



*Phillis Wheatley, member of Old South Church and Poet Laureate of the American Revolution
Photo by Barbara Robb*

All Church Worship — Old South Church *in Boston*

July 5th, 2020 ❖ 10:00 a.m.

Thoughtful Patriotism

Warning! To enter into the life of this people of God is to encounter God's soul-challenging, life-changing, radicalizing love. Will you join us? Do you dare?

GATHERING MUSIC

America, the Beautiful

Calvin Hampton, *arr.*

WELCOME

<http://tinyurl.com/osconnect>

Nancy S. Taylor

Welcome to worship! Introduce yourself and connect with us by signing our Virtual Fellowship Pad.

**How beautiful, our spacious skies, our amber waves of grain,
our purple mountains as they rise above the fruitful plain.
America! America! God's gracious gifts abound,
and more and more we're grateful for life's bounty all around.**

**How beautiful, sincere lament, the wisdom born of tears,
the courage called for to repent the bloodshed through the years.
America! America! God grant that we may be
a nation blessed, with none oppressed, true land of liberty.**

**Indigenous and immigrant, our daughters and our sons:
O may we never rest content till all are truly one.
America! America! God grant that we may be
a sisterhood and brotherhood from sea to shining sea.**

OPENING PRAYER

by Martin Luther King, Jr. (April 1957)
Read by Julia B.

God, grant that we will get on board and start marching with you,
because we got orders now to break down the bondage
and the walls of colonialism, exploitation, and imperialism.
To break them down to the point that no person will trample over another person,
but that all people will respect the dignity and worth of human personality.
And then we will be in Canaan's freedom land. Amen.

CHILDREN'S MESSAGE

Shawn M. Fiedler

SCRIPTURE

Psalm 33: 13-22
Read by Leclerc Jean Louis

From heaven God looks down and sees all humankind; from God's dwelling place God watches all who live on earth— God who forms the hearts of all, who considers everything they do. No king is saved by the size of the army; no warrior escapes by great strength. A horse is a vain hope for deliverance; despite all its great strength it cannot save. But the eyes of God are on those who fear God, on those whose hope is in God's unfailing love, to deliver them from death and keep them alive in famine. We wait in hope for our God; God is our help and our shield. In God our hearts rejoice, for we trust in God's holy name. May your unfailing love be with us, God, even as we put our hope in you.

READING

William J. Barber II, *Forward Together: A Moral Message for the Nation*
Read by Michael Jaeckel

From Moses to Jesus, the Bible tells us that those who fought for justice—those who spoke truth to power, those who refused to accept that injustice and inequality had to exist and that there was no better way—always found themselves hated, hounded, and heaped upon with false accusations simply because they believed in the necessity of speaking and working for the cause of righteousness and building a more just community. This lack of majority support is why the just must live by faith and must know exactly who we are.

**God of the ages, who with sure command
Brought forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thru the skies,
Our grateful songs, before your throne arise.**

**Your purpose, just, envisions mortals free;
God, set our path toward human liberty.
Still be our ruler, guardian, guide and stay—
Your Word our law, your paths our chosen way.**

**From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
With steadfast care be ever our defense.
Your love and faith within our hearts increase;
With bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.**

READING

Sojourner Truth, *I Am Pleading for My People*, 1878
Read by Ros Ford

“I am pleading for my people, a poor downtrodden race
Who dwell in freedom's boasted land with no abiding place
I am pleading that my people may have their rights restored,
For they have long been toiling, and yet had no reward
They are forced the crops to culture, but not for them they yield,
Although both late and early, they labor in the field.
While I bear upon my body, the scores of many a gash,
I'm pleading for my people who groan beneath the lash.
I'm pleading for the mothers who gaze in wild despair
Upon the hated auction block, and see their children there.
I feel for those in bondage—well may I feel for them.
I know how fiendish hearts can be that sell their fellow men.
Yet those oppressors steeped in guilt—I still would have them live;
For I have learned of Jesus, to suffer and forgive!
I want no carnal weapons, no machinery of death.
For I love to not hear the sound of war's tempestuous breath.
I do not ask you to engage in death and bloody strife.
I do not dare insult my God by asking for their life.
But while your kindest sympathies to foreign lands do roam,
I ask you to remember your own oppressed at home.
I plead with you to sympathize with signs and groans and scars,
And note how base the tyranny beneath the stripes and stars.

