

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, APRIL 24TH, 2022

PRELUDE

Improvisation

Andrew Stack, piano

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

***CALL TO WORSHIP**

Hymn 389 Gathered Here *Philip A. Porter* (b. 1953)

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor; Andrew Stack, baritone

Gathered here in the mystery of the hour
Gathered here in one strong body
Gathered here in the struggle and the power
Spirit, draw near

GREETINGS John O'Connor & Roderick Emley, Worship Coordinators

***HYMN 21** ~ *In Honor of Earth Day*

For the Beauty of the Earth words: *Folliott Sandford Pierpoint* (1835 – 1917)
music: *Conrad Kocher* (1786 – 1872), adapted

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor; Andrew Stack, piano

For the beauty of the earth, for the splendor of the skies,
for the love which from our birth over and around us lies:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony linking sense to sound and sight:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour of the day and of the night,
hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human care, sibling, kindred, parent, child,
for the kinship we all share, for all gentle thoughts and mild:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

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.
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*HYMN

Let the Mystery Be *Iris Dement (b. 1961)*

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor; Andrew Stack, piano

Everybody's wonderin' what and where they all came from.
Everybody's worryin' 'bout where they're gonna go
when the whole thing's done.
But no one knows for certain and so it's all the same to me.
I think I'll just let the mystery be.

Some say once you're gone you're gone forever,
and some say you're gonna come back.
Some say you rest in the arms of the Savior
if in sinful ways you lack.
Some say that they're coming back in a garden,
bunch of carrots and little sweet peas.
I think I'll just let the mystery be.

Some say they're goin' to a place called Glory
and I ain't saying it ain't a fact.
But I've heard I'm on the road to purgatory
and I don't like the sound of that.
Well, I believe in love and I live my life accordingly.
But I choose to let the mystery be.

I think I'll just let the mystery be.

SERMON

Divine Experience Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

When You Believe *Stephen Schwartz* (b. 1948),
Hanz Zimmer (b. 1957), and *Babyface* (b. 1958)

Andrew Stack, piano

[Verse 1: Whitney Houston/Andrew Stack]

Many nights we've prayed
With no proof anyone could hear
In our hearts a hopeful song
We barely understood
Now, we are not afraid
Although we know there's much to fear
We were moving mountains
Long before we knew we could
Oh, yes

[Chorus: Whitney Houston/Andrew Stack]

There can be miracles when you believe
Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill
Who knows what miracles you can achieve?
When you believe, somehow you will
You will when you believe

[Verse 2: Mariah Carey/Daniel Rosensweig]

In this time of fear
When prayer so often proves in vain
Hope seems like the summer birds
Too swiftly flown away
Yet now I'm standing here
My heart's so full, I can't explain
Seeking faith and speaking words
I never thought I'd say

[Chorus: Mariah Carey & Whitney Houston]

There can be miracles when you believe
Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill
Who knows what miracles you can achieve?
When you believe, somehow you will
You will when you believe

[Verse 3: Mariah Carey & Whitney Houston]

They don't always happen when you ask
And it's easy to give in to your fears
But when you're blinded by your pain
Can't see your way clear through the rain
A small but still resilient voice says "Help is very near!"

[Chorus: Mariah Carey & Whitney Houston]

There can be miracles when you believe
Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill
Who knows what miracles you can achieve?
When you believe, somehow you will
Now, you will, you will when you believe
You will when you believe, just believe
Just believe, you will when you believe

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) would be delighted to assist you with setting up automatic payments via bank transfer or credit card. *We are so grateful! Thank you!*



OFFERTORY

The Boy in the Bubble *Paul Simon* (b. 1941)

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor; Andrew Stack, piano

It was a slow day
And the sun was beating
On the soldiers by the side of the road
There was a bright light
A shattering of shop windows
The bomb in the baby carriage
Was wired to the radio

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all

The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying in a corner of the sky
These are the days of miracle and wonder
And don't cry, baby, don't cry
Don't cry

It was a dry wind
And it swept across the desert
And it curled into the circle of birth
And the dead sand
Falling on the children
The mothers and the fathers
And the automatic earth

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all, oh yeah

The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying in a corner of the sky
These are the days of miracle and wonder
And don't cry baby, don't cry
Don't cry

It's a turn-around jump shot
It's everybody jump start
It's every generation throws a hero up the pop charts
Medicine is magical and magical is art
Think of the boy in the bubble
And the baby with the baboon heart

And I believe
These are the days of lasers in the jungle
Lasers in the jungle somewhere
Staccato signals of constant information
A loose affiliation of millionaires
And billionaires and baby

These are the days of miracle and wonder
This is the long distance call
The way the camera follows us in slo-mo
The way we look to us all, oh yeah

The way we look to a distant constellation
That's dying in a corner of the sky
These are the days of miracle and wonder
And don't cry baby, don't cry
Don't cry, don't cry

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

SHARE THE PLATE: GAY FOR GOOD

With 19 chapters across the United States and 608 nonprofit partners, Gay For Good mobilizes LGBTQ+ volunteers to interact with the greater community by donating time to service projects, supporting goodwill and understanding between the LGBTQ+ and greater communities through collaborative volunteer projects.



Our Tech Team lead Art Nava serves as the treasurer on the national board. His husband, our Tech Team cameraman, Rich Abreu is an active volunteer. Let's make our gifts in celebration of their extraordinary leadership and service! To give, please scan this QR code, visit www.tinyurl.com/ASCGive, or text the word SHARE to (617) 300-0509. *Thank you for your generosity!*

***HYMN 1064**

Blue Boat Home words: *Peter Mayer* (b. 1963)
music: *Roland Hugh Prichard* (1881 – 1887), adapted

Andrew Stack, baritone; Daniel Rosensweig, piano

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 up holding 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.

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

Intermezzo Op. 118, No. 2 *Johannes Brahms* (1833 – 1897)

Daniel Rosensweig, piano

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, send a Facebook message,
or email Outreach@ASCBoston.org.



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