

Arlington Street Church, Unitarian Universalist

Boston, Massachusetts

<https://zoom.us/j/8958866876> (video)

or (929) 436-2866 (phone)

[Meeting ID is 895 886 6876]

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST, 2020

HONORING EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS (DAY OF THE DEAD)
AND ALL SOULS

PRELUDE

Orpheus and Eurydice *Christoph Willibald Gluck* (1714 – 1787)

Two Piano Transcriptions Op. 45 *Camille Stamaty* (1811 – 1870)

I. Les Champs-Élysées

II. L'Ombre Heureuse

Yulia Yun, piano

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister

The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.

INTROIT

The Fifth Principle *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

The Arlington Street Church Choir

J. Jacob Krause, baritone

Glorivy Arroyo, mezzo soprano

Molly Lozeau, organ

We believe in democracy and the right of conscience

Within our community and throughout our world. Amen.

GREETINGS Ali Jablonsky, Worship Coordinator

HYMN 115

G*d of Grace and G*d of Glory text: *Harry Emerson Fosdick* (1878 – 1969), alt.
music: *John Hughes* (1873 – 1932)

Tevan Goldberg, piano and vocals

G*d of grace and G*d of glory,
on thy people pour thy power;
crown thine ancient church's story;
bring its bud to glorious flower.

Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the facing of this hour, for the facing of this hour.

Lo, the clouds of evil 'round us
hide thy brightness from our gaze;
from the fears that long have bound us,
free our hearts to faith and praise.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the living of these days, for the living of these days.

Fill us with a living vision,
heal our wounds that we may be
bound as one beyond division
in the struggle to be free.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
ears to hear and eyes to see, ears to hear and eyes to see.

** Out of respect for Arlington Street Church members and friends who are Jewish,
we follow the tradition of not spelling out G*d.*

PRESENTE Rev. George Whitehouse
Remember Me, from *Coco* *Robert Lopez* (b. 1975) and
Kristen Anderson-Lopez (b. 1972)

Daniel Rosensweig, piano and vocals

COMMUNITY CANDLES OF SORROW & JOY

Sanctuary *John W. Thompson* and *Randy Scruggs* (b. 1953)
adaptation: *Crawford Harvie/Buckles*
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Open my heart to be a sanctuary
All made holy, loved and true
With thanksgiving, I'll be a living
Sanctuary for you

Hana Omori, piano and vocals; Kazuhiro Omori, guitar

*To have your candle of sorrow or joy read during the service,
please submit it in advance [here](#). During the service,
candles are welcome in the Zoom chat during the third candle.*

AFFIRMATION AND COVENANT

Love is the spirit
of this congregation,
And service is our gift.

This is our great covenant:
To dwell together in peace,
To speak our truths in love,
And to help one another.

El amor es el espíritu
de nuestra congregación
Y el servicio es nuestro regalo.
Esto es a lo que nos comprometemos:
Convivir en paz,
Hablar nuestras verdades con amor,
Y ayudarnos los unos a los otros.

HYMN 1001

Breaths music: *Ysaye Barnwell* (b. 1946)
text: *Birago Diop* (1906 – 1989), adapted

Mark David Buckles, vocals and percussion
Julie Metcalf, vocals and percussion

Listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the Ancestor's breath when the fire's voice is heard
'Tis the Ancestor's breath in the voice of the waters
Zah Whsshh, Aahh Whsshh

Those who have died have never, never left
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the rustling trees
They are in the groaning woods
They are in the crying grass
They are in the moaning rocks
The dead are not under the earth

So listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the Ancestor's breath when the fire's voice is heard
'Tis the Ancestor's breath in the voice of the waters
Zah Whsshh, Aahh Whsshh

Those who have died have never, never left
The dead have a pact with the living
They are in the woman's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in our homes
They are with us in this crowd
The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
'Tis the Ancestor's breath when the fire's voice is heard
'Tis the Ancestor's breath in the voice of the waters
Zah Whsshh, Aahh Whsshh

SERMON

Spiritual Ancestors Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

Your Children and Your Kin *Dick Gaughan* (b. 1948)
lyrics adapted: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals
Julie Metcalf, violin and vocals

They wouldn't hear your music
And they pulled your paintings down
They wouldn't hear your writing
And they banned you from the town
But they couldn't stop you dreaming
And a victory you did win
For you sowed the seeds of freedom
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin
Your children and your kin
You sowed the seeds of freedom
In your children and your kin

Your weary smile it proudly hides
The chain marks on your hands
As you bravely strive to realize
The rights of everyone
And though your body's bent and low
A victory you did win
For you sowed the seeds of justice
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin
Your children and your kin
You sowed the seeds of justice
In your children and your kin

I don't know your religion
But one day I heard you pray
For a world where everyone can work
And children they can play
And though you never got your share
Of the fruits you did win
You sowed the seeds of equality
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin
Your children and your kin
You sowed the seeds of equality
In your children and your kin

