

**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, OCTOBER 31<sup>ST</sup>, 2021

Honoring El Día de los Muertos (Day of the Dead)  
and All Souls

**PRELUDE**

Niel Gow's Lament (For the Death of His Second Wife)

*Niel Gow (1727 – 1807)*

Deliverance (Befrielsen) ..... *Olav Luksengård Mjelva*

*in loving memory of Elizabeth R. Metcalf*

Julie Metcalf, violin

Mark David Buckles, piano

**WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING**

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

*The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.*

**INTROIT**

Breaths ..... music: *Ysaye Barnwell* (b. 1946)

text: *Birago Diop* (1906 – 1989), *adapted*

Mark David Buckles, vocals and percussion

Julie Metcalf, vocals

Listen more often to things than to beings  
Listen more often to things than to beings  
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard  
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters  
Zah whssh, aah whssh

Those who have died have never, never left  
The dead are not under the earth  
They are in the rustling trees  
They are in the groaning woods  
They are in the crying grass  
They are in the moaning rocks  
The dead are not under the earth

So listen more often to things than to beings  
Listen more often to things than to beings  
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard  
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters  
Zah whssh, aah whssh

Those who have died have never, never left  
The dead have a pact with the living  
They are in the woman's breast

They are in the wailing child  
They are with us in our homes  
They are with us in this crowd  
The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often to things than to beings  
Listen more often to things than to beings  
'Tis the ancestors' breath when the fire's voice is heard  
'Tis the ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters  
Zah whsshh, aahh whsshh

**GREETINGS** ..... Art Nava, Worship Coordinator

**\*HYMN 96**

I Cannot Think of Them as Dead ..... text: *Rev. Frederick Hosmer* (1850 – 1929)  
tune: *Irish Melody*  
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

I cannot think of them as dead  
Who walk with me no more;  
Along the path of life I tread  
They are but gone before,  
They are but gone before.

And still their silent ministry  
Within my heart has place  
As when on earth they walked with me  
And met me face to face  
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;  
What they to me have been  
Has left henceforth its seal and sign  
Engraven deep within,  
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership  
Nor time nor death can free;  
For G\*d has given to love to keep  
Its own eternally,  
Its own eternally.

**PRESENTE** ..... Art Nava

Remember Blake ..... *Jeremy Kittel* (b. 1984)

Julie Metcalf, violin  
Mark David Buckles, guitar

## 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

Your Children and Your Kin ..... *Dick Gaughan (b. 1948)*  
lyrics adapted: *Mark David Buckles (b. 1980)*

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

They wouldn't hear your music  
And they pulled your paintings down  
They wouldn't hear your writing  
And they banned you from the town  
But they couldn't stop you dreaming  
And a victory you did win  
For you sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin  
Your children and your kin  
You sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your children and your kin

Your weary smile it proudly hides  
The chain marks on your hands  
As you bravely strive to realize  
The rights of everyone  
And though your body's bent and low  
A victory you did win  
For you sowed the seeds of justice  
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin  
Your children and your kin  
You sowed the seeds of justice  
In your children and your kin

I don't know your religion  
But one day I heard you pray  
For a world where everyone can work  
And children they can play  
And though you never got your share  
Of the fruits you did win  
You sowed the seeds of equality  
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin  
Your children and your kin  
You sowed the seeds of equality  
In your children and your kin

They taunted you in Belfast  
And they tortured you in Spain  
And in that Warsaw ghetto  
Where they tied you up in chains  
In Vietnam and in Chile  
Where they came with tanks and guns  
It's there you sowed the seeds of peace  
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin  
Your children and your kin  
Cause there you sowed the seeds of peace  
In your children and your kin

And now your music's playing  
And the writing's on the wall  
And all the dreams you painted  
Can be seen by one and all  
Now you've got them thinking  
And the future can begin  
For you sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin  
Your children and your kin  
You sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your children and your kin

## **SERMON**

Lessons from Charlie ..... Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

## **SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER**

## ANTHEM

Days ..... *Ray Davies (b. 1944)*

Thank you for the days  
Those endless days, those sacred days you gave me  
I'm thinking of the days  
I won't forget a single day, believe me  
I bless the light  
I bless the light that lights on you, believe me

