



# Prayers from America

*Glory Shadow Hope*



A Service of Poetry, Song, & Prayer for We the People

**7/7 @ 10am, LIVE! on-site & online**

**Connect at [www.NeedhamUCC.org](http://www.NeedhamUCC.org)**

## **The Congregational Church of Needham, *United Church of Christ***

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**Welcome!** *No matter who you are or where you are on life's journey, you are invited and welcome here at The Congregational Church of Needham, United Church of Christ.*

**Please take a moment to let us know you're here,** whether you are an official church member, a frequent guest, or a first-timer. **Scan this QR code with the camera on your phone and follow the link to sign-in.** *There's also a paper sign-in sheet on the table in the foyer, if you prefer.*

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**July 7, 2024**

**PRELUDE**

*We Gather Together*

Valerie Becker, *piano*; Phil Gotwals, *horn*

**WELCOME**

**HYMN**

***This is My Song, O God of All the Nations***

FINLANDIA

*v. 1 & 2, Lloyd Stone (1943); v. 3, Georgia Elma Harkness (1939), adap. 2016*

1. This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for lands afar and mine;  
this is my home, the country where my heart is;  
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine:  
but other hearts in other lands are beating  
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

2. My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,  
and sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine;  
but other lands have sunlight too, and clover,  
and skies are everywhere as blue as mine:  
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations,  
a song of peace for their land and for mine.

3. This is my song, O God of all the nations,  
a prayer that peace transcends in every place;  
and yet I pray for my beloved country --  
the reassurance of continued grace:  
Lord, help us find our one-ness in this body,  
in spite of differences of age and race.

**TIME ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN**

**READING FROM SCRIPTURE**

*from the Letters of the Early Church*  
*from the Hebrew Prophets*

**Hebrews 11:8-10, 13-16a**  
**Jeremiah 29:4-7**

# “Prayers from America: Glory, Shadow, & Hope”

## Introduction

### *I. Glory*

#### **A City Upon a Hill**

John Winthrop (1630)

Now the only way to avoid disaster and provide for our future in this land is to follow the counsel of the prophet Micah: to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

Toward this end, we must be knit together in this work as one body; We must treat each other with familiar affection; We must be willing to give up our excesses, in order to supply others what they need. We must build an amiable society together in all meekness, gentleness, patience, and generosity of spirit.

We must delight in each other, feel for others' conditions as our own, rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together, always remembering the vision of our common mission and common life in the work—our common life as members of the one body. Thus we will manifest the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

The Lord will be our God and delight to dwell among us, as God's own people, and will command a blessing upon us in everything we do, so that we will see even more of God's wisdom, power, goodness, and truth than we have known before. We will find that the God of Israel is among us, and ten of us will be able to resist a thousand of our enemies. God will make us a praise and glory, that people will say of future settlements: "May the Lord make it like New England!"

For we must consider that we will be like a city upon a hill. The eyes of all people are upon us...

#### **My Country**

Sarah Josepha Buell Hale (1830)

America! my own dear land-  
O, 'tis a lovely land to me;  
I thank my God that I was born  
Where man is free!

Our land- it is a glorious land-  
And wide it spreads from sea to sea-  
And sister States in Union join  
And all are free.

And equal laws we all obey-  
To kings we never bend the knee-  
We may not own no Lord but God  
Where all are free.

We've lofty hills and sunny vales  
And streams that roll to either sea-  
And through this large and varied land  
Alike we're free.

You hear the sounds of healthful toil,  
And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee,  
And every one in safety dwells,  
And all are free.

We're brothers all from South to North,  
One bond will draw us to agree-  
We love this country of our birth-  
We love the free-

We love the name of Washington,  
I lisped it on my father's knee-  
And we shall ne'er forget the name  
While we are free.

My Land, my own dear native Land,  
Thou art a lovely land to me;  
I bless my God that I was born  
Where man is free!

#### **The New Colossus**

Emma Lazarus (1883)

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command

The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

## Hymn

## *God of the Ages, Whose Almighty Hand*

NATIONAL HYMN

*Daniel C. Roberts (1876)*

1. God of the ages, whose almighty hand  
leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,  
our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

2. Thy love divine hath led us in the past;  
in this free land with thee our lot is cast;  
be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,  
thy Word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

3. From war's alarms,  
from deadly pestilence,  
be thy strong arm our ever-sure defense;  
thy true religion in our hearts increase;  
thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4. Refresh thy people on their toilsome way;  
lead us from night to never-ending day;  
fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
and glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

## *II. Shadow*

### **Let America Be America Again**

Langston Hughes (1938)

Let America be America again.  
Let it be the dream it used to be.  
Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed--  
Let it be that great strong land of love  
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme  
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty  
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,  
But opportunity is real, and life is free,  
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,  
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?  
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,  
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.  
I am the red man driven from the land,  
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek--  
And finding only the same old stupid plan  
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,  
Tangled in that ancient endless chain  
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!  
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!  
Of work the men! Of take the pay!  
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.