They taunted you in Belfast
And they tortured you in Spain
And in that Warsaw ghetto
Where they tied you up in chains
In Vietnam and in Chile
Where they came with tanks and guns
It's there you sowed the seeds of peace
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin
Your children and your kin
Cause there you sowed the seeds of peace
In your children and your kin

And now your music's playing
And the writing's on the wall
And all the dreams you painted
Can be seen by one and all
Now you've got them thinking
And the future can begin
For you sowed the seeds of freedom
In your children and your kin

In your children and your kin
Your children and your kin
You sowed the seeds of freedom
In your children and your kin

OUR SHARED RESPONSIBILITY DURING THE GLOBAL PANDEMIC

Friends, these are extraordinary times that call for extraordinary generosity. Many income-generating events and rentals have had to be cancelled or postponed, putting a huge strain on the budget. **Our ministers and staff are continuing to work; our goal is to continue to pay them.** You can text the word GIVE to (617) 300-0509 or scan the QR code to give any amount you'd like. Even more helpful for cash flow would be to set up [automatic payments](#)



via bank transfer or credit card. Our treasurer, Liz Teixeira, (treasurer@ascboston.org) would be happy and grateful to assist you with this process! In addition, please consider making an extra gift to sustain Arlington Street this month. Together though apart, we can thrive! *Thank you for your steadfastness and support!*

OFFERTORY

If I Sing text: *Richard Eldridge Maltby Jr.* (b. 1937)
from *Closer Than Ever* music: *David Shire* (b. 1937)

Daniel Rosensweig, piano and vocals

My father's pride
Was in his hands.
The piano was his soul.
I watched and wondered
As he played show tunes
Miles off from rock and roll.
What he loved he taught me.
Now music's what I do.
And often when I'm writing,
In my hands, Dad's there too.
If I sing you are the music.
If I fly you're why I'm put.
If my hands can find some magic
You're the one who said they could.
If the child that's still inside me
Finds a song in empty air.
When there is joy in making music
It is you who put it there.
My dad grew old.
His hands were numb.
And now he cannot play.
I came to visit.
He sat and asked me
"How can it be this way?"
I couldn't find an answer.
I played this tune for him instead.
My father sat there smiling
For he knew what it said.
If I sing you are the music.
If I love you taught me how.
Every day your heart is beating
In the man that I am now.

If my ears are tuned to wander.
If when I reach the chords are there.
When there is joy in making music,
It's a joy that we both share.

I never told you.
It took time till I could see
That if I sing you are the music
And you'll always sing in me.

Yes you'll always live in me.

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

Announcing All Souls: A Capital Campaign for the Renovation
of Arlington Street Church

SHARE THE PLATE OFFERING: ONLY A CHILD

Founded in Guatemala City in 1994 by Arlington Street
member George Leger, Only a Child maintains a shelter
and carpentry shop and insures an education for street

ONLY A CHILD



kids. The shelter, housing up to a dozen at a time, is far more than a
place to sleep; it provides a surrogate family in which the youth are taught
responsibility and accountability and develop confidence and self-esteem. All
of them work, many in the on-site shop, where they learn carpentry skills and



produce finely crafted cedar boxes they sell to support the
program. They also go to school. In a bid to maximize the
kids' chances to leave the streets once and for all, we sponsor
their tuition at high-quality independent schools
and at university. To support Only a Child, please give using
this QR code or through the link in the chat and select the

“Share the Plate” fund. You can also text (in this order)

the amount you want to give (just the number; no dollar sign) and
the word CHILD
to (617) 300-0509.

So if you want to give \$10 to Only a Child, please put 10 CHILD into a text.

Thank you for your generosity!

HYMN 103

For All the Saints text: *William Walsham How* (1823 – 1897)

music: *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872 – 1958)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals
Julie Metcalf, violin and vocals

For all the saints who from their labors rest
Who thee by faith before the world confessed
Thy name most holy be forever blest
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their shelter, and their might
Their strength and solace in the well-fought fight
Thou, in the darkness deep their one true light
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion of the saints divine!
We live in struggle, they in glory shine
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the conflict long
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong
Alleluia! Alleluia!

BENEDICTION AND EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

For our benediction, you are invited to put your hands over your heart in Namaste
I bow to the Divine in You.

RECESSIONAL

Where You Go (I Will Go) *Shoshana Jedwab* (b. 1964)
arrangement: *Mark David Buckles* (b. 1980)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals
Julie Metcalf, percussion and vocals

Where you go I will go, beloved
Where you go I will go
Where you go I will go, beloved
Where you go I will go
For your people are my people
Your people are mine
Your people are my people
Your divine, my divine

POSTLUDE

Fugue BWV 953 in C Major *J. S. Bach* (1685 – 1750)
Yulia Yun, organ



Need help? The Tech Team will be monitoring Arlington Street's Facebook page on Sunday morning. If you need assistance, please post a comment to www.facebook.com/ArlingtonStreetChurch, send a Facebook message, or email Outreach@ASCBoston.org.