

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

Good morning. Welcome to the [inaudible 00:02:46] Chapel here in our Memorial church for our daily service of morning prayer. Our speaker this morning is our own Ferris Choral fellow, Olympia Hatzilambrou. I invite you please to rise and join and sing our responsorial Psalm number 103. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, all my being, His holy name.

Congregation:

Bless the Lord, oh my soul. Do not forget all His boundaries.

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

He forgives all your sins, heals all your diseases.

Congregation:

He redeems your life from the pit, surrounds you, step past love and mercy.

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

The Lord executes righteous acts and judgments for all who are wronged.

Congregation:

He may know His way to Moses, his deeds to the children of Israel.

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

The Lord is compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, abounding steadfast love.

Congregation:

He will not contend forever, or nurse his anger for all time.

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

He has not dealt with us according to our sins, nor has he requited us according to our inequities

Congregation:

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his steadfast love to all thoes who fear him.

Olympia Hatzilambrou:

Good morning.

Congregation:

Good morning.

Olympia Hatzilambrou:

Today's reading is from one Corinthians 13:4-8. Love is patient and kind. Love does not envy or boast. It is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way. It is not irritable or resentful. It does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things,

endures all things. Love never ends. As many of you know, we buried my dad on Saturday. It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I'd been looking forward to taking care of him as he got older because he took such great care of me. He had always been the first person I would share my everyday wins and random thoughts with, and the first person I called when I felt sad or had trouble falling asleep at two in the morning.

He made sure I knew that I could ask him for help whenever I needed it, and he always did his best to follow through. I saw that many times, but especially in the last thing he ever did for me. As the semester started, I was getting increasingly anxious about what I was going to do after I got out of here. My summer of research was rather discouraging, often to the point where I dreaded getting up in the morning and I was afraid that as soon as I graduated I wouldn't be able to escape that feeling for the rest of my life. I put a lot of pressure on myself to make the most out of my senior year because it felt like my last opportunity to enjoy my life before I faced the real world. So when some performance opportunities passed me by, I didn't react very well.

I vacillated between anger and self-loathing for weeks and the feelings only intensified when I thought I wasn't moving on quickly enough. My dad tried to help me in the way that he knew how. He sent me a lot of articles and videos on the power of positive thinking and suggested I take up journaling and told me stories about how he dealt with his own big life transitions. But it soon became clear that these little fixes wouldn't be enough, and I told him that I needed to try therapy. He wasn't exactly thrilled at this development. Partly I think he was upset that I didn't seem to accept the help that he was trying to give me, but he also had some very bad experiences in therapy when he was younger and he wanted to spare me the same pain. He never told me outright that he wouldn't support me if I went, but he did softly discourage it.

While I understood where he was coming from, it felt to me like he was refusing to meet my needs as they were. So I pushed him away, even as he started to call and check in on me more often. Eventually, I got to a point where I felt trapped in my destructive emotional state. I wasn't getting better and it felt like I was so much of a burden that it wouldn't just be better for everyone if I was gone. Once my dad realized how much I needed the outside help, he pulled out all the stops. He sent me recommendations for therapists in the area and helped me with the health insurance website. And in classic dad fashion, he sent me a book on cognitive behavioral therapy, but most importantly, he let me decide when and how long I wanted to call and talk.

He was willing to spend hours on the phone, but he hung up when I told him I was ready. I know it hurt him that he couldn't help me in the way that I needed help, and I know that the help I needed terrified him, but he was there for me anyway, and he was there in the way that I asked him to be. I wish I got to tell him how much that meant to me, but I think the best thing I can do for him now and I still love the way he showed me how to... Will you pray with me?

With the Saints give rest O Christ, to the souls of thy servants, where there is no pain, nor any sorrow, nor any sign of life everlasting. For you are the resurrection, the life and the repose of your servants, O Christ O God. And to you do we send up glory as to your eternal Father and your all holy, good and life creating spirit, both now and forever to the ages of ages. Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.

The Rev. Matthew Potts:

Please rise and join me in saying the words Jesus taught us. 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. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen. Our closing hymn today is number 291. Please note the change. Hymn number 291.

May the peace of God which passes all our understanding, keep your hearts and your minds and the knowledge and love of God and of God's son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. And may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be among you all and remain with you always. Amen. Let us bless the Lord.