

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, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 2022

PRELUDE

Gnossienne No. 4 *Erik Satie* (1866 – 1925)

Moment to Moment *Henry Mancini* (1924 – 1994)

When Morning Comes *Paul Cardall* (b. 1973)

Cheng Cheng, piano

WELCOME, CHALICE LIGHTING, AND LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

INTROIT Arlington Street Church Choir

Here Together *David Glasgow* (b. 1971)

We are here, here together
In this holy moment
And we're grateful for the winding road
That brought us to this place

GREETINGS Rebecca Reid, Worship Coordinator

***HYMN 1064**

Blue Boat Home text: *Peter Mayer* (b. 1963)

music: *Roland Hugh Prichard* (1811 – 1887), adapted

arrangement: *Jason Shelton* (b. 1972)

Though below me, I feel no motion
Standing on these mountains and plains.
Far away from the rolling ocean
Still my dry land heart can say:
I've been sailing all my life now,
Never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel
And the earth is my blue boat home.

Sun my sail and moon my rudder
As I ply the starry sea,
Leaning over the edge in wonder,
Casting questions into the deep.
Drifting here with my ship's companions,
All we kindred pilgrim souls,
Making our way by the lights of the heavens
In our beautiful blue boat home.

I give thanks to the waves upholding me,
Hail the great winds urging me on,
Greet the infinite sea before me,
Sing the sky my sailor's song:
I was born up on the fathoms,
Never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel,
And the earth is my blue boat home.

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

There Are More Waters Rising *Sara Lynch-Thomason*

There are more waters rising,
This I know, this I know,
There are more waters rising,
This I know.
There are more waters rising –
They will find their way to me,
There are more waters rising,
This I know, this I know,
There are more waters rising,
This I know.

There are more fires burning...

There are more mountains falling...

I will wade through the waters...
...When they find their way to me

I will walk through the fires...
...When they find their way to me

I will rebuild the mountains...
...When they find their way to me

I will wade through the waters...
...When they find their way to me

I will wade through the waters, this I know.
(repeat)

SERMON

Graceful Change Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

Gonna Get Through This World text: *Woody Guthrie* (1912 – 1967)
music: *Lisa Gutkin* (*The Klezmatiks*)
choral arrangement: *Nick Page* (b. 1952)

Well I'm gonna get through this world
The best I can, if I can
And I'm gonna get through this world
And I think I can
Well I'm gonna work in this world
The best I can, if I can

And I'm gonna work in this world
And I think I can

Well I'm gonna walk in this world
The best I can, if I can...
And I'm gonna talk in this world
The best I can, if I can
And I think I can

Well, I'm gonna clean up this world
The best I can, if I can...
I'm gonna leave this world behind
The best I can, if I can
And I think I can

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!*

SEPTEMBER SHARE THE PLATE: EMA FUND (EmaFund.org)

presented by Eve Lauria, Arlington Street Member and EMA Volunteer

Since 1999, the Eastern Massachusetts Abortion Fund has helped people who can't afford the costs associated with securing a safe abortion. Every year, the EMA Fund supports hundreds of callers with the funding or logistical assistance they need to access abortion services.

Let's support reproductive rights and, especially, help flatten the threshold for everyone seeking autonomy over their bodies and their lives. To give, please scan the QR code above, visit www.tinyurl.com/ASCGive, or text the word SHARE to (617) 300-0509. *Thank you for your generosity!*

OFFERTORY

Somewhere Different Now *Tylan Greenstein*
from *Girlyman*

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals
Julie Metcalf, violin and vocals

I took a long drive by the church and the high dive
Past the riverbank hillside, where we looked at the clouds
I believe in the big g*d, and the multitude of love
And the fact that it's just us helping each other out

Now I've just been reeling, staring up at my ceiling
Wishing someone would reach out, come and bust up my hideout
I'm not quite lost, not quite found
Just somewhere different now

I went walking past the corner lot, teeming
With weeds and trailers abandoned, people wandering around
I've been dreaming of gardens, crops that grow without dusting
In the San Rafael highlands, where we listened to bugs sing

Now I don't mind saying, I believe in the waiting
In the visions of grandeur, and the random encounter
I'm not on fire, not burned out
Just somewhere different now

Woke up this morning with a familiar feeling
Like the angels were crying 'stead of their normal flying
When did you get so certain, boldly draw back your curtains
Lightning strikes in the tall place, water flows to the street grates

Now I look in the mirror, can't abide what I see there
Still I'll play you a strong hand, what remains of a good plan
It's not quite gone, but it's not around
Must be somewhere different now

Now I caught a red light past the coffeeshop Starlight
And plastic Christmas adornments someone left on the pavement
Just to drive feels like passion, just to let the wheels roll on
Engine light keeps on flashing, don't know what has gone wrong

Now I keep believing, don't know if there's a reason
I search under the pillow for the crumbs in the willow
Cause they got me here, and I'm not sure how
But I'm somewhere different now

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

*HYMN 126

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing text: *Rev. Robert Robinson* (1735 – 1790)
& *Rev. Eugene B. Navias* (1928 – 2014)
music: *John Wyeth, Repository of Sacred Music* (1813)
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Verse 1-2: congregation

Verse 3: soloists

Verse 3: congregation

Come, thou fount of every blessing
Tune our ears to sing thy grace
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise
While the hope of life's perfection
Fills our hearts with joy and love
Teach us ever to be faithful
May we still thy goodness prove

Come, thou fount of every vision
Lift our eyes to what may come
See the lion and the lambkin
Dwell together in thy home
Hear the cries of war fall silent
Feel our love glow like the sun
When we all serve one another
Then our heaven is begun

Come, thou fount of inspiration
Turn our lives to higher ways
Lift our gloom and desperation
Show the promise of this day
Help us bind ourselves in union
Help our hands tell of our love
With thine aid, O fount of justice
Earth be fair as heaven above

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

Come into his presence *Lynn Baird* (b. 1952)
Cheng Cheng, 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.*