

**First Church in Boston
ORDER OF SERVICE**

**First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, May 9, 2021
Recorded May 6, 2021**

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

Prelude Prière Théodore Dubois (1837-1924)

Opening Words Daniel Lawlor

Hymn # 314 We Are Children of the Earth CON X'OM LANG

Chalice Lighting and Tolling of the Bell Rev. Stephen 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.

Time For All Ages "Listening for the Water" Rev. Kendrick

Go Now in Peace

Hymn # 60 In Time of Silver Rain LANGSTON

Reading "Dear Little Black Girl" Chastity Jones Selenga

Musical Meditation "Naughty Child"
Lily Tseng, mezzo-soprano Xiao Tyzen (1938-2015)

Reading Sources of the Living Tradition" Carol Reiman

Editorial Rev. Kendrick

Announcements Rev. Kendrick

Affirmation # 86 Blessed Spirit of My Life PRAYER

Prayer and Contemplation Rev. Kendrick

Sermon "Mother's Day for Peace" Daniel Lawlor

Offertory "Mother's Hair"
Lily Tseng, mezzo-soprano Xiao Tyzen

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!

Charge		Rev. Kendrick
Hymn # 288	All Are Architects	WOODLAND
Benediction		Daniel Lawlor
Postlude	Voluntary in D	Basil Harwood (1859-1949)

Please note, this order of service may vary from the actual broadcast service.

Hymn Texts, Responsive Reading, Lyrics (5/9/21)

Hymn # 314 We Are Children of the Earth CON X'OM LANG

We are children of the earth, children of the earth,
and we love our mother earth, love our mother earth.
From the mountain and the streams, from the flowing streams,
comes the fountain of our dreams, fountain of our dreams.

We dream of a village fair, of a village fair.
Laughing children playing there children playing there,
and our elders can be found, elders can be found,
here beside us safe and sound, always safe and sound.

There is nothing to desire, nothing to desire,
more than home and hearth and fire, home and hearth and fire,
in a village that we love, village that we love,
living side by side in peace, evermore in peace.

Hymn # 60 In Time of Silver Rain
LANGSTON

In time of silver rain the earth puts forth new life again,
green grasses grow and flowers lift their heads,
and over all the plain the wonder spreads of life, of life, of life!

In time of silver rain the butterflies lift silken wings,
and trees put forth new leaves to sing in joy beneath the sky

in time of silver rain, when spring and life are new.

Musical Meditation "Naughty Child, dedicated to my daughter A-Yu"

text by Loa Ho (賴和, 1894-1943) Xiao Tyzen 蕭泰然(1938-2015)

Naughty child, no discipline!
Well fed, and fooling around,
You don't take care your little siblings,
You only want to have fun!
Naughty child, you might lose people's love.

Naughty child, no discipline!
You often ask for money,
Skipping meals and being grumpy,
Buying snacks whenever the vendors come,
Naughty child, we really don't wish to punish you.

Naughty child, no discipline!
You like to look pretty with fancy clothes.
But you don't cherish what you own and stay neat,
You get mud and dust everywhere!
Naughty child, eventually, you will be punished.

Naughty child, no discipline!
You whine for no reason and non-stop,
Regardless of the comfort we offer
It will be too late when you realize your fault,
Naughty child, no punishment no change.

Affirmation # 86 Blessed Spirit of My Life

PRAYER

Blessed Spirit of my life, give me strength through stress and strife;
help me live with dignity; let me know serenity.
Fill me with a vision, clear my mind of fear and confusion.
When my thoughts flow restlessly, let peace find a home in me.

Spirit of great mystery, hear the still, small voice in me.
Help me live my wordless creed as I comfort those in need.
Fill me with compassion, be the source of my intuition.
Then, when life is done for me, let love be my legacy.

Offertory

"Mother's Hair"

Xiao Tyzen 蕭泰然

text by Qiyang Lin (林淇養, b.1955), known as Hsiang Yang (向陽)

In her girlhood,
Mother's hair,
Black, shiny and soft as silk,
Just like calm water that is reflective as a mirror,
Flowed through every young man's heart.

When she married father,
Mother's hair,
Lively, lovely, and beautiful,
Just like gentle spring breeze,
Melted father's reckless heart.

After she gave birth to me,
Mother's hair,
Elegant, kind, and warm,
Just like the warm sun in winter days,
Protected her precious, fragile child.

After I grew up,
Mother's hair,
Lost its shine,
Just like Autumn's sky
Through plain scenery, sees a fruitful harvest.

Hymn # 288

All Are Architects

WOODLAND

All are architects of fate,
working in these walls of time;
some with massive deeds and great,
some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise
time is with materials filled;
our todays and yesterdays
are the blocks with which we build.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
with a firm and ample base;
and ascending and secure
shall tomorrow find its place.