

ORDER OF SERVICE

First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, September 20, 2020, from the Sanctuary

*Broadcast live, 11:00 am to noon, on WERS, 88.9FM, Vivian Borek, announcer
Streamed live on Facebook @firstchurchboston, Craig Hildreth, audio engineer
Dr. Robert August, Director of Music; Erin Anderson, soloist*

Prelude Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Opening Words Rev. Stephen Kendrick

Hymn # 139 Wonders Still the World Shall Witness IN BABILONE

Chalice Lighting and Tolling of the Bell 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.

Time for All Ages Daniel Lawlor

Responsive Reading # 568 "Connections Are Made Slowly," by Marge Piercy

Musical Meditation "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" William Dressler (1826-1914)

Reading "A Litany for Those Who Aren't Ready for Healing," by Rev. Doctor Yolanda Pierce Rev. Aisha Ansano, former First Church intern

Announcements

Prayer and Meditation

Affirmation # 123 Spirit of Life

Sermon "It's Not Time for a Bandaid" Rev. Ansano

Offertory "Open Your Mouth" Ashi Day

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 an emailed receipt. Thank you!

Charge Rev. Kendrick

Hymn # 127	Can I See Another's Woe?	NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND
Benediction		Rev. Kendrick
Postlude	Prelude and Fugue in A Major	Johann Caspar Simon (1701-1776)

Hymn Texts, Translations and Readings (9/20/20)

Hymn # 139 Wonders Still the World Shall Witness IN BABILONE

Wonders still the world shall witness never known in days of old,
never dreamed by ancient sages, howsoever free and bold.
Sons and daughters shall inherit wondrous arts to us unknown,
when the dawn of peace its splendor over all the world has thrown.

They shall rule with winged freedom worlds of health and human good,
worlds of commerce, worlds of science, all made one and understood.
They shall know a world transfigured, which our eyes but dimly see;
they shall make its towns and woodlands beautiful from sea to sea.

For a spirit then shall move them we but vaguely apprehend —
aims magnificent and holy, making joy and labor friend.
Then shall bloom in song and fragrance harmony of thought and deed,
fruits of peace and love and justice — where today we plant the seed.

Responsive Reading # 568 “Connections Are Made Slowly,” by Marge Piercy

Connections are made slowly, sometimes they grow underground.
You cannot always tell by looking what is happening.
More than half a tree is spread out in the soil under your feet.
Penetrate quietly as the earthworm that blows no trumpet.
Fight persistently as the creeper that brings down the tree.
Spread like the squash plant that takes over the garden.
Gnaw in the dark and use the sun to make sugar.
Weave real connections, create real nodes, build real houses.
Live a life you can endure: make love that is loving.
Keep tangling and interweaving and taking more in, a thicket and bramble wilderness to the outside but to us interconnected with rabbit runs and burrows and lairs.
Live as if you like yourself, and it may happen:
Reach out, keep reaching out, keep bringing in.
This is how we are going to live for a long time: not always,
For every gardener knows that after the digging, after the planting, after the long season of tending and growth, the harvest comes.

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.

Hymn # 127 Can I See Another's Woe?

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND

Can I see another's woe,
and not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
and not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
and not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child weep,
nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no, never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

Musical Meditation "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer"
1914)

William Dressler (1826-

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow when friendships decay
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are flown
Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone?
This bleak world alone

Offertory "Open Your Mouth"
Adapted from Proverbs 31 8:9 and I Chronicles 28:20

Ashi Day

Open your mouth, Open your mouth,

for the mute, for the desolate,
for the voiceless, for the vulnerable;
Be strong, have courage, and do the work.

Open your mouth, Open your mouth,
Defend the poor, Defend the needy;
Plead the case of the poor,
Plead the case of the needy.

Open your mouth, Open your mouth.
Be strong, have courage, and do the work.