Lift every voice and sing till earth and heaven ring,
 Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
 Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies,
 let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
 Sing a song, full of faith that the harsh past has taught us,
 Sing a song, full of the hope that the present has brought us;
 Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
 Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
 Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
 Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet,
 Come to the place on which our people sighed?
 We have come, over a way that with tears has been watered,
 We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
 Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
 Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
 God who has brought us thus far on the way;
 God who has by thy might, led us into the light,
 Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
 Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee,
 Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee,
 Shadowed beneath your hand, may we forever stand,
 True to our God, true to our native land.

READING

Jill Lepore, *These Truths: A History of the United States of America*
 Read by Caroline Murray

Can a political society really be governed by reflection and election {as Alexander Hamilton asked}, by reason and truth, rather than by accident and violence, by prejudice and deceit? Is there any arrangement of government—any constitution—by which it's possible for people to rule themselves, justly and fairly, as equals, through the exercise of judgment and care? Or are their efforts, no matter their constitutions, fated to be corrupted, their judgment muddled by demagoguery, their reason abandoned for fury?

HYMN

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing:
 land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride,
 from every mountainside let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song.
 Let mortal tongues awake; let all that breathe partake;
 let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong.

READING

William Sloane Coffin, *Independence Day Prayer*, 1983
Read by Manuel Navia

O God, mightily we pray for wisdom, courage and strength to serve thee and this nation faithfully in the days that lie ahead. Remind us of our duty to promote the general welfare, to secure the blessings of liberty for all, to see to it that justice and compassion reign from sea to shining sea, and that the bountiful resources of a favored land are not only thankfully received but also gladly shared with the whole human family. Amen.

SING ALONG

This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

**This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

**As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.**

**I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
While all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.**

**When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting, As the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.**

**As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing
That side was made for you and me.**

**Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.**

**In the square of the city, in the shadow of a steeple
By the welfare office, I've seen my people.
As they stood there hungry, I stood there wondering
If this land was made for you and me**

**This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.**

READING

Phillis Wheatley, *Letter to Rev Samson Occum, 1774*
Read by Amo Ngoepe

In every human Breast, God has implanted a Principle, which we call Love of Freedom; it is impatient of Oppression, and pants for Deliverance; and by the Leave of our modern Egyptians I will assert, that the same Principle lives in us. God grant Deliverance in his own Way and Time, and get him honour upon all those whose Avarice impels them to countenance and help forward the Calamities of their fellow Creatures. This I desire not for their Hurt, but to convince them of the strange Absurdity of their Conduct whose Words and Actions are so diametrically, opposite. How well the Cry for Liberty, and the reverse Disposition for the exercise of oppressive Power over others agree, I humbly think it does not require the Penetration of a Philosopher to determine.

MUSICAL MEDITATION

Oh, Had I a Golden Thread
WILLIE SORDILLO ENSEMBLE

CALL TO THE OFFERING

Katherine A. Schofield

OFFERTORY

Everything Possible
WILLIE SORDILLO ENSEMBLE

Fred Small

READING

Barack Obama, *2020 statement on the murder of George Floyd*
Read by Lawrence Bentley

It's natural to wish for life "to just get back to normal" as a pandemic and economic crisis upend everything around us. But we have to remember that for millions of Americans, being treated differently on account of race is tragically, painfully, maddeningly "normal"—whether it's while dealing with the healthcare system, or interacting with the criminal justice system, or jogging down the street, or just watching birds in a park. This shouldn't be "normal" in 2020 in America. It can't be "normal". If we want our children to grow up in a nation that lives up to its highest ideals, we can and must be better.

BENEDICTION

Nancy S. Taylor

HYMN

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

BATTLE HYMN

**Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
You are speaking truth to power, You are laying down the sword
Replanting every vineyard till a brand new wine is poured
Your peace will make us one.**

Refrain: ***Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah! Your peace will make us one.***

**I have seen you in our home fires burning with a quiet light.
You are mothering and feeding in the wee hours of the night
Your gentle love is patient, you will never fade or tire.
Your peace will make us one. (refrain)**

**In the beauty of the lilies you were born across the sea
With a glory in your bosom that is still transfiguring;
Dismantling our empires till each one of us is free.
Your peace will make us one. (refrain)**



In lieu of flowers a donation has been made
to the Allston Brighton Food Pantry
in loving memory of Anna & Frank Brown, my parents,
and Kathleen Meehan, my aunt, by Anne Brown.



