

Harriet Lindeman:

Good morning.

Congregation:

Good morning.

Harriet Lindeman:

Welcome to Morning Prayers here at Appleton Chapel. Our speaker this morning will be Ahmaad Edmund, Master of Divinity candidate at Harvard Divinity School. Welcome. Please rise in body or in spirit for a responsive reading of Psalm 77 in your black psalter.

I cry aloud to God, aloud to God, that he may hear me.

Congregation:

In the day of my trouble I seek the Lord; in the night my hand is stretched out without wearying; my soul refuses to be comforted.

Harriet Lindeman:

I think of God and I moan. I meditate, and my spirit faints.

Congregation:

Thou dost hold my eyelids from closing; I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

Harriet Lindeman:

I consider the days of old. I remember the years long ago.

Congregation:

I commune with my heart in the night; I meditate and search my spirit.

Harriet Lindeman:

Will the Lord spurn forever, and never again be favorable?

Congregation:

Has his steadfast love forever ceased? Are his promises at an end for all time?

Harriet Lindeman:

Has God forgotten to be gracious? Has he in anger shut up his compassion?

Congregation:

And I say, "It is my grief that the right hand of the Most High has changed."

Harriet Lindeman:

I will call to mind the deeds of the Lord; yeah, I will remember thy wonders of old.

Congregation:

I will meditate on all thy work, and muse on thy mighty deeds.

Choir:

(singing)

Ahmaad Edmund:

Lord, let the words of my mouth, the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in that sight. O Lord, you are strength and our redeemer. Good morning.

Congregation:

Good morning.

Ahmaad Edmund:

What a joy it is to be with you today.

For these brief moments that are ours, I'd like to speak from a theme entitled, Next Stop, Destiny. Next Stop, Destiny. The other morning I prepared to come to campus like any other day by Red Line. Another typical morning, life of a grad student. Birds chirping, traffic flowing, sky clear. I scan my CharlieCard, walk through the open glass panels, and begin to proceed to catch my train. There I am, halfway down the escalator, and hearing the bell signifying that the train is about to leave the station. I'll say that I will have to wait until the next one comes in order to board. At this point, friends, I must admit, I am defeated, and I am depleted. I prepared my mind to get on the next train, but somehow, some way, I went from anticipation to disappointment in a blink of an eye. However, there was a man about 20 feet ahead of me, who used his advanced position to stand in between the closing doors, forcing the doors to stay open. Giving him and I one last chance to catch our train.

Now, I don't want to give you the impression that I'm expressing a grievance with MBTA. Neither am I trying to say that I was there early enough to make that train. But I do want to tell you, and share with you this morning, a powerful lesson that I learned, once I gained my composure sitting on that train. I wonder, how many times have we been the beneficiaries of door holders for trains to get us to our various destinations? The man, I don't know his name. I wish I could thank him that day, because he saved me from missing my train. Oh yes, friends, we all have trains to our various destinations. Maybe you have aspirations to do something. Could be in the classroom, could be a business venture, could be a new relationship. Now there's that worker for MBTA that signified and confirmed my spot on that train that morning. And that worker said, "Next stop, Davis." And I knew that I was headed in the right direction.

I'm reminded of the words penned in the book of Isaiah. Isaiah chapter 43, verses 16 through 19 that says, "Thus sayeth the Lord who makes a way in the sea, a path in the mighty waters, who brings forth chariot and horse, army and warrior. They lie down, they cannot rise, they are extinguished, quenched like a wick. Remember, not the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold, I'm doing a new thing. Now it springs forth, do you not perceive it? I will make a way in the wilderness, in rivers, in the desert."

Perhaps today, you are standing in your wilderness. Perhaps you are standing in your desert. I come to tell you today, that there's one who hold the doors to allow you catch your train. And on that train, you will sit, and you will hear the words come across your ear that says, "Next stop, destiny."

Alex Haley, the fine writer, I'll leave you with this. "That any time that you see a turtle on top of a fence post, you know that he has some help." Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.

Harriet Lindeman:

Please rise in body and spirit for prayer. And now we pray as Jesus taught us, saying...

Congregation:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is 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. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Harriet Lindeman:

Please join in singing the hymn, God Moves in a Mysterious Way, number 201.

Congregation/Choir:

(singing)

Harriet Lindeman:

Now may the Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace. Go in peace. Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.