I am the worker sold to the machine.  
I am the Negro, servant to you all.  
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean--

Hungry yet today despite the dream.  
Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers!  
I am the man who never got ahead,  
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream  
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,  
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,  
That even yet its mighty daring sings  
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned  
That's made America the land it has become.

O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas  
In search of what I meant to be my home--  
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,  
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,  
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?  
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?  
The millions shot down when we strike?  
The millions who have nothing for our pay?  
For all the dreams we've dreamed  
And all the songs we've sung  
And all the hopes we've held  
And all the flags we've hung,  
The millions who have nothing for our pay--  
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again--  
The land that never has been yet--

And yet must be--the land where every man is free.  
The land that's mine--the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's,  
ME--  
Who made America,  
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,  
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,  
Must bring back our mighty dream again.  
Sure, call me any ugly name you choose--  
The steel of freedom does not stain.  
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,  
We must take back our land again, America!

## Indian Boarding School: The Runaways

Home's the place we head for in our sleep.  
Boxcars stumbling north in dreams  
don't wait for us. We catch them on the run.  
The rails, old lacerations that we love,  
shoot parallel across the face and break  
just under Turtle Mountains. Riding scars  
you can't get lost. Home is the place they cross.  
The lame guard strikes a match and makes the dark  
less tolerant. We watch through cracks in boards  
as the land starts rolling, rolling till it hurts  
to be here, cold in regulation clothes.  
We know the sheriff's waiting at midrun

## My Dear America

You were the first girl I ever loved and the only home  
I've ever known.  
You showed me where to pick my flowers from then you  
left me there all alone.  
You said you've got the free world for me but that's a  
globe in a gated fence.  
Then you locked me out in the streets and I swear I  
haven't seen you since.  
My dear America I was in love with you.  
You broke my heart so now we're... through.  
I don't wanna see your face again, no. My dear America.  
You lift me up. You broke me down  
then you locked me up.  
Then you blame it on somebody else.  
Well how could you...  
My love, my love my love.  
I use to see you every weekend,  
we'd fall asleep on your telephone.  
Then I heard that you were creepin'.  
Now you won't even return my calls.

O, yes,  
I say it plain,  
America never was America to me,  
And yet I swear this oath--  
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,  
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,  
We, the people, must redeem  
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.  
The mountains and the endless plain--  
All, all the stretch of these great green states--  
And make America again!

Louise Erdrich (2003)

to take us back. His car is dumb and warm.  
The highway doesn't rock, it only hums  
like a wing of long insults. The worn-down welts  
of ancient punishments lead back and forth.  
All runaways wear dresses, long green ones,  
the color you would think shame was. We scrub  
the sidewalks down because it's shameful work.  
Our brushes cut the stone in watered arcs  
and in the soak frail outlines shiver clear  
a moment, things us kids pressed on the dark  
face before it hardened, pale, remembering  
delicate old injuries, the spines of names and leaves.

Laila Nur (2014)

I read the paper just the other day.  
You waged a war cuz someone beat you up.  
Come to find out that was all a lie. Cause you- you  
started the fight first.  
My dear America I was in love with you.  
You broke my heart so now we're... through.  
I don't wanna see your face again, no. My dear America.  
You lift me up.  
You broke me down then you locked me up.  
Then you blame it on somebody else.  
Well how could you...  
Well I thought we had something special.  
Turns out it was nothing to you. Nothing to you.  
You've got all these laws. But what are these laws for.  
They protect you and all of yours. But what about us.  
What about me and you. What on earth did I do.  
My momma told me "to be on top you must stand on  
others with a ruthless heart."  
And you've always been number one.

## Hymn

### *Lift Every Voice and Sing*

LIFT EVERY VOICE

*James Weldon Johnson & John Rosamond Johnson (1900)*

1. Lift every voice and sing  
Till earth and heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise,  
High as the list'ning skies,  
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.  
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark  
past has taught us,  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present  
has brought us,  
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,  
Let us march on till victory is won.

2. Stony the road we trod,  
Bitter the chastening rod,  
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
Yet with a steady beat,  
Have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for which our fathers died  
We have come over a way that with tears has  
been watered,  
We have come treading our path through the  
blood of the slaughtered,  
Out from the gloomy past,  
till now we stand at last  
Where the white gleam of our bright star  
is cast.

