

ORDER OF SERVICE

First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, August 30, 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

Prelude	Prelude and Fugue in d minor, op. 156 <i>Larry Bell, pianist</i>	Larry Thomas Bell (2019)
Opening Words		Rev. Stephen Kendrick
Hymn # 138	These Things Shall Be	TRURO
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	"Who is 'We'?"	Rev. Kendrick
Responsive Reading # 638	"Love," I Corinthians 13	
Musical Meditation	An die Musik <i>Sophie Urquhart, mezzo-soprano; Larry Bell, pianist</i>	Franz Schubert (1779-1828)
Reading	"Free and Responsible," Rev. Fredric Muir	Daniel Lawlor
Announcements		Daniel Lawlor
Prayer and Meditation		Daniel Lawlor
Affirmation # 123	Spirit of Life	
Sermon	"Something Deeply Hidden"	Rev. Kendrick
Offertory	Miracles, op. 79, no. 1 (2006) <i>Sophie Urquhart, mezzo-soprano; Larry Bell, pianist</i>	Larry Thomas Bell

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 # 159 This Is My Song
FINLANDIA

Benediction

Rev. Kendrick

Postlude Piano Sonata no. 14 in c# minor ("Moonlight"), 3rd mvmt.
Larry Bell, pianist Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Hymn Texts, Translations and Readings (8/30/20)

Hymn # 138 These Things Shall Be

TRURO

These things shall be: a loftier race
than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
with flame of freedom in their souls,
and light of science in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
unarmed shall live as comrades free;
in every mind and heart shall throb
the pulse of one humanity.

High friendship, hitherto a sin,
or by great poets half-divined,
shall burn a steadfast star within
the calm, clear spirit of the mind.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,
and mightier music thrill the skies,
and every life a song shall be
when all the earth is paradise.

Responsive Reading # 638 "Love," I Corinthians 13

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and angels but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or clanging cymbal.

And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and knowledge, and if I have faith so as to remove mountains but do not have love, I am nothing.

If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body to be burned, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind, love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful, it does not rejoice in wrong doing, but rejoices in the truth.

It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends.

Prophecies will come to an end. Tongues will cease. Knowledge will come to an end. We know in part, we prophesy in part. But when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. *When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child;* When I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. Now, we see in a mirror, in a riddle. *Then we shall see face to face.*

Now I know in part.

Then I will know fully.

Now faith, hope, and love abide, these three, and the greatest of these is love.

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 # 159 This Is My Song

FINLANDIA

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
a song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home, the country where my heart is;
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;
but other hearts in other lands are beating
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;
but other lands have sunlight too, and clover,
and skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations,
a song of peace for their land and for mine.

Texts and Translation

Musical Meditation An die Musik, Text by Franz von Schober Franz Schubert (1779-1828)

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt,
In eine beßre Welt entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir,
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür,

Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir!

Translation

O blessed art, how often in dark hours,
When the savage ring of life tightens round me,
Have you kindled warm love in my heart,
Have transported me to a better world!
Transported to a better world
Often a sigh has escaped from your harp,
A sweet, sacred harmony of yours
Has opened up the heavens to better times for me,
O blessed art, I thank you for that!
O blessed art, I thank you!

Offertory Miracles, text by Walt Whitman

Larry Thomas Bell

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the houses to the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk with anyone I love, or lie at night with anyone I love,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or the stars shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all to me miracles,
To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every square yard of the earth is spread with the same.
To me the sea is a continual miracle,
Fishes that swim the motion of the waves,
What stranger miracles are there?