<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position/Title</th>
<th>Prelude</th>
<th>Anthem</th>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Please join us every Wednesday after Morning Prayers for MemCafé from 8:45–9:45 a.m. Enjoy coffee, conversation, and community!
Monday

For the Fallen

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

_Laurence Binyon (1869–1943)_

Tuesday

A Thin Place

This is a thin place, where Christ our Lord is risen, and everything changes.

Wednesday

Vidi aquam

I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple. Alleluia.
And all to whom this water came were saved, and they shall say: Alleluia!

*Antiphon for the Asperges (sung in Latin)*

Thursday

Circumdederunt me

Circumdederunt me gemitus mortis dolores inferni circumdederunt me.

_The groanings of death have encircled me: the sorrows of hell have enclosed me._

Psalms 116:3

Friday

My Spirit Sang All Day

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
O my joy!
My heart an echo caught
O my joy.
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy.
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.
My eyes gan peer around;
O my joy.
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?
She also came and heard;
O my joy.
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?
And I replied,
O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

_Robert Bridges (1844–1930)_