3. God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who has by Thy might  
Led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,  
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee,  
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,  
True to our God, true to our native land.

### *III. Hope*

#### **The Congressional Library**, *portion*

Amy Lowell (1922)

The earth is a colored thing.  
See the red clays, and the umbers and salt greys  
of the mountains;  
See the clustered and wandering greens of plains and  
hillsides,  
The leaf-greens, bush-greens, water-plant  
and snow-greens  
Of gardens and forests.  
See the reds of flowers—hibiscus, poppy, geranium;  
The rose-red of little flowers—may-flowers, primroses;  
The harlequin shades of sweet-peas, orchids, pansies;  
The madders, saffrons, chromes, of still waters,  
The silver and star-blues,  
the wine-blues of seas and oceans.  
Observe the stars at nighttime, name the color of them;  
Count and recount the hues of clouds  
at sunset and at dawn.

And the colors of the races of men—  
What are they?  
And what are we?  
We, the people without a race,  
Without a language;  
Of all races, and of none;  
Of all tongues, and one imposed;  
Of all traditions and all pasts,  
With no tradition and no past.  
A patchwork and an altar-piece,  
Vague as sea-mist,  
Myriad as forest-trees,  
Living into a present,  
Building a future.  
Our color is the vari-colored world.  
No colors clash,  
All clash and change,

And, in changing, new colors come and go and dominate  
and remain,

And no one shall say which remain,  
Since those that have vanished return,  
And those no man has seen take the light and are.

Where else in all America are we so symbolized  
As in this hall?

White columns polished like glass,  
A dome and a dome,  
A balcony and a balcony,  
Stairs and the balustrades to them,  
Yellow marble and red slabs of it,  
All mounting, spearing, flying into color.  
Color round the dome and up to it,  
Color curving, kite-flying, to the second dome,  
Light, dropping, pitching down upon the color,  
Arrow-falling upon the glass-bright pillars,  
Mingled colors spinning into a shape of white pillars,

## One Today

One sun rose on us today, kindled over our shores,  
peeking over the Smokies, greeting the faces  
of the Great Lakes, spreading a simple truth  
across the Great Plains,  
then charging across the Rockies.  
One light, waking up rooftops, under each one, a story  
told by our silent gestures moving across windows.

My face, your face,  
millions of faces in morning's mirrors,  
each one yawning to life, crescendoing into our day:  
pencil-yellow school buses, the rhythm of traffic lights,  
fruit stands: apples, limes, and oranges  
arrayed like rainbows  
begging our praise. Silver trucks heavy with oil  
or paper -  
bricks or milk, teeming over highways alongside us,  
on our way to clean tables, read ledgers, or save lives -  
to teach geometry, or ring up groceries as my mother did  
for twenty years,  
so I could write this poem for all of us today.

All of us as vital as the one light we move through,  
the same light on blackboards with lessons for the day:  
equations to solve, history to question,  
or atoms imagined,  
the 'I have a dream' we all keep dreaming,  
or the impossible vocabulary of sorrow  
that won't explain  
the empty desks of twenty children marked absent  
today, and forever. Many prayers, but one light  
breathing color into stained glass windows,  
life into the faces of bronze statues, warmth  
onto the steps of our museums and park benches  
as mothers watch children slide into the day.

Fusing, cooling, into balanced shafts of shrill and  
interthronging light.

This is America,  
This vast, confused beauty,  
This staring, restless speed of loveliness,  
Mighty, overwhelming, crude, of all forms,  
Making grandeur out of profusion,  
Afraid of no incongruities,  
Sublime in its audacity,  
Bizarre breaker of moulds,  
Laughing with strength,  
Charging down on the past,  
Glorious and conquering,  
Destroyer, builder,  
Invincible pith and marrow of the world,  
An old world remaking,  
Whirling into the no-world of all-colored light.

Richard Blanco (2013)

One ground. Our ground, rooting us to every stalk  
of corn, every head of wheat sown by sweat  
and hands, hands gleaned coal or planting windmills  
in deserts and hilltops that keep us warm, hands  
digging trenches, routing pipes and cables, hands  
as worn as my father's cutting sugarcane  
so my brother and I could have books and shoes.

The dust of farms and deserts, cities and plains  
mingled by one wind - our breath. Breathe. Hear it  
through the day's gorgeous din of honking cabs,  
buses launching down avenues, the symphony  
of footsteps, guitars, and screeching subways,  
the unexpected song bird on your clothes line.

