

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 23RD, 2021

PRELUDE

I'm Movin' On *Phillip White* and *D. Vincent Williams* (b. 1969)
as performed by *Rascal Flatts*

Superheroes *Mark Sheehan* (b. 1981) and *Danny O'Donoghue* (b. 1980)
as performed by *The Script*

Let It Go *Robert Lopez* (b. 1975) and *Kristen Anderson Lopez* (b. 1972)
from *Frozen*

Yulia Yun, piano

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

INTROIT

We Let It Be *Rickie Byars*

Mark David Buckles, piano and vocals

We let the love
Wash over us
We let,
We let it be

We let the peace
Wash over us
We let,
We let it be

GREETINGS Hala Hazar, Worship Coordinator

HYMN

Loosen, Loosen *Aly Halpert*

Rev. Joanna Lubkin, vocals

Loosen, loosen baby
You don't have to carry
The weight of the world
In your muscles and bones
Let go, let go, let go

Holy breath and holy name,
Will you ease, will you ease this pain?

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

Hana Omori, piano and vocals; Kazuhiro Omori, guitar

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

Let Go *DeWayne Woods (b. 1975), adapted*

Mark David Buckles, piano and vocals

Just when I stop worrying
Wondering how the story ends
I let go and I let love
Let love lead the way
That's when things started happening

When I stopped looking at back then
I let go and I let love
Let love lead the way

Let go, let love...

SERMON

Letting Go (Redux) Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

The Gambler *Don Schlitz (b. 1952)*
as performed by *Kenny Rogers (1938 – 2020)*

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals

On a warm summer's evening
On a train bound for nowhere
I met up with the gambler
We were both too tired to sleep
So we took turns a-starin'
Out the window at the darkness

The boredom overtook us
And he began to speak

He said, "Son, I've made a life
Out of readin' people's faces
Knowin' what the cards were
By the way they held their eyes
So if you don't mind my sayin'
I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey
I'll give you some advice"

So I handed him my bottle
And he drank down my last swallow
Then he bummed a cigarette
And asked me for a light
And the night got deathly quiet
And his face lost all expression
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy
You gotta learn to play it right

Chorus

You've got to know when to hold 'em
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away
And know when to run
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin'
When the dealin's done

Every gambler knows
That the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away
And knowin' what to keep
'Cause every hand's a winner
And every hand's a loser
And the best that you can hope for
Is to die in your sleep"

And when he'd finished speakin'
He turned back toward the window
Crushed out his cigarette
Faded off to sleep
And somewhere in the darkness
The gambler he broke even
But in his final words
I found an ace that I could keep

Chorus

You've got to know when to hold 'em
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away
And know when to run
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin'
When the dealin's done

OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY DURING THE GLOBAL PANDEMIC

Friends, these are extraordinary times that call for extraordinary generosity. Many income-generating events and church rentals have had to be cancelled or postponed, putting a huge strain on the church budget. **Our ministers and staff are continuing to work; our goal is to continue to pay them.** You can text the word GIVE to (617) 300-0509 or scan the QR code to give any amount you'd like. Even more helpful for cash flow would be to set up [automatic](#)



[payments](#) via bank transfer or credit card. Our treasurer, Liz Teixeira, (treasurer@ascboston.org) would be happy and grateful to assist you with this process! In addition, please consider making an extra gift to sustain Arlington Street this month. Together though apart, we can thrive! *Thank you for your steadfastness and support!*

OFFERTORY

Let It Go *Robert Lopez* (b. 1975) and *Kristen Anderson Lopez* (b. 1972)
from *Frozen*

Hana Omori, soprano; Kazuhiro Omori, piano

The snow glows white on the mountain tonight
Not a footprint to be seen
A kingdom of isolation
And it looks like I'm the queen
The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside
Couldn't keep it in, heaven knows I've tried

Don't let them in, don't let them see
Be the good girl you always have to be
Conceal, don't feel, don't let them know
Well, now they know

Let it go, let it go
Can't hold it back anymore
Let it go, let it go
Turn away and slam the door
I don't care what they're going to say
Let the storm rage on
The cold never bothered me anyway

It's funny how some distance makes everything seem small
And the fears that once controlled me can't get to me at all
It's time to see what I can do
To test the limits and break through
No right, no wrong, no rules for me
I'm free

Let it go, let it go
I am one with the wind and sky
Let it go, let it go
You'll never see me cry
Here I stand and here I stay
Let the storm rage on

My power flurries through the air into the ground
My soul is spiraling in frozen fractals all around

And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast
I'm never going back, the past is in the past

Let it go, let it go
When I'll rise like the break of dawn
Let it go, let it go
That perfect girl is gone
Here I stand in the light of day
Let the storm rage on
The cold never bothered me anyway

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

MAY SHARE THE PLATE: THE LOUIS D. BROWN PEACE INSTITUTE

In 1993, Louis D. Brown was a 15-year-old 10th grader growing up in Roxbury with very big dreams: college, graduate school, a doctoral degree in aerodynamic engineering. Ultimately, Louis wanted to be the first African-American and youngest-ever President of the United States.

Louis said, "I want young people I went to school with and from my community to be active in my government. However, if things don't change, I'll be alone in the White House, because by the time I become president, my peers will all be dead, addicted to drugs, or in jail." Setting out to improve his community and to be a role model to his peers, he joined Teens Against Gang Violence. That fall, on his way to a Teens Against Gang Violence meeting, Louis was killed in the crossfire of a gang shootout.



In 1994, his extraordinary mother, Tina Chéry, honored her son's dream by founding The Louis D. Brown Peace Institute (ldbpeaceinstitute.org). Dedicated to education in peacemaking and nonviolence, the institute also assists survivors of homicide victims. *Thank you for your generous support!*

HYMN

Let It Be *Paul McCartney* (b. 1942)

Mark David Buckles, piano and vocals

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
And in my hour of darkness
she is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

And when the broken hearted people
living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
For though they may be parted
there is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

And when the night is cloudy
there is still a light that shines on me
Shine until tomorrow, let it be
I wake up to the sound of music
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

Let it be, let it be, let it be, yeah, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, yeah, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, yeah, let it be
Shine until tomorrow, let it be

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)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals

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

Don't Stop Me Now *Freddie Mercury* (1946 – 1991)
as performed by *Queen*

Yulia Yun, organ



Need help? The Tech Team will be monitoring Arlington Street's Facebook page on Sunday morning. If you need assistance, please post a comment to www.facebook.com/ArlingtonStreetChurch, send a Facebook message, or email Outreach@ASCBoston.org.

*This morning's pulpit flowers are a gift from the Richard Mattoli flower fund.
Thank you, Richard!*