833 – 1897)

arrangement: *Arthur Frackenpohl* (1924 – 2019)

original text: *Ludwig Höltz* (1748 – 1776)

translation: *Richard Griffith* (1861 – 1947)

When the silvery moon
Shines through the flutt'ring leaves,
When her pale, drowsy light
Over the field she throws,
And the nightingale warbles,
I go sadly o'er hill and vale.

Somewhere hid in the leaves
Two softly cooing doves fill my heart with delight

Yet, do I turn away
Turn to shadows that are darker
In my eye is but one tear

Where, O vision whose smile streams like the rosy dawn
Through the depths of my soul, where
On this earth are you?

In my eye is but one tear,
It burns me,
Burns upon my cheek.

OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY

These are extraordinary times that call for extraordinary generosity. At the top of the pandemic, we shut down the sanctuary and committed to continue to pay our staff ... with no idea when we might reopen. Without missing a beat, our Tech Team pivoted to a virtual format — and so did we all. As the virus raged, we nourished a dream of the day when we might once again reopen the Great Doors and made wildly expensive upgrades to our sound system, purchased technology to support a hybrid service format, and readily agreed to make it available to the community partners who share our mission and this beautiful space. And all the while, Arlington Street members and friends have given with open, grateful hands.

Today, we invite you to be part of Arlington Street's pandemic story — a story of devotion, innovation, and transformational generosity. To make your gift, please scan the QR code; visit www.tinyurl.com/GiveASC; or text the word



GIVE to (617) 300-0509. If you're ready to give regularly, Liz Teixeira (treasurer@ascboston.org) would be delighted to assist you with setting up automatic payments. We are so grateful! *Thank you!*

SHARE THE PLATE: THE LILY HOUSE

Many of us are familiar with hospice care, an alternative to keeping people who are terminally ill alive no matter what. Hospice focuses on pain management, quality of life, and emotional and spiritual care.

Traditionally, hospice care has been offered at home. For a variety of reasons, some people's homes are not appropriate for hospice, though they would benefit from the opportunity to die in a homey atmosphere.

Recently, a lovely woman on Cape Cod who was cared for at home at the end of her life left her house to a small group of friends who dreamed of creating a community hospice house. Now, that dream is becoming a reality: The Lily House.

The Lily House's mission is to provide around-the-clock hospice care for anyone seeking a peaceful, compassionate, and contemplative environment to live and die with dignity, comfort, and grace while being cared for with love—at no cost to those in need. Above all, they want to ensure that no one has to worry about dying alone.

The Lily House is in the process of being renovated and retrofitted. Rev. Kim is serving on the board of directors. **Arlington Street's Mary Gillach will double-match every gift given today!** *Thank you for your generosity!*

OFFERTORY

Flight *Craig Carnelia* (b. 1949)

Daniel Rosensweig, piano and vocals

Let me run through a field in the night
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight

Let me sway like the shade of a tree
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea
Wish me on my way

Through the dawning day, I
Wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill
Wanna grow, wanna grow
On the side of a hill

I don't care if the train runs late
If the checks won't clear
If the house blows down

I'll be off where the weeds run wild
Where the seeds fall far from this
Earthbound town

And I'll start to soar!
Watch me rain 'til I pour out!
I'll catch a ship that'll sail me astray
Get caught in a wind I'll just have to obey, 'til I'm flying away!
Let me leave behind
All the clouds in my mind I
Wanna wake without wondering why
Finding myself in a burst for the sky!

I'll just roll!
Let me lose all control I
Wanna float like a wish in a well
Free as the sound of the sea in a shell

I don't know
But maybe I'm just a fool

I should keep to the ground
I should stay where I'm at
Maybe everyone has hunger like this
And the hunger will pass
But I can't think like that

All I know is somewhere though a clearing
There's a flickering of sunlight on a river long and wide

And I have such a river inside!
Let me run through a field in the night!
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight!
Let me sway like the shade of a tree!
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea!
Wish me on my way!
Through the dawning day I
Wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill
Wanna grow on the side of a hill

Wanna shift like a wave going on
Wanna drift from the path
I've been traveling upon

Before I am gone.

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

HYMN

You'll Never Walk Alone lyrics: *Oscar Hammerstein II* (1895 – 1960)
from *Carousel* music: *Richard Rodgers* (1902 – 1979)

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.

BENEDICTION AND EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

For our benediction, you are invited to put your hands over your heart in Namaste

I bow to the Divine in You.

RECESSIONAL

Where You Go (I Will Go) *Shoshana Jedwab* (b. 1964)
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Where you go I will go, beloved
Where you go I will go
Where you go I will go, beloved
Where you go I will go
For your people are my people
Your people are mine
Your people are my people
Your divine, my divine

POSTLUDE

Improvisation on "We'll Build a Land" music: *Carolyn McDade* (b. 1936)
Tyler Turner, piano



** Out of respect for Arlington Street Church members and friends who are Jewish,
we follow the tradition of not spelling out G*d's name.*

This morning's pulpit flowers are a gift from the Richard Mattoli flower fund.

Thank you, Richard!