Hear: squeaky playground swings, trains whistling,  
or whispers across cafe tables, Hear: the doors we open  
each day for each other, saying: hello,  
*shalom, buon giorno, howdy, namaste, or buenos días*  
in the language my mother taught me - in every language  
spoken into one wind carrying our lives  
without prejudice, as these words break from my lips.

One sky: since the Appalachians and Sierras claimed  
their majesty, and the Mississippi and Colorado worked  
their way to the sea. Thank the work of our hands:  
weaving steel into bridges, finishing one more report  
for the boss on time, stitching another wound  
or uniform, the first brush stroke on a portrait,  
or the last floor on the Freedom Tower  
jutting into the sky that yields to our resilience.

One sky, toward which we sometimes lift our eyes  
tired from work: some days guessing at the weather  
of our lives, some days giving thanks for a love  
that loves you back, sometimes praising a mother  
who knew how to give, or forgiving a father

who couldn't give what you wanted.  
We head home: through the gloss of rain or weight  
of snow, or the plum blush of dusk,  
but always, always - home,  
always under one sky, our sky. And always one moon  
like a silent drum tapping on every rooftop

and every window, of one country - all of us -  
facing the stars  
hope - a new constellation  
waiting for us to map it,  
waiting for us to name it - together.

## Hymn

## *God of Eagles, God of Sparrows*

BEACH SPRING

*Dosia Carlson (1976)*

1. God of eagles, God of sparrows,  
soaring spirit, earthly guide,  
help our nation know true greatness,  
free from all-consuming pride.  
Strengthen us for global duties  
sharing progress that is just;  
like the eagle may we venture,  
like the sparrow may we trust.

2. God of valleys, God of mountains,  
comrade in our depths and heights,  
speak through all our civic leaders  
who would nurture human rights.  
May they know your daily presence  
and affirm your ageless deeds;  
through dark valleys may they follow,  
up steep mountains where love leads.

3. God in victory, God in failure,  
steadfast through each tribal test,  
save us from our shabby idols,  
show us that your way is best.  
Better than the lure of power,  
better than the lust for fame;  
so in failure may we praise you,  
and in victory bless your name.

## A Prayer Litany for the United States of America

One: O God our Sovereign, bless our land, that we may be a people at peace among ourselves, living together justly, and a blessing to other nations of the earth.

**Many: O God, keep this nation under your care.**

One: Help us to face the past with courage, to confess where we have fallen short as well as celebrate where we have triumphed, so together we may face the present with wisdom and the future with hope.

**Many: In your truth and grace, O God.**

One: Bless also the leaders of our land: To all who hold executive authority and to all who hold administrative authority, grant wisdom and grace in the exercise of their duties.

**Many: Give grace to your servants, O God.**

One: To those who make our laws give courage, wisdom, and foresight to provide for the needs of all our people, and to fulfill our obligations in the community of nations.

**Many: Give grace to your servants, O God.**

One: To the judges and officers of our courts give understanding and integrity, that human rights may be safeguarded and justice served.

**Many: Give grace to your servants, O God.**



One: Teach each of us to accept our responsibilities to all the members of our communities, that those who are afforded the right to vote may elect trustworthy leaders, that we may all hold those leaders to a high standard and critique them when they fall short, and so altogether may we make wise decisions for the well-being of our society and, indeed, all creation,

**Many: that we may serve you faithfully in our generation and honor your holy name.**

One: Finally, O Holy One, stir our spirits to reject any theology that falsely and idolatrously equates our human will with your holy way, our limited laws with your boundless justice and mercy, and this our nation with your eternal kin-dom;

**ALL: So we look to you above every human authority, O God, for yours is the kin-dom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.**

## SHARING OUR STAR PRAYERS

*At this time, you are invited to bring your prayers for this nation forward.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER *(using these or whichever words are closest to your own heart)*

**Our Father/Mother in heaven, holy is your name. Your reign come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. And forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For yours is the kin-dom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.**

## SHARING THE SACRAMENT OF HOLY COMMUNION\*

*(together, using whatever food & drink you have on hand if participating online)*

*\* For our celebration of the Sacrament of Holy Communion / The Eucharist / The Lord's Supper today, those in the sanctuary who wish to partake will be invited to come down the center aisle to receive a piece of gluten-free bread from a Deacon and take for themselves a serving of juice (pre-set in a compostable cup). As always, all bread is gluten-free and all juice is non-alcoholic and ALL ARE INVITED. You do not need to be a member of this congregation or any congregation, but simply desire to receive this blessing in your life. Come, friends, taste and see the goodness of God!*

## HYMN

### *America the Beautiful*

MATERNA

*v.1 & 2, Katharine Lee Bates (1911) ; v.3 & 4, Miriam Therese Winter (1993)*

1. O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

2. O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine!

3. How beautiful, sincere lament,  
the wisdom born of tears,  
the courage called for to repent  
the bloodshed through the years.  
America! America!  
God grant that we may be  
a nation blessed, with none oppressed,  
true land of liberty.

