

ORDER OF SERVICE

First Church Boston
66 Marlborough Street
Boston, MA
Sunday, July 26, 2020 via Zoom

*This service is broadcast live from 11:00 am to noon on WERS, 88.9FM,
Vivian Borek, announcer.*

Streamed live on Facebook @firstchurchboston, Craig Hildreth, audio engineer.

Prelude	Arabesque No. 1 in E major <i>Robert Winkley, piano</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Opening Words		Daniel Lawlor, ministerial intern
Hymn # 108	My Life Flows on in Endless Song	SINGING
Chalice Lighting and Invocation		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.		
Poem for All Ages	“Connections are Made Slowly,” by Marge Piercy	Dhruti Bhagat
Reading	“Time to Tune In” Selections from the 2018 UUA Ware Lecture, by Brittany Packnett	Daniel Lawlor
Musical Meditation	Love One Another <i>Jean Danton, soprano, Robert Winkley, piano</i>	Feargal G. King
Announcements		Daniel Lawlor
Responsive Reading # 593	“Liberation is Costly,” by Desmond Tutu	Vivian Borek
Meditation		Daniel Lawlor
Affirmation # 123	“Spirit of Life”	
Sermon	“Be You”	Hyunwoo Koo
Offertory	Du bist wie eine Blume op. 25, no. 24 <i>Jean Danton, soprano, Robert Winkley, piano</i>	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
<u>Text Messaging Donation</u> 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		Daniel Lawlor

Hymn # 298	Wake, Now, My Senses	SLANE
Benediction		Hyunwoo Koo
Postlude	Prélude (<i>Suite bergamasque</i>) <i>Robert Winkley, piano</i>	Debussy

Hymn Texts, Lyrics and Readings (7/26/20)

Hymn # 108 My Life Flows on in Endless Song

My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing!

What though the tempest 'round me roars, I know the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness 'round me close, songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love prevails in heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing!

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing,
when friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing!
To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging;
when friends by shame are undefiled, how can I keep from singing!

Responsive Reading # 593 "Liberation is Costly," by Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Liberation is costly.
Even after the Lord had delivered the Israelites from Egypt, they had to travel through the desert.

They had to bear the responsibilities and difficulties of freedom.

There was starvation and thirst and they kept complaining.

They complained that their diet was monotonous.

Many of them preferred the days of bondage and the fleshpots of Egypt.

We must remember that liberation is costly. It needs unity.

We must hold hands and refuse to be divided. We must be ready.

Some of us will not see the day of our liberation physically.

But those people will have contributed to the struggle.

Let us be united, let us be filled with hope, let us be those who respect one another.

Musical Meditation Love One Another

Feargal G. King

Love one another as I have loved you.
Love one another and always be true.
Live for each other in unity and strength.
Give to each other the gift of life's grace.

O give thanks to the world, its goodness is endless
Give thanks to the world for steadfast love.
May that love dwell in you, deep in your hearts.
May blessings rain down on your days.

As the sun in the morning rises in glory,
As evening draws near, so gently, softly,
So the love of all life is dancing within you,
Shining for all to see.

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.

Offertory Du bist wie eine Blume Op 25 no 24

Robert Schumann

You are like a flower, So lovely and fair and pure; I gaze at you and melancholy steals into my heart. It seems to me I ought to place my hands upon your head, praying that God will keep you so pure and fair and lovely. (Heinrich Heine)

Hymn # 298 Wake, Now, My Senses

Wake, now, my senses, and hear the earth call;
feel the deep power of being in all;
keep, with the web of creation your vow,
giving, receiving as love shows us how.

Wake, now, my reason, reach out to the new;
join with each pilgrim who quests for the true;
honor the beauty and wisdom of time;
suffer thy limit, and praise the sublime.

Wake, now, compassion, give heed to the cry;
voices of suffering fill the wide sky;

take as your neighbor both stranger and friend,
praying and striving their hardship to end.

Wake, now, my conscience, with justice thy guide;
join with all people whose rights are denied;
take not for granted a privileged place;
God's love embraces the whole human race.

Wake, now, my vision of ministry clear;
brighten my pathway with radiance here;
mingle my calling with all who will share;
work toward a planet transformed by our care.

Poem for All Ages "Connections are Made Slowly," by Marge Piercy

Connections are made slowly,
sometimes they grow underground.

You cannot always tell by looking at 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 overruns 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 it is interconnected with rabbit runs and burrows and lairs.

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.

**Brittany Packnett, Selections from 2018 Ware Lecture to the UUA General Assembly,
"Time to Tune In"**

"I am calling you into the Divine Union of Love and Power.

It is a union that allows love to be powerful enough to take on systems and not just individuals;
It gives love the audacity to seek justice swiftly and not merely incrementally.
It is a union that allows power to be informed by love and disrupt all that stands in the way of
freedom...

It's popular to ask people where they would have been during the Civil Rights Movement.
What they would have done during the Holocaust.
What you'd change if you were President for a Day.

You don't have to ask yourself what you would do during times of uncertainty, distress, and injustice- you are living in them;
you always have been.

You don't need to ask yourself what you would do if you ever have the power- you have the power now. And you've always had it.

Your power is not defined by your title. It is defined by your willingness to live in alignment with a purpose bigger than yourself.

I am calling you in to family and beloved community with one another. The beauty in this is that we don't have to wait to practice the divine union of love and power until we get out there, we can begin to be practitioners of love and power right here."