

**MLK SUNDAY**

**17 de enero/january 10, 2021 | 9:45 a.m.**

**JOIN VIA ZOOM OR FB LIVE.**

Zoom link: <https://bit.ly/33tvUN4>

**CALVARY DC**

**BLACK**

**LIVES**

**TRUTH TELLERS**

**WOMEN**

**FAITH**

**HISTORY**

**THEY MATTER.**

Black History Month

# Alabando | Worshipping

## La Bienvenida | Welcome

### Himno de Alabanza | Hymn of Praise

I woke up this morning with my mind...  
Stayed on freedom (x 3)  
Halelu, Halelu, Hallelujah.

I'm walking and talking with my mind...  
Stayed on freedom (x 3)  
Halelu, Halelu, Hallejah.

I'm singing and praying with my mind...  
Stayed on freedom (x 3)  
Halelu, Halelu, Hallejah.

It ain't no harm to keep your mind...  
Stayed on freedom (x3)  
Halelu, Halelu, Hallejah.

I woke up this morning with my mind...  
Stayed on freedom (x 3)  
Halelu, Halelu, Hallelujah.

### Palabras de Alabanza | Call to Worship

**Woke Up This Morning**  
*sung by Tim Shaw*

*Yolanda Appiah-Kubi, Deacon*  
*Jess Lynd, Liturgist*

O God of our weary years and God of our silent tears, God whose voice feels far and whose mystery has left our hearts yearning in these fearful days—

**Hear us, good Lord! Listen to us, for your Black children are being mocked in the sanctuary, hunted in the halls of power, and tortured in the streets.**

God, you promised that you would be a God of justice. God you assured us that you have heard the cries of your children and seen the plight of their suffering.

**But God, still we wait for your justice. God still we seek to see your face. God, even now as we pray, Black life does not seem to matter and so we ask, "Is the God of our fathers and mothers dead?"**

God even today, we ask, “Has heaven not seen the lifeless bodies of Black girls, and the brutalized bodies of Black boys? Has heaven not seen what they are doing to your Black children in America?”

**God, we ask that you awake from your slumber. God we ask that you deliver us from the violent white supremacy that surrounds us. God we ask that you make your justice flow and righteousness fall like an ever flowing stream.**

God, we know that you are not sleep. God, we know that you do see our suffering and hear your cries. God, we know that despite the structures of this world, Black Lives do Matter to you. Black Lives have always mattered to you. Black Lives will always matter to you.

**God, then let us awake. Let Black Lives Matter to us in America and let Black Lives Matter all over the world. Let us continue to be a church and a people who show that Black Lives Matter. Let us be a church where all Black People, but especially, Black women, Black trans, Black truth-tellers, Black children—know that their lives matter and will be protected. Let us be a church where Black Lives Matter.**

### **La Paz de Cristo | Passing the Peace of Christ**

The peace of the Lord be with you. **And also with you.**  
La paz del Señor sea contigo. **Y contigo también.**

### **Respondemos Juntos | Responding Together**

### **Make Us One | Haznos Uno**

**Make us one, Lord, make us one; Holy Spirit, make us one.  
Let your love flow so the world will know we are one in you.  
Haznos uno, uno en ti. Haznos uno, Señor, en ti.  
Y que el mundo vea en nuestro amor que somos uno en ti.**

## **Escuchando | Listening**

### **Dando en Linea | Giving Online**

Please visit [www.calvarydc.org/give](http://www.calvarydc.org/give). Each Sunday, we have the opportunity to engage in a spiritual practice tracing back to the early church. As followers of Jesus began re-imagining their allegiance to God and not Caesar, they also chose to share their money, time, and resources in ways that disrupted systems of power and violence around them.

As a community of faith shaped by this intention as we strive to be radically inclusive, progressive, and multicultural, we pray that our commitments might free you to give to this place both joyfully and intentionally.

## Lectura | Scripture Lesson

Mateo | Matthew 25: 31-46

*Jess Lynd, Liturgist*

Cuando el Hijo del hombre venga, rodeado de esplendor y de todos sus ángeles, se sentará en su trono glorioso. La gente de todas las naciones se reunirá delante de él, y él separará unos de otros, como el pastor separa las ovejas de las cabras. Pondrá las ovejas a su derecha y las cabras a su izquierda. Y dirá el Rey a los que estén a su derecha: “Vengan ustedes, los que han sido bendecidos por mi Padre; reciban el reino que está preparado para ustedes desde que Dios hizo el mundo. Pues tuve hambre, y ustedes me dieron de comer; tuve sed, y me dieron de beber; anduve como forastero, y me dieron alojamiento. Estuve sin ropa, y ustedes me la dieron; estuve enfermo, y me visitaron; estuve en la cárcel, y vinieron a verme.” Entonces los justos preguntarán: “Señor, ¿cuándo te vimos con hambre, y te dimos de comer? ¿O cuándo te vimos con sed, y te dimos de beber? ¿O cuándo te vimos como forastero, y te dimos alojamiento, o sin ropa, y te la dimos? ¿O cuándo te vimos enfermo o en la cárcel, y fuimos a verte?” El Rey les contestará: “Les aseguro que todo lo que hicieron por uno de estos hermanos míos más humildes, por mí mismo lo hicieron.”

