

**First Church in Boston
ORDER OF SERVICE**

**First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, March 14, 2021
Recorded March 11, 2021**

*Broadcast live, 11:00 am to noon, on WERS, 88.9FM, Vivian Borek, announcer
Streamed live on Facebook @firstchurchboston, Craig Hildreth, audio and video engineer
Masha Stepanova, video editor
Dr. Robert August, Director of Music; Ethan Bremner, tenor*

"Turning Points: A Litany of Poetry on Life's Pilgrimage"

Prelude Prelude in G Major William Harris (1883-1973)

Opening Words Rev. Stephen Kendrick

Hymn # 338 I Seek the Spirit of a Child SUSSEX CAROL

Chalice Lighting and Tolling of the Bell Denali Weaver and Rev. Kendrick

Love is the spirit of this church, and Service its law. This is our great covenant, to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another.

Stanza One "Conch," by E. B. White Vivian Borek
"But Two Days Old," by William Blake Vivian Borek
"Riders," by Robert Frost Kyle Weaver

Stanza Two
Responsive Reading # 648 "Beginners," by Denise Levertov Mary Collins
"Now We Are Six," by A. A. Milne Mary Collins
"Do You Grow?" by Mary Bangham Mary Collins
"Innocence and Experience," by Charles Péguy Fern Beck

Musical Meditation "The Ash Grove" Benjamin Britten (1913-1996)
Ethan Bremner, tenor

Stanza Three "Rough New Prizes," by Walt Whitman John Bergstrom
"Song of Songs," from the Hebrew Testament Barbara Martin
"Brown Penny," by William Butler Yeats Barbara Martin

Announcements Community Announcement Daniel Lawlor
Canvass Launch Corey Spaley

Affirmation # 123 Spirit of Life

Stanza Four	"In Blackwater Woods," by Mary Oliver	Corey Spaley
	"To My Dear and Loving Husband, by Anne Bradstreet	Janine Mudge-Mullen
	"To David, at Six Months," by Eleanor Cameron	Rev. Kendrick
	"Poem at Thirty-Nine," by Alice Walker	Daniel Lawlor
	"Men at Forty," by Donald Justice	Daniel Lawlor

Hymn # 324	Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads	KINGSFOLD
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Stanza Five	"Ulysses," By Alfred Tennyson	Janine Mudge-Mullen
	"On Aging," by Maya Angelou	Rev. Kendrick
	"Seventy at Wormwood," by Phyllis McGinley	Kyle Weaver

Offertory	"Down by the Salley Gardens" <i>Ethan Bremner, tenor</i>	Benjamin Britten
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Text Messaging Donation

You can use text messaging on your smartphone to send a contribution to the First Church offertory. Text a number representing your dollar amount (5, 10, 20, etc.) to (617) 917-5610. You will receive confirmation by email. Thank you!

Stanza Last	Psalm 121	John Bergstrom
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Charge		Daniel Lawlor
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Hymn # 17	Every Night and Every Morn	THE CALL
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Closing Words	"Turning Points"	Rev. Kendrick
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Postlude	"Kingsfold Trumpet"	Alfred Fedak (b. 1953)
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Please note, this order of service may vary from the actual broadcast service.

Hymn Texts, Responsive Reading, Lyrics (3/14/21)

Hymn # 338	I Seek the Spirit of a Child	SUSSEX CAROL
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I seek the spirit of a child, the child who meets life naturally,
the child who sings the world alive, and greets the morning sun with glee.
Children are real beyond all art. May I see: Joy's a gift to our heart.

I seek the freedom of a child, a child who loves instinctively,
who lights our day with just a smile, and shines that light on all we see.
Children are real beyond all fears. May I see: Hope's a gift to our tears.

I seek the wonder of a child, a child who sees delightfully,
now clowns in cloud, now gold in sun — imaginations true and free.
Children are real beyond all lies. May I see: Faith's a gift to our eyes.

Responsive Reading # 648 "Beginners," by Denise Levertov

But we have only begun to love the earth.
We have only begun to imagine the fullness of life.
 How could we tire of hope? —so much is in bud.
How can desire fail? we have only begun to imagine justice and mercy,
 only begun to envision how it might be to live as siblings with beast and flower,
 not as oppressors.
Surely our river cannot already be hastening into the sea of nonbeing?
 Surely it cannot drag, in the silt, all that is innocent?
Not yet, not yet— there is too much broken that must be mended,
 too much hurt we have done to each other that cannot yet be forgiven.
We have only begun to know the power that is in us if we would join our solitudes in the
communion of struggle.
 So much is unfolding that must complete its gesture, so much is in bud.

Musical Meditation "The Ash Grove"

Benjamin Britten (1913-1996)

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash grove.

'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still grows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me.

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash grove.

Hymn # 324 Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads

KINGSFOLD

Where my free spirit onward leads, well, there shall be my way;
by my own light illumined I've journeyed night and day;
my age, a time-worn cloak I wear as once I wore my youth;
I celebrate life's mystery; I celebrate death's truth.

My family is not confined to mother, mate, and child;
but it includes all creatures be they tame or be they wild;
my family upon this earth includes all living things
on land, or in the ocean deep, or borne aloft on wings.

The ever spinning universe, well, there shall be my home;
I sing and spin within it as through this life I roam;
eternity is hard to ken and harder still is this:
a human life when truly seen is briefer than a kiss.

Affirmation # 123 Spirit of Life

Spirit of Life, come unto me.
Sing in my heart all the stirrings of compassion.
Blow in the wind, rise in the sea;
move in the hand, giving life the shape of justice.
Roots hold me close; wings set me free;
Spirit of Life, come to me, come to me.

Offertory "Down by the Salley Gardens"

Benjamin Britten

Down by the salley gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens
With little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish
With her would not agree

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish
And now am full of tears

Hymn # 17 Every Night and Every Morn

THE CALL

Every night and every morn
some to misery are born;
every morn and every night
some are born to sweet delight.

Joy and woe are woven fine,
clothing for the soul divine:

under every grief and pine
runs a joy with silken twine.

It is right it should be so:
we were made for joy and woe;
and when this we rightly know,
safely through the world we go.