And though you're gone  
You're with me every single day, believe me  
Days I'll remember all my life  
Days when you can't see wrong from right  
You took my life  
But then I knew that very soon you'd leave me

But it's all right  
Now I'm not frightened of this world, believe me  
I wish today could be tomorrow  
The night is dark, it just brings sorrow, let it wait  
Thank you for the days  
Those endless days, those sacred days you gave me

I'm thinking of the days  
I won't forget a single day, believe me  
I bless the light  
I bless the light that shines on you, believe me  
And though you're gone  
You're with me every single day, believe me

## OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY DURING THE GLOBAL PANDEMIC

Friends, these are extraordinary times that call for extraordinary generosity. 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](mailto: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. Closer than ever, we can thrive! *Thank you for your steadfastness and support!*



## OFFERTORY

- My Shining Hour ..... text: *Johnny Mercer* (1909 – 1976)  
music: *Harold Arlen* (1905 – 1986)
- You Must Believe In Spring ..... text: *Alan Bergman* (b. 1925)  
and *Marilyn Bergman* (b. 1929)  
music: *Michel Legrand* (1932 – 2019)

Joe Della Penna, piano and vocals

*in memory of*  
*Mark Della Penna*  
*Adam Schlesinger*  
*David Arteaga*  
*and*  
*Mike Renzi*

This moment, this minute and each second in it  
Will leave a glow upon the sky  
And as time goes by  
It will never die

This will be my shining hour  
Calm and happy and bright  
And in my dreams, your face will flower  
Through the darkness of the night

Like the lights of home before me  
Or an angel who's watching o'er me  
This will be my shining hour  
'Til I'm with you again

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When lonely feelings chill  
The meadows of your mind  
Just think if winter comes  
Can spring be far behind?

Beneath the deepest snows  
The secret of a rose  
Is merely that it knows  
You must believe in spring

Just as a tree is sure  
Its leaves will reappear  
It knows its emptiness  
Is just a time of year

The frozen mountains dreams  
Of April's melting streams  
How crystal clear it seems  
You must believe in spring

You must believe in love  
And trust it's on its way  
Just as a sleeping rose  
Awaits the kiss of May

So in a world of snow  
Of things that come and go  
Where what you think you know  
You can't be certain of  
You must believe in spring and love

## PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

### OCTOBER SHARE THE PLATE:

#### SUPPORT FOR REFUGEE FAMILIES ARRIVING FROM AFGHANISTAN

Some 65,000 Afghans will be arriving in the United States in the next few months — the greatest humanitarian mobilization since the end of the Vietnam War. Many of them assisted American military and government officials and their families; they are American patriots. On the final weekend in September, the first two families fleeing Afghanistan arrived at Logan Airport. Before us is the extraordinary opportunity to support the resettlement of at least 1,100 people in Massachusetts who will need help with food, housing, education, jobs, health care, and other essentials to rebuild



their lives in safety and peace. Our contributions to this month's Share the Plate will go to the Refugee & Immigrant Assistance Center ([riacboston.org](http://riacboston.org)), with offices in Boston, Lynn, and Worcester. RIAC will make cash donations directly to these families to assist with basics (food, clothing, toiletries, and rent) and will use donations to support their services and programs. *Thank you for your generosity!*

### \*HYMN 103

For All the Saints.....text: *William Walsham How* (1823 – 1897)  
music: *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872 – 1958)

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

For all the saints who from their labors rest  
Who thee by faith before the world confessed  
Thy name most holy be forever blest  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their shelter, and their might  
Their strength and solace in the well-fought fight  
Thou, in the darkness deep their one true light  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion of the saints divine!  
We live in struggle, they in glory shine  
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the conflict long  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

## **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**

Salvation ..... *Simon Bradley*

Julie Metcalf, violin  
Mark David Buckles, organ

\*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.



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](https://www.facebook.com/ArlingtonStreetChurch), send a Facebook message, or email [Outreach@ASCBoston.org](mailto:Outreach@ASCBoston.org).

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