4. Indigenous and immigrant,  
our daughters and our sons:  
O may we never rest content  
till all are truly one.  
America! America!  
God grant that we may be  
one siblinghood, one neighborhood  
from sea to shining sea.

### **WE ARE BLESSED AND SENT FORTH**

One: Now our worship is ended.      **Many: Let our service begin. Amen**

### **POSTLUDE**

## **Texts, Authors, and Readers**

### **“A City Upon a Hill” (1630)**

John Winthrop (1587-1639) served as governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for 12 of the colony's first 20 years. He used this phrase from the Sermon on the Mount (Mt 5:15) to describe the Puritan colony's potential.

### **“My Country” (1830)**

Sarah Josepha Buell Hale (1788-1879) was a leading light of New England literary life, a critic of slavery (she advocated repatriation of formerly enslaved persons to Liberia), and the chief advocate of making Thanksgiving a national holiday.

### **“The New Colossus” (1883)**

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887), born into an American Jewish family in New York, became an advocate for Jewish refugees escaping persecution. This sonnet was placed on the pedestal of the State of Liberty in 1903.

### **“Let America Be America” (1938)**

Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was an African-American author, social activist, and leader of the Harlem Renaissance. His work, like this poem, illustrates the challenges facing the Black community and all working-class people in the United States.

### **“Indian Boarding School: The Runaways” (2003)**

Louise Erdrich (1954-), is an acclaimed Ojibwe author and member of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa Indians. She was named a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 2009 and won the National Book Award for Fiction in 2012.

### **“My Dear America” (2014)**

Young singer-songwriter Laila Nur was born in New York City, as she says, poor, African-American, and Sunni Muslim. She now lives in North Carolina, where she is also an out lesbian and activist.

### **“The Congressional Library” (1922)**

Amy Lowell (1874-1925), born into a prominent Boston family who did not allow her to attend college, so she fell in love with books and became an acclaimed poet. She was awarded the Pulitzer Prize posthumously.

### **“One Today” (2013)**

Richard Blanco (1968- ) debuted this poem at President Obama's second inauguration, making him the first immigrant, first Latino (Cuban-American), first openly gay person, and the youngest person up to that time to be the U.S. inaugural poet.

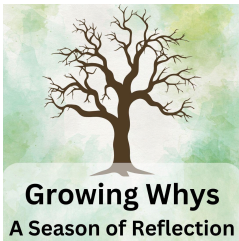
## CHURCH ACTIVITIES & ANNOUNCEMENTS: July 7, 2024



### **Guatemala Partnership Potluck Gathering**

**THIS SUNDAY, 7/7 @ 6-8pm**

All are invited to attend this social gathering at Alan Clayton-Matthew's home (105 Concord St., Needham, MA) where we will enjoy relaxing and catching up with one another over food and drinks. We are delighted that Ali Durbin will be in town and will join us. Whether you are a partner-family, a former or prospective delegation traveler, or simply someone who might like to learn more about the Partnership, we invite you to join us. For questions or to RSVP, email [bmetzler7@verizon.net](mailto:bmetzler7@verizon.net).



### **Growing Whys: A Season of Reflection**

***Contribute your intention to our "Growing Whys" beginning April 21!***

Our preaching teams have reflected on the "whys" of their ministries within our church community. Now you are invited to set an intention for yourself and the ways you hope to grow in relationship and engage in the life and ministry of the church. Write your intention on the leaf post-its provided during worship and add it to our tree or message the Zoom greeter and they can add one for you. *In the fall, you'll be invited to reflect on the ways you've lived into that intention, or ways you understand your intention in a new way. You may wish to hold on to some symbol, photo, or small token of your intention from your summer months to bring back and share.*



### **Mindful Meditation Online**

**Sundays @ 8pm LIVE! via Zoom at**  
**<https://us06web.zoom.us/j/79920727588>**

What is mindful meditation? It's a type of meditation in which you focus on being intensely aware of what you're sensing and feeling in the moment, without interpretation or judgment. Practicing mindfulness involves breathing methods, guided imagery, and other practices to relax the body and mind and help reduce stress. Who couldn't use more of that? Join longtime practitioner Sue Findlay and others Sunday evenings online via Zoom.