About Today's Readers:

- Julia B.** is a member of our Church School
- Leclerc Jean-Louis** is a new citizen of the USA and serves on our Membership Committee
- Michael Jaeckel** is a new citizen of the USA
- Ros Ford** serves on (G)RACE Speaks (our church's sacred conversations on race)
- Caroline Murray** is an elected member of the Arlington Town Meeting and chair of our Card Crew
- Manuel Navia** serves as a church trustee
- Amo Ngoepe**, of South African citizenship, is our Pastoral Resident
- Lawrence Bentley** is a Jazz Worship aficionado

**OLD SOUTH CHURCH IN BOSTON
MINISTERS, OFFICERS, & STAFF**

Nancy S. Taylor, *Senior Minister* ❖ James W. Crawford, *Senior Minister Emeritus*
Katherine A. Schofield, *Interim Associate Minister* ❖ Shawn M. Fiedler, *Acting Associate Minister*
Mitchell Crawford, *Minister of Music*
Kate Nintcheu, *Director, Children & Family Ministries*
Donald A. Wells, *Theologian in Residence* ❖ June R. Cooper, *Theologian in the City*
Amo Ngoepe, *Pastoral Resident*
David Story, *Executive Assistant to the Senior Minister* ❖ Ken Orth, *Healing Worship Minister*
Martha Schick, *Youth & Young Adult Ministries Leader*

Carolyn Davis, *Director, Old South Preschool*
George Sargeant, *Associate Organist & Choirmaster*
Tim Harbold, *Director, Gospel Choir* ❖ Willie Sordillo, *Director, Jazz Worship Music*
Peter Coulombe, *Director, Old South Ringers* ❖ Amy Budka, *Children's Music Leader*

Phil Stern, *Moderator* ❖ Rob Gabler, *Clerk* ❖ Bill Bulkeley, *Treasurer*
Randy Billings, *Chair, Board of Trustees* ❖ Kate Silfen, *Historian*
Reuben Bonilla-Santiago & Susan Navia, *Senior Deacons* ❖ Vicki Newman, *Pledge Secretary*

Helen McCrady, *Senior Church Administrator* ❖ John Braught, *Director of Operations*
Jamie Garuti, *Communications Administrator* ❖ Rebecca Pasipanodya, *Assistant Church Administrator*
Linda Van Praet, *Accounting & Human Resources* ❖ Ralph Watson, *Snowden Partnership Coordinator*
Allison Albaugh, *Wedding Coordinator* ❖ Emily Ross, *Archivist*

Elias Perez, *Senior Sexton* ❖ Ozo Nwodo, Richard Serebour, & David Brode, *Sextons*
Corey Spence, *Weekday Receptionist*
Shirley Bivins, Rubia Reyes, George Sargeant, & Vernon Walker, *Evening & Weekend Receptionists*

A NOTE ON THE INCLUSIVE DIMENSIONS OF GOD'S GRACE

Old South Church in Boston, in the name of its host, Jesus Christ, and in the spirit of Christ's invitation carved into the stone of this church's portico, "Behold I Set Before You an Open Door," welcomes all who seek to know God. Following the One who we believe is Sovereign and Savior, we affirm that each individual is a child of God, and recognize that we are called to be like one body with many members, seeking with others of every race, ethnicity, creed, class, age, gender, marital status, physical or mental ability, sexual orientation, gender identity, and gender expression to journey together toward the promised realm of God. We invite everyone to join in the common life and mission of our reconciling community through participation and leadership in this congregation, and by fully sharing in the worship, rites and sacraments of this church. As we all move forward with the work of this church, we commit ourselves to making justice and inclusivity a reality in this congregation and in the world. On the threshold of Christ's open door, we rely upon the healing, unconditional nature of God's love and grace to be our help and guide.



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