

ORDER OF SERVICE

First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, August 23, 2020, from the Sanctuary

Broadcast live, 11:00 am to noon, on WERS, 88.9FM.
Streamed live on Facebook @firstchurchboston, Craig Hildreth,
audio engineer.

Prelude Mazurka in a minor, op. 17 no. 4
Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849) *Robert*
Winkley, pianist

Opening Words
Rev. Stephen Kendrick

Hymn # 1007 There's a River Flowin' in My Soul

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 "Lincoln Responds to an Insult"
Rev. Kendrick

Responsive Reading # 657 "It Matters What We Believe," by
Sophia Lyon Fahs
Daniel Lawlor

Musical Meditation Au bord de l'eau, op. 8 no. 1; Notre amour,

op. 23 no. 2
Robert Winkley, piano

Erin Anderson, soprano;
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Reading "Not in our Lips Alone," Max Gaebler
Daniel Lawlor

Announcements
Daniel Lawlor

Prayer and Meditation
Daniel Lawlor

Affirmation # 123 Spirit of Life

Sermon "Journey to My (Polish) Father's France"
Vivian Sobota Borek

Offertory Après un rêve, op. 7 no. 1
Fauré

Erin Anderson, soprano; Robert Winkley, piano

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 # 145 As Tranquil Streams
WINCHESTER NEW

Benediction
Rev. Kendrick

Postlude

Mazurka in B_b major, op. 17 no. 1

Chopin

Robert Winkley, pianist

Hymn Texts, Translations and Readings (8/23/20)

Hymn # 1007 There's a River Flowin' in My Soul

There's a river flowin' in my soul.
There's a river flowin' in my soul.
And it's tellin' me that I'm somebody.
There's a river flowin' in my soul.

There's a river flowin' in my heart...

There's a river flowin' in my mind...

Responsive Reading # 657 "It Matters What We Believe," by
Sophia Lyon Fahs

Some beliefs are like walled gardens. They encourage
exclusiveness, and the feeling of being especially privileged.

*Other beliefs are expansive and lead the way into wider and
deeper sympathies.*

Some beliefs are like shadows, clouding children's days with fears
of unknown calamities.

*Other beliefs are like sunshine, blessing children with the
warmth of happiness.*

Some beliefs are divisive, separating the saved from the unsaved,
friends from enemies.

*Other beliefs are bonds in a world community, where sincere
differences beautify the pattern.*

Some beliefs are like blinders, shutting off the power to choose one's own direction.

Other beliefs are like gateways opening wide vistas for exploration.

Some beliefs weaken a person's selfhood. They blight the growth of resourcefulness.

Other beliefs nurture self-confidence and enrich the feeling of personal worth.

Some beliefs are rigid, like the body of death, impotent in a changing world.

Other beliefs are pliable, like the young sapling, ever growing with the upward thrust of life.

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 # 145 As Tranquil Streams

WINCHESTER NEW

As tranquil streams that meet and merge and flow as one to seek the sea,

our kindred hearts and minds unite to build a church that shall be free —

Free from the bonds that bind the mind to narrow thought and lifeless creed;

free from a social code that fails to serve the cause of human need:

A freedom that reveres the past, but trusts the dawning future more;

and bids the soul, in search of truth, adventure boldly and explore.

Prophetic church, the future waits your liberating ministry;
go forward in the power of love, proclaim the truth that makes us
free.

Translations

Musical Meditation

Au bord de l'eau (At the water's edge) - Sully Prudhomme

To sit together on the bank of a flowing stream, To watch it flow;

Together, if a cloud glides by, To watch it glide;

On the horizon, if smoke rises from thatch, To watch it rise;

If nearby a flower smells sweet, To savour its sweetness;

To listen at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,

To the murmuring water;

Not to feel, while this dream passes, The passing of time;

But feeling no deep passion, Except to adore each other,

With no cares for the quarrels of the world, To know nothing of
them;

And alone together, seeing all that tires, Not to tire of each other,

To feel that love, in the face of all that passes, Shall never pass!

Notre amour (Our Love) - Armand Silvestre

Our love is something enchanting like the morning's songs in
which regrets are not heard but uncertain hopes vibrate. Our love
is something charming.

Our love is something sacred like the forests' mysteries in which
an unknown soul quivers and silences have voices. Our love is

something sacred!

Our love is something infinite like the paths of the evening, where the ocean, joined with the sky, falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal like all that has been touched by the fiery wing of a victorious god, like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

Offertory

Après un rêve (After a dream) - Anonymous Italian poem adapted by Romaine Bussine

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you I dreamed of happiness,
fervent illusion, Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and
ringing,

You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth To flee with you toward
the light, The heavens parted their clouds for us, We glimpsed
unknown splendors, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams! I summon you, O night,
give me back your delusions; Return, return in radiance, Return,
O mysterious night!