



FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH, 2024



Rev. Dr. Dana McLean Greeley (left) and President Gerald Ford ~ April 19th, 1975

Dearly beloved,

I grew up about four miles south of the Old North Bridge in Concord, Massachusetts, where the opening battle of the American Revolution was fought — the British on one side, the Minute Men on the other, and the Concord River in between. As the highly-regimented Red Coats advanced from Boston, a scrappy group of some 400 farmers left their beds, grabbed their weapons

(including shovels and hoes), trooped in from the neighboring communities, and took to the fields to protect their land — and this nascent country.

The British started the battle. In response, the Minute Men's John Buttrick shouted into the April morning air, "Fire, fellow soldiers! For G*d's sake, fire!" and the air went blue with colonial musket gunsmoke — Ralph Waldo Emerson's "the shot heard 'round the world."

I know this not because I studied it in school. I know it because I've lived in Concord for two long stretches, totaling something like three decades, during which time there has never been a Patriots Day when I was not awakened by a pre-dawn volley of cannon fire, signaling that the reenactment of this national drama was underway. Kem & I live just a mile from the North Bridge now; as the cannons boom, the windows rattle, the house shakes a little, and the 30 teenagers in our house, despite having been warned, invariably start screaming.

Some years, I have slipped out of bed to go and watch — most notably in 1975, when President Gerald Ford was on hand to mark the bicentennial and Rev. Dr. Dana McLean Greeley (my beloved mentor and Arlington Street's Senior Minister from 1935-1958) gave the opening prayer. Buttrick's words have never failed to move me, nor have the words engraved on his gravestone:

Having laid down the sword with honor,
he resumed the plough with industry;
by the latter to maintain what the former had won.

But this year — this past Monday — the early morning was perfectly still. The cannons were silent. Suddenly, I was wide awake.

I reached for my phone to check the time and found an alert sent to the residents of Concord and surrounding towns who had once sent soldiers on foot from as far as 11 miles away: The fields surrounding the North Bridge are dangerously flooded. The battle road is impassible. The reenactment has been canceled.

Just after the wave of disappointment that I had missed the opening volley of my final Patriots Day in Concord — in June, we move to the Cape — came the deep knowing that global warming is by no means something we are trying to avert; the wild storm that had produced the flood at the bridge was just one more unmistakable sign that the climate crisis is fully upon us.

My great, longtime friends Rev. Fred Small and his wife, Julie Wormser, Senior Policy Advisor for the Mystic River Watershed Association, have devoted their lives to work on behalf of saving the planet. How lucky are we that Rev. Fred will be in the pulpit this Earth Day Sunday, speaking about hope — hope when it's hard to find; hope, in spite of everything? He really, really knows what we're facing; when he preaches a sermon called *In Defense of Hope*, we can believe him.

Mezzo soprano Bek Zehr opens the service with *Hope* from *Sleeping at Last* and, for the anthem, *Hope Struggle and Change*.

The change will come
But it won't be free
Change will come
From you and me

We'll all sing Hope was Given as a Garden, and Fred will lead us in David Roth's *Last Day on This Earth*. Our closing hymn is Jim Scott's *Bluegreen Hills of Earth*:

For the earth forever turning
For the skies, for every sea
For our lives, for all we cherish
Sing we our joyful song of peace

For the mountains, hills, and pastures
In their silent majesty
For the stars, for all the heavens
Sing we our joyful song of peace

For the sun, for rain, and thunder
For the seasons' harmony
For our lives, for all creation
Sing we our joyful praise to thee

For the world we raise our voices
For the home that gives us birth
In our joy we sing returning
Home to our bluegreen hills of earth.

Happy Earth Day!

*Faithfully yours, with love,
Kim*

from the Nominating Committee:

Open Meeting following Sunday's Service

The Nom Comm wants you to get involved at Arlington Street! This year, we're looking for delegates to represent ASC at the virtual Unitarian Universalist General Assembly (June 20-23) and at the UU Urban Ministry, a social action ministry in Roxbury. If you're interested in these opportunities, or in getting involved in some other way, please join our drop-in info session after this Sunday's service; email us at office@ascboston.org; or talk to Darrell Waters, Deb Pontes, Gaby Whitehouse, Philip Roberts, or Sarah Cooleybeck. *Thank you!*

— YOU'RE INVITED —

Please join us for a

**Sparkling,
Dazzling Evening
to Honor Rev. Kim!**

**We'll mark a milestone
in our lives like no other**

Saturday, May 4

Join us at ASC for a night of celebration, fundraising and music as we thank Rev. Kim Crawford Harvie for her 35 years of love and service to our beloved community.

Your presence will not only make this party unforgettable but also ensure the spirit of compassion and community lives on at Arlington Street Church for years to come.

6pm - 9pm
Arlington Street Church
351 Boylston Street
at the corner of Arlington Street in Boston

Dress to sparkle and dazzle!

buy your tickets now!
RSVP by April 24 by [clicking here.](#)



For more information or questions,
contact Jeff Fogelman.