

# 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 1<sup>ST</sup>, 2022

## PRELUDE

Dawn ..... *Phillip Keveren* (b. 1961)

Meditation No.4 ..... *John Kramer* (b. 1973)

Brothers, from *FullMetal Alchemist* ..... *Michiru Oshima* (b. 1961)

A Day Without Rain ..... *Enya* (b.1961) and *Nicky Ryan* (b.1946)

Cheng Cheng, piano

## WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

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

## INTROIT

The Lusty Month of May ..... lyrics: *Alan Jay Lerner* (1918 – 1986)

from *Camelot* ..... music: *Frederick Loewe* (1901 – 1988)

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

Hannah Shanefield, soprano

Tra la, it's May, the lusty month of May  
That lovely month when everyone goes blissfully astray  
Tra la, it's here, that shocking time of year  
When tons of wicked little thoughts merrily appear  
It's May, it's May, that gorgeous holiday  
When every maiden prays that her lad will be a cad

It's mad, it's gay, a libelous display  
Those dreary vows that everyone takes  
Everyone breaks  
Everyone makes divine mistakes  
The lusty month of May

Whence this fragrance wafting through the air?  
What sweet feelings does its scent transmute?  
Whence this perfume floating everywhere?  
Don't you know it's that dear forbidden fruit

It's May, the lusty month of May  
That darling month when everyone throws self-control away  
It's time to do a wretched thing or two  
And try to make each precious day, one you'll always rue

It's May, it's May, the month of yes you may  
The time for every frivolous whim, proper or im-  
It's wild, it's gay, a blot in every way  
The birds and bees with all of their vast amorous past  
Gaze at the human race aghast  
The lusty month of May

Tra la, it's May, the lusty month of May  
That lovely month when everyone goes blissfully astray  
Tra la, it's here, that shocking time of year  
When tons of wicked little thoughts merrily appear  
It's May, it's May, the month of great dismay  
When all the world is brimming with fun, wholesome or un-

It's mad, it's gay, a libelous display  
Those dreary vows that everyone takes  
Everyone breaks  
Everyone makes divine mistakes  
The lusty month of May

**GREETINGS** ..... Rev. Beth Robbins, Executive Minister

## **HYMN**

Swimming to the Other Side ..... music and lyrics: *Pat Humphries* (b. 1960)  
from *Emma's Revolution*  
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals

### *Chorus*

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper  
We are washed by the very same rain  
We are swimming in the stream together  
Some in power and some in pain  
We can worship this ground we walk on  
Cherishing the beings that we live beside  
Loving spirits will live forever  
We're all swimming to the other side

I am alone and I am searching, hungering for answers in my time  
I am balanced at the brink of wisdom  
I'm impatient to receive a sign  
I move forward with my senses open  
Imperfection, it be my crime  
In humility, I will listen  
We're all swimming to the other side

### *Chorus*

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper  
We are washed by the very same rain  
We are swimming in the stream together  
Some in power and some in pain  
We can worship this ground we walk on  
Cherishing the beings that we live beside  
Loving spirits will live forever  
We're all swimming to the other side

On this journey through thoughts and feelings  
Binding intuition, my head, my heart  
I am gathering the tools together. I'm preparing to do my part  
All of those who have come before me  
Band together and be my guide  
Loving lessons that I will follow, We're all swimming to the other side

**Chorus**

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper  
We are washed by the very same rain  
We are swimming in the stream together  
Some in power and some in pain  
We can worship this ground we walk on  
Cherishing the beings that we live beside  
Loving spirits will live forever  
We're all swimming to the other side

When we get there we'll discover  
All of the gifts we've been given to share  
Have been with us since life's beginning  
And we never noticed they were there  
We can balance at the brink of wisdom  
Never recognizing that we've arrived  
Loving spirits will live together  
We're all swimming to the other side

**Chorus**

We are living 'neath the great Big Dipper  
We are washed by the very same rain  
We are swimming in the stream together  
Some in power and some in pain  
We can worship this ground we walk on  
Cherishing the beings that we live beside  
Loving spirits will live forever  
We're all swimming to the other side

Loving spirits will live forever  
We're all swimming to the other side

**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 128**

For All That Is Our Life ..... lyrics: *Bruce Findlow* (1922 – 1994)  
music: *Patrick L. Rickey* (b. 1964)

Bek Zehr, mezzo soprano

For all that is our life  
We sing our thanks and praise  
For all life is a gift  
Which we are called to use  
To build the common good  
And make our own days glad

For needs which others serve  
For services we give  
For work and its rewards  
For hours of rest and love  
We come with praise and thanks  
For all that is our life

For sorrow we must bear  
For failures, pain, and loss  
For each new thing we learn  
For fearful hours that pass  
We come with praise and thanks  
For all that is our life

For all that is our life  
We sing our thanks and praise  
For all life is a gift  
Which we are called to use  
To build the common good  
And make our own days glad

## **SERMON**

Divine Mistakes ..... Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

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

## ANTHEM

Balia di Sehú ..... *Eduard Toppenberg*  
arrangement: *Rufo Odor*

Ban balie, ban zoje  
foi mainta trempan te seis or  
di manjan.

