

Theresa Lungu:

Good Morning, and welcome morning prayers at the Memorial Church. Today's service will begin with a responsive reading from the black Appleton Psalter book, Psalm number 32, found on page 16. Please stand as you're able to read responsibly by whole very.

Theresa Lungu:

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Congregation:

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputes no iniquity, and in who's spirit there is no deceit.

Theresa Lungu:

When I declared not my sin, my body wasted away through my groaning all day long.

Congregation:

For day and night, thy hand was heavy upon me. My strength was dried up as I [crosstalk 00:04:46] in summer.

Theresa Lungu:

I acknowledged my sin to thee, and I did not hide my inequity.

Congregation:

I said, I will confess my transgressions to the Lord, then thou didst forgive the guilt of my sin.

Theresa Lungu:

That art a hiding place for me. Thou preservest me from trouble. Thou dost encompass me with deliverance.

Congregation:

I will instruct you and teach you the way you shall go. I will counsel you with my eye upon you.

Theresa Lungu:

Be not like a horse or a mule without understanding, which must be curbed with beat and bridal, else it will not keep with you.

Congregation:

Many are the plans of the wicked, but steadfast love surrounds him who trusts in the Lord.

Theresa Lungu:

Be glad in the Lord and rejoice, all righteous and shout for joy, all you upright in heart.

Choir:

(singing)

Patti Bellinger:

Good morning. A reading from When Breath Becomes Air, by Paul Kalanithi.

"It cannot be doubted that each of us can see only part of the picture. The doctor sees one, the patient another, the engineer a third, the economist a fourth, the pearl diver a fifth, the alcoholic a sixth, the cable guy a seventh, the sheep farmer an eighth, the Indian beggar a ninth, the pastor a tenth. Human knowledge is never contained in one person. It grows from the relationships we create between each other and the world, and still it is never complete. And truth comes somewhere above all of them, where, as at the end of that Sunday's reading: the sower and reaper can rejoice together. For here the saying is verified that "One sows and another reaps." I sent you to reap what you have not worked for; others have done the work, and you are sharing the fruits of that work." John 4 37."

The bigger picture is that we need each other. Isolation has taught this to any of us who may have yet doubted it. We need each other to catch the glance of the stranger on a warm spring day and trade smiles. We need each other to share our outrage at injustice and cruelty and to change it. We need each other to share an advanced knowledge, to cure our ailing planet. Human knowledge is never contained in one person, but grows from the relationships we create between each other and the world.

We need each other to remember, to recognize, to embrace our humanity, to reap what others before us have worked to build. I am so often reminded of the ancestors upon whose shoulders we stand. We have high expectations, as we should, for increased diverse, greater inclusion, and for a powerful sense of belonging at this institution, where many of us have chosen to affiliate, to cede some of our identity. Yet, we have little appreciation of what it was truly like for those who opened these doors, who were the firsts and the onlys. For those who made it possible for someone like me to stand before you this morning, the fruits of others' work.

Today, I ask that we take on as our work to be kinder and gentler with each other. To know in the words of Shiza Shahid, "There are no superheroes. There is just us and we are the ones we keep waiting for." I ask that we understand that the stranger in front of you who seems grumpy, may be suffering. To imagine that she wears a mask because she may be caring for others who need our protection, or may simply be frightened by the pandemic still among us. Each of us has only a part of the picture.

Yesterday, as I walked my dog before work, I bumped into a vibrant, upbeat neighbor. Nearly an hour later, late for the day, yet still talking, I saw more of her picture. Knew that she had gone through a divorce, had in fact just come from court, was now a single mom worried about her child. We stood on that damp street corner and were present with each other. And in that moment, I felt the world between us expand. We may be heavy and weary with the terrible news around us, from Yemen, from Afghanistan, from Sacramento, from Ukraine. And we carry the past two years of loss, displacement and distress. Yet we are here, we are alive and we are ever so fortunate that in this moment we are together.

Theresa Lungu:

Please stand as you're able and let us pray. Eternal God, may we lavish Christ's abounding goodness upon our families, friends and colleagues. Holy Spirit come and equip us in our workplace, guide us in our school life inspire us in our neighborhoods. Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.

Theresa Lungu:

And together, let us recite the Lord prayer saying, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

Theresa Lungu:

Please let us sing the hymn, We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing. Number 27 in the Crimson Harvard Hymnal.

Congregation/Choir:

(singing)

Theresa Lungu:

As we go forth unto this day, let us be thankful for this opportunity to meet and may grace and peace be upon our lives as we depart for different destinations. Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.