

Harriett Lindeman:

Good morning.

Congregation:

Good morning.

Harriett Lindeman:

And welcome to Morning Prayers here in Appleton Chapel. This week our Senior Talks continue, and our speaker this morning will be Julia Yanez of Quincy House. Welcome. Please rise, in body or in spirit, for a responsive reading of Psalm 105, found in your Black Psalter. "We give you thanks, O God, and call upon your name. We make known your deeds among the peoples."

Congregation:

"We sing to you; we sing your praise and speak of all your marvelous works."

Harriett Lindeman:

"We glory in your holy name. Let the hearts of those who seek you rejoice."

Congregation:

"We search for you and your strength. We continue to seek your face."

Harriett Lindeman:

"You spread out a cloud for a covering and a fire to give light in the night season."

Congregation:

"You opened the rock, and water flowed, so the river ran in the dry places."

Harriett Lindeman:

"For you remembered your holy Word and Abraham your servant."

Congregation:

"So you led forth your people with gladness, your chosen with shouts of joy."

Harriett Lindeman:

"You gave your people the lands of the nations, and they took the fruit of others' toil."

Congregation:

"That they might keep your statutes and observe your laws. Alleluia."

MUSIC:

Come to Zion, come to Zion.

Sinsick souls in sorrow bound.

Lay your cares upon the altar.
Where true healing may be found.
Come to Zion, come to Zion.
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Come to Zion, come to Zion.
Sinsick souls in sorrow bound.
Lay your cares upon the altar.
Where true healing may be found.
Shout alleluia, alleluia.
Praise resounds over land and sea.
All who will may come and share.
The glories of this jubilee.
Come to Zion, come to Zion.
Come to Zion, come to Zion.
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Lay your cares upon the altar.
Where true healing may be found.
Shout alleluia, alleluia.
Praise resounds over land and sea.
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Shout alleluia, alleluia.
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All who will may come and share.
The glories of this jubilee.
Come to Zion, come to Zion.
Come to Zion, to Zion, Zion, Zion.
Come to Zion.

Julia Yanez:

Good morning, everyone.

Congregation:

Good morning.

Julia Yanez:

My name is Julia Yanez, and I'm a senior in Quincy House. Thank you so much for allowing me to join you all today. For today's inspired text, I'd like to share something a bit nontraditional. Instead of a reading, I'd like to share with you all a memory of my grandmother from one of our drives to school, several years ago. I remember sitting in the back of her car, anticipating the school day and the stressors I would meet, the details of which I can only now barely remember. As school was getting harder, I couldn't shake the fear that I wouldn't be good enough to keep up. I remember anxiously looking into the rearview mirror, where my eyes met my grandmother's. She looked back at me and told me, "[Spanish 00:09:52]. With effort, my daughter, we work for those who came before us, and for those who will come after."

With graduation quickly approaching, I am reminded of the blessings I have experienced by attending this school and receiving this education. And with each day that passes, I hear my grandmother's voice, like a guardian angel, looking over me, reminding me to remember those who have come before me, and ameliorate the conditions for those who will come after. This persistence of genealogies and memory has played a critical role in my upbringing. I am the proud daughter of immigrants from both Cuba and Mexico. I grew up surrounded by stories of my family crossing the Mexican border, retold over carne asada tacos and corn tamales. I ate Cuban-style alfajor con pollo while listening to my grandparents' memories of escaping an unfair dictatorship.

From leaving everything behind, my family was determined to restart in a place that saw them as outsiders to provide future generations access to opportunities they did not have the privilege to pursue. It dawns on me today that I'm speaking here about these histories in a church. My grandparents are deeply religious people, so much so that my family and I lovingly say that my grandmother has a hotline to God. Even though my family faced hardships that I cannot begin to imagine, they persevered through these times of difficulty by relying on their faith to carry them through. They had faith in their decision-making to leave their home countries, faith that this would enable their children and their children's children more opportunities than they could imagine, and faith that they would be protected by God through these difficulties.

Surrounded by oral histories of my own family's genealogy, I became enamored with the idea of uncovering the past to make sense of the present. As I pursued these questions at Harvard and matured intellectually, I felt myself growing as an independent person. Yet with this pursuit, I found myself faltering under the pressure of trying to live up to the sacrifices that my family had made to get me to this point. The weight of constantly seeking external achievements made me anxious, as I expected a direct pathway forward. With this obsession with planning for the future, I realized I was losing myself in the present.

So, to guide myself back during periods of uncertainty, I have adopted my own version of faith, by learning from my genealogies. As I'm surrounded by the memory of my family, I have learned that I am never acting as a sole individual. Instead, I represent the dreams, the sacrifices, the work, and the faith of all of those who have come before me. I feel a spiritual connection to the genealogies that precede me. I feel them protect me as I prepare for my exams or presentations. I see them in the lines of my face and the curls of my hair. I hear them when I remind myself that I belong here.

Carrying this faith in my genealogy, in my ancestors, and acting on those histories is a guiding beacon to recenter myself in my values when the quotidian gets daunting. I wish to use this opportunity to recognize my grandparents' sacrifices, express my gratitude, and commemorate their memories here. Though they could not be here in front of all of you today, they're here with me, through me. My faith

lies in the fact that I'm an accumulation of their experiences that have led me to this point, and that I will do everything in my power to honor them, and to build a stronger future for those who will follow me.

I hope to encourage all of you to think about your own genealogies and what brings you faith. Are there histories you're proud of? Histories you hope to amend? Histories you can learn from? Our decisions and our actions are never in a vacuum, but instead, represent the legacies of those who precede us. It is up to us to determine where we hold our faith, and to build stronger futures for those who will follow. Thank you so much for allowing me to come and speak with you today, and I hope you all have lovely days ahead. Thank you.

Harriett Lindeman:

Please join me in prayer. God of love and grace, help us to feel our connection to those who have come before us, to hold the love and the wisdom of our grandmothers, our mentors, our elders, as we look around at the world and find our own voice and place in transforming what needs to be transformed, and building new paths towards a world for those who will come next. In your name we pray, amen.

Congregation:

Amen.

Harriett Lindeman:

And let us pray as Jesus taught His disciples, 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. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Congregation:

"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, for ever and ever. Amen."

Harriett Lindeman:

Please rise, in body or in spirit, for the hymn, O Thou Who Camest From Above, number 298.

MUSIC:

O thou who camest from above.

The fire celestial to impart.

Kindle a flame of sacred love.

On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn.

With inextinguishable blaze.

And trembling to its source return.

In humble prayer and fervent praise.
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire.
To work, and speak, and think for thee.
Still let me guard the holy fire.
And still stir up the gift in me.
Ready for all thy perfect will.
My acts of faith and love repeat.
Till death thy endless mercies seal.
And make the sacrifice complete.

Harriett Lindeman:

And now, as we prepare to leave this place, the peace of God be in your hearts, the love of God be in your hands, the joy of God be in your soul. Go in peace. Amen.

Congregation:

Amen.