Let's dance it, let's swing  
from early morning until 6 am  
the next day.

Ta seis or di mainta y m'a lanta  
trempan,  
ma prepara mi muchila y m'a faha  
mi lomba.

It's six in the morning and  
I woke up early;  
I prepare my pack and  
bind my bag.

Nos t'ei balia sehú, nos t'ei  
zoja sehú,  
mi shon, riba ritm'i tambú.

We're going to dance and swing the  
sehú,  
my man, to the rhythm of the tambú.

Ma topa cu Peruchi y m'a topa mi swa  
nan tur cu nan botr'i pin chi nan  
tambe ta bai sehú.

I met Peruchi and my brother-in-law;  
everyone has a small bottle  
they take with them.

Hende nan humilde gainan  
di hopi rasa,  
mi shon, nan t'ei zoja sehú.

Plain people who fight  
for their rights,  
my man, are going to swing  
to the sehú.

## OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY DURING THE GLOBAL PANDEMIC

These are extraordinary times that call for extraordinary generosity. We continue to be called to one leap of faith after another; again and again, we have leapt, together! 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. You can text the word GIVE to (617) 300-0509 or scan the QR code to make a one-time donation of



any size. If you're ready to give regularly, Liz Teixeira ([treasurer@ascboston.org](mailto:treasurer@ascboston.org)) would be delighted to assist you with setting up [automatic payments](#) via bank transfer or credit card.

*We are so grateful! Thank you!*

## OFFERTORY

Half a World Away ..... *REM (Bill Berry, Peter Buck, Mike Mills, and Michael Stipe)*

Mark David Buckles, piano and vocals

This could be the saddest dusk  
I've ever seen turn to a miracle  
High-alive  
My mind is racing  
As it always will  
My hands tired, my heart aches  
I'm half a world away here  
My head sworn

To go it alone  
And hold it along  
Haul it along  
And hold it  
Go it alone  
Hold it along

Oh, the lonely deep sit hollow  
I'm half a world  
Half the world away  
My shoes are gone  
My life spent  
I had too much to drink  
I didn't think  
I didn't think of you  
I guess that's all I needed

To go it alone  
And hold it along  
Haul it along  
And hold it  
Blackbirds, backwards, forwards and fall and hold

Oh, this lonely world is wasted  
Pathetic eyes high-alive  
Blind to the tide that's turned the sea  
This storm it came up strong  
It shook the trees and blew away our fear  
I couldn't even hear

To go it alone  
And hold it along  
Haul it along  
And hold it  
To go it alone  
And hold it along

To go it alone  
And hold it along  
Haul it along  
And hold it  
Blackbirds, backwards, forwards, and fall and hold

Oh, this could be the saddest dusk  
I've ever seen turn to a miracle  
High-alive  
My mind is racing  
As it always will  
My hands tired, my heart aches  
I'm half a world away

## PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

### MAY SHARE THE PLATE: THE LOUIS D. BROWN PEACE INSTITUTE AND MOTHERS DAY WALK FOR PEACE

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. Dedicated to education in peacemaking and nonviolence, the institute also assists survivors of homicide victims.

After two years of "virtual walks," the Mothers Day Walk for Peace will be hybrid this year! Local people are invited to gather next Sunday morning at 8:00 on Town Field Park in Dorchester to walk to honor those who have died and to build what Tina Chéry calls Generation Peace. For more information, please visit [ldbpeaceinstitute.org](http://ldbpeaceinstitute.org). *Thank you for your generous support!*



## HYMN

I Am Willing ..... *Holly Near* (b. 1949)  
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals

### Chorus

I am open and I am willing  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change

There is hurting in my family  
There is sorrow in my town  
There is panic all across the nation  
There is wailing the whole world round

Chorus

I am open and I am willing  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change

May the children see more clearly  
May the elders be more wise  
May the winds of change caress us  
Even though it burns our eyes

Chorus

I am open and I am willing  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change

Give me a mighty oak to hold my confusion  
Give me a desert to hold my fears  
Give me a sunset to hold my wonder  
Give me an ocean to hold my tears

Chorus

I am open and I am willing  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change

**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**

Toccata in C Major, P. 456 ..... *Johann Pachelbel* (1653 – 1706)  
Cheng Cheng, organ



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