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 22ND, 2020

PRELUDE

II. Adagio

I. Allegro

Yulia Yun, piano

CALL TO WORSHIP ~ HYMN 68

Come, Ye Thankful Peopletext: Henry Alford (1810 – 1871) music: George Job Elvey (1816 – 1893)

Mark David Buckles, guitar and vocals Julie Metcalf, violin

Come, ye thankful people, come Raise a song of harvest home Fruit and crops are gathered in Safe before the storms begin G*d, our Maker, will provide For our needs to be supplied Come to G*d's own temple, come Raise a song of harvest home

All the world is but a field Given for a fruitful yield Wheat and tares together sown Here for joy or sorrow grown First the blade, and then the ear Then the full corn shall appear G*d of harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be

WELCOME AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie, Senior Minister *The flaming chalice is the symbol of our free faith.*

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

Introit

My Favorite Things text: Oscar Hammerstein II (1895 – 1960) from The Sound of Music music: Richard Rodgers (1902 – 1979)

Daniel Rosensweig, tenor

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens Brown paper packages tied up with strings These are a few of my favorite things

Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes Silver-white winters that melt into springs These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites
When the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

HYMN 1010

Mark David Buckles, baritone Daniel Rosensweig, tenor Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano

Oh, we give thanks for this precious day For all gathered here, and those far away For this time we share with love and care Oh, we give thanks for this precious day

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 <u>here</u>. During the service, candles are welcome in the Zoom chat.

AFFIRMATION AND COVENANT

Love is the spirit El amor es el espíritu de nuestra congregación And service is our gift. Yel servicio es nuestro regalo.

This is our great covenant: Esto es a lo que nos comprometemos:

To dwell together in peace, Convivir en paz,

To speak our truths in love, Hablar nuestras verdades con amor, And to help one another. Yayudarnos los unos a los otros.

HYMN 16

'Tis a Gift to Be Simple

Tevan Goldberg, piano and vocals

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free 'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be And when we find ourselves in the place just right 'Twill be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed To turn, turn will be our delight 'Till by turning, turning we come 'round right

SERMON

Practicing Thanksgiving Rev. Kim K. Crawford Harvie

SILENT REFLECTION, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER

ANTHEM

Hana Omori, soprano; Kazuhiro Omori, piano

I see trees of green, red roses too I see them bloom, for me and you And I think to myself What a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white The bright blessed days, the dark sacred nights And I think to myself What a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow
So pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
Of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying how do you do
They're really saying, I love you

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more
Than I'll ever know
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world
Yes, I think to myself
What a wonderful world

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 <u>automatic payments</u>



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

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

I was born with all I needed
Came to this world complete and whole
Though I would journey long just to see it
Those three letters of my soul
Like the sea in late November
My steady waves have seen the storm
But further down I just might remember
That slow peaceful way back home

Chorus

When the years are all behind me, And my time has passed me by Only thankfulness will find me, I'll be grateful by and by

I've had dreams and I've had visions Some came true by grace or chance I've known the sweetness of good fortune And I've seen it all slip through my hands

Chorus

When the years are all behind me, And my time has passed me by Only thankfulness will find me, I'll be grateful by and by

You've felt the fire of my fury You've known my demons and my doubts But you see through my fear and worry Like the sun behind the clouds

Chorus

When the years are all behind me, And my time has passed me by Only thankfulness will find me, I'll be grateful by and by

NOVEMBER SHARE THE PLATE: 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



ONLY A CHILD

street 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

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also go to school. In a bid to maximize the kids' chances to leave the streets once and for all, Only a Child sponsors their tuition at high-quality independent schools and at university.

To support Only a Child, please give using this QR code 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!*

PARISH HIGHLIGHTS

HYMN 67

We Sing Now Together text: Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer (1894 – 1969), alt. music: Adriaen Valerius (c. 1575 – 1625) arrangement: Edward Kremser (1838 – 1914)

Ann-Marie Iacoviello, soprano Hana Omori, soprano Daniel Rosensweig, tenor Tevan Goldberg, baritone Yulia Yun, organ

We sing now together our song of thanksgiving Rejoicing in goods which the ages have wrought For life that enfolds us, and helps and heals and holds us And leads beyond the goals which our forebears once sought

We sing of the freedoms which martyrs and heroes Have won by their labor, their sorrow, their pain The oppressed befriending, our ampler hopes defending Their death becomes a triumph, they died not in vain

We sing of the prophets, the teachers, the dreamers Designers, creators, and workers, and seers Our own lives expanding, our gratitude commanding Their deeds have made immortal their days and their years

We sing of community now in the making In every far continent, region, and land With those of all races, all times and names and places We pledge ourselves in covenant firmly to stand

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

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



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.

Thank you to the Richard Mattoli flower fund for today's generous gift of altar flowers. *Thank you, Richard!*