# First Church in Boston ORDER OF SERVICE

First Church Boston 66 Marlborough Street Boston, MA Sunday, April 18, 2021 Recorded April 15, 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; Lily Tseng, mezzo-soprano; Atsuko Kida, piano.

**Prelude** Fugue in G Minor Robert August

Opening Words Rev. Stephen Kendrick

**Hymn # 44** We Sing of Golden Mornings COMPLAINER

**Chalice Lighting and Tolling of the Bell** 

Daniel Lawlor

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

Go Now in Peace

Responsive Reading # 661 "The Heart Knoweth," by Ralph Waldo Emerson Beth Curran

**Musical Meditation** "Giusto ciel, in tal periglio," from *Maometto II* 

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Lily Tseng, mezzo-soprano; Atsuko Kida, piano

**Reading** "Walden Pond," from the Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson

Vivian Borek

**Announcements** Daniel

Lawlor

Climate Justice Invitation Carol Reiman

Canvass Announcement Corey Spaley

Prayer and Meditation Daniel Lawlor

Afirmation # 352 Find a Stillness SIGISMUND

Sermon "The Newness" Rev.

Kendrick

**Offertory** A Thousand Winds

Man Arai (b. 1946)

Lily Tseng, mezzo-soprano; Atsuko Kida, 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 confirmation by email. Thank you!

Charge Daniel Lawlor

Hymn # 324 Where My Free Spirit Onward Leads KINGSFOLD

Benediction Rev. Kendrick

**Postlude** Offertoire sur les Grands Jeux François Couperin (1668-1733)

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

### Hymn Texts, Responsive Reading, Lyrics (4/18/21)

**Hymn # 44** We Sing of Golden Mornings

**COMPLAINER** 

We sing of golden mornings, we sing of sparkling seas, of prairies, valleys, mountains, and stately forest trees. We sing of flashing sunshine and life-bestowing rain, of birds among the branches, and springtime come again.

We sing the heart courageous, the youthful, eager mind; we sing of hopes undaunted, of friendly ways and kind. We sing the roses waiting beneath the deep-piled snows; we sing the earth's great splendor, whose beauty 'round us glows.

### **Responsive Reading # 661** "The Heart Knoweth," by Ralph Waldo Emerson

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken.

The whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor and who honor us!

How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with!

Read the language of these wandering eye-beams.

The heart knoweth.

Afirmation # 352 Find a Stillness SIGISMUND

Find a stillness, hold a stillness, let the stillness carry me. Find the silence, hold the silence, let the silence carry me. In the spirit, by the spirit, with the spirit giving power, I will find true harmony.

Seek the essence, hold the essence, let the essence carry me. Let me flower, help me flower, watch me flower, carry me. In the spirit, by the spirit, with the spirit giving power, I will find true harmony.

**Offertory** A Thousand Winds

words by Clare Harner Lyon (1909-1977)

Man Arai (b. 1946)

Please do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there, I do not sleep I am the sunlight on the ripened grain I am the gentle autumn rain

I am a thousand winds
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glint on snow
I am a thousand winds that blow

Please do not stand at my grave and cry I am not there, I did not die I am the swift rush of birds in flight I am the stars that shine at night

I am a thousand winds
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glint on snow
I am a thousand winds that blow

Please do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there, I do not sleep I am the sunlight on the ripened grain I am the gentle autumn rain

I am a thousand winds
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glint on snow
I am a thousand winds that blow

I am the diamond glint on snow I am a thousand winds that blow

### **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.