

Arlington Street Church, *Unitarian Universalist*

Boston, Massachusetts

SUNDAY, MAY 13TH, 2018

You are invited to share your sorrows and joys with the congregation by filling out a Candles Card in the back pew on the right-hand side of the sanctuary. Candles Cards are collected until the end of greetings.

PRELUDE

About Mother, op. 28 *Josef Suk* (1874 - 1935)

Nana *Manuel de Falla* (1876 - 1946)

Daniel Padgett, piano

INTROIT

In the Quiet and the Stillness *Rosalyn Kalmer*

Katie Elledge, soprano

In the quiet and the stillness of the morning,
In the quiet and the stillness of the day,
In this quiet, holy place, I find blessed peace within,
In the quiet and the stillness of the morning.

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Give Thanks to She *Nick Page* (b. 1952)

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

***GREETINGS**

***HYMN 1068**

Rising Green

1. My blood doth rise in the roots of yon oak, her sap doth run in my veins. Boundless my soul like the open sky where the stars forever have lain. Where the stars, where the stars, where the stars forever have lain.

2. My hands hold the weavings of time without end, my sight as deep as the sea. Beating, my heart sounds the measures of old, that of love's eternity. That of love, that of love, that of love's eternity.

3. I feel the tides as they answer the moon, rushing on a far distant sand. Winging my song is the wind of my breast and my love blows over the land. And my love, and my love, and my love blows over the land.

4. My foot carries days of the old into new, our dreaming shows us the way. Wondrous our faith settles deep in the earth, rising green to bring a new day. Rising green, rising green, rising green to bring a 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

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 94

What Is This Life

sung to the tune of Hymn 34 Though I May Speak with Bravest Fire

1 What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare--
no time to stand beneath the boughs and stare as long as sheep or
cows;

2 No time to see, when woods we pass, where squirrels hide their
nuts in grass--no time to see, in broad daylight, streams full of stars,
like stars at night;

3 No time to turn at Beauty's glance, and watch her feet, how they
can dance. A poor life this if, full of care, we have no time to stand
and stare.

SERMON

Idling Mind Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

Ave Maria, O Auctrix Vite *Saint Hildegard of Bingen (1098 - 1179)*
(Hail Mary, O Autheress of Life)

Katie Elledge, soprano

OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY

During the offertory, you are invited to open your heart and engage
in the spiritual practice of generosity. For 289 years, the abundant
support of our community has allowed Arlington Street Church to
remain a beacon for liberal religious values in downtown Boston.
Your gifts in the Sunday plate sustain both the church and the
larger community – half of the offering is shared with a partner



in our mission of love, service, justice, and peace. As a
convenient option, you may text the word GIVE to
617-300-0509 or scan the QR code.

Thank you for your stewardship and support!

OFFERTORY

No Mirrors In My Nana's House *Ysaye Barnwell* (b. 1946)

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house,
No mirrors in my Nana's house.
And the beauty that I saw in everything,
The beauty in everything was in her eyes
I never knew that my nose was too flat.
I never knew that my skin was too black.
I never knew that my clothes didn't fit.
I never knew there were things that I'd missed,
And the beauty in everything was in her eyes.
I was intrigued by the cracks in the walls.
The dust in the sun looked like snow that would fall.
The noise in the hallway was music to me.
The trash and the rubbish would cushion my feet.
And the beauty in everything was in her eyes.
The world outside was a magical place.
I only knew love, and I didn't know hate.
The beauty in everything was in her eyes.
"Child, look deep into my eyes."

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

*HYMN

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

*BENEDICTION AND EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

*RECESSIONAL *(sung twice; please join in!)*

Where You Go (I Will Go) *Shoshana Jedwab*
choral 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
'Cause your people are my people
Your people are mine
'Cause your people are my people
Your divine, my divine

POSTLUDE

A Mother Always Knows *Julia Sirota* (b. 1996)

Daniel Padgett, piano

Today in Family Ministry

For today's intergenerational worship, children and youth are invited to sit with their families or join Beth in the balcony to enjoy the service with sermon bingo, coloring, and some of our favorite stuffed animal friends. Kids will head up to the balcony as we sing What Is This Life and return during our closing hymn, Let it Be.

Allie and Lena are available in the nursery to care for babies and small children. To find the nursery, go through the leather door to the right of the pulpit and cross through the chapel. The nursery is on your left before the stairs.

May Share the Plate: The Louis D. Brown Peace Institute

Louis D. Brown was a 15-year-old 10th grader who grew 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.

That was 1993. The next year, his extraordinary mother, Tina Cherry, 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. For more information, please visit ldbpeaceinstitute.org. *Thank you for your generous support!*