Luego el Rey dirá a los que estén a su izquierda: “Apártense de mí, los que merecieron la condenación; váyanse al fuego eterno preparado para el diablo y sus ángeles. Pues tuve hambre, y ustedes no me dieron de comer; tuve sed, y no me dieron de beber; anduve como forastero, y no me dieron alojamiento; sin ropa, y no me la dieron; estuve enfermo, y en la cárcel, y no vinieron a visitarme.” Entonces ellos le preguntarán: “Señor, ¿cuándo te vimos con hambre o con sed, o como forastero, o falta de ropa, o enfermo, o en la cárcel, y no te ayudamos?” El Rey les contestará: “Les aseguro que todo lo que no hicieron por una de estas personas más humildes, tampoco por mí lo hicieron.” Ésos irán al castigo eterno, y los justos a la vida eterna.

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“When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on the throne of his glory. All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, and he will put the sheep at his right hand and the goats at the left. Then the king will say to those at his right hand, ‘Come, you that are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me.’ Then the righteous will answer him, ‘Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry and gave you food, or thirsty and gave you something to drink? And when was it that we saw you a stranger and welcomed you, or naked and gave you clothing? And when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?’

And the king will answer them, ‘Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me.’ Then he will say to those at his left hand, ‘You that are accursed, depart from me into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink, I was a stranger and you did not welcome me, naked and you did not give me clothing, sick and in prison and you did not visit me.’ Then they also will answer, ‘Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not take care of you?’ Then he will answer them, ‘Truly I tell you, just as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to me.’ And these will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life.”

## Comunión | Communion

*Pastor Sally and Pastor Maria*

## Canción | Refrain

**Lead Me, Guide Me | Guíame**  
*sung by Rhea Williams*

**Lead me, guide me, along the way,  
For if you lead me, I cannot stray  
Lord let me walk each day with thee,  
Lead me oh Lord, lead me.**

**Guíame, guíame en tu verdad,  
Si me conduces, no vagaré.  
Dios, déjame contigo andar,  
Guíame, mi Señor.**

## Una Lectura | A Sacred Reading

**excerpt from Ta-nehisi Coates,**  
***Between the World and Me***  
*Victor Udoewa, reader*

Here is what I would like for you to know: In America, it is traditional to destroy the black body—it is heritage. Enslavement was not merely the antiseptic borrowing of labor—it is not so easy to get a human being to commit their body against its own elemental interest. And so enslavement must be casual wrath and random mangleings, the gashing of heads and brains blown out over the river as the body seeks to escape. It must be rape so regular as to be industrial. There is no uplifting way to say this. I have no praise anthems, nor old Negro spirituals. The spirit and soul are the body and brain, which are destructible—that is precisely why they are so precious. And the soul did not escape. The spirit did not steal away on gospel wings. The soul was the body that fed the tobacco, and the spirit was the blood that watered the cotton, and these created the first fruits of the American garden. And the fruits were secured through the bashing of children with stovewood, through hot iron peeling skin away like husk from corn.



It had to be blood. It had to be the thrashing of kitchen hands for the crime of churning butter at a leisurely clip. It had to be some woman “cheer’d ... with thirty lashes a Saturday last and as many more a Tuesday again.” It could only be the employment of carriage whips, tongs, iron pokers, handsaws, stones, paperweights, or whatever might be handy to break the black body, the black family, the black community, the black nation. The bodies were pulverized into stock and marked with insurance. And the bodies were an aspiration, lucrative as Indian land, a veranda, a beautiful wife, or a summer home in the mountains. For the men who needed to believe themselves white, the bodies were the key to a social club, and the right to break the bodies was the mark of civilization.

“The two great divisions of society are not the rich and poor, but white and black,” said the great South Carolina senator John C. Calhoun. “And all the former, the poor as well as the rich, belong to the upper class, and are respected and treated as equals.” And there it is—the right to break the black body as the meaning of their sacred equality. And that right has always given them meaning, has always meant that there was someone down in the valley because a mountain is not a mountain if there is nothing below.

You and I, my son, are that “below.” That was true in 1776. It is true today. There is no them without you, and without the right to break you they must necessarily fall from the mountain, lose their divinity, and tumble out of the Dream. And then they would have to determine how to build their suburbs on something other than human bones, how to angle their jails toward something other than a human stockyard, how to erect a democracy independent of cannibalism. But because they believe themselves to be white they would rather countenance a man choked to death on films under their laws. And they would rather subscribe to the myth of Trayvon Martin, slight teenager, hands full of candy and soft drinks, transforming into a murderous juggernaut. And they would rather see Prince Jones followed by a bad cop through jurisdictions and shot down for acting human. And they would rather reach out, in all their sanity, and push my four year old son as though he was merely an obstacle in path of their all too important day.

## Creciendo | Growing

**Música Especial | Special Music**

**“Give Me Jesus”**

*arr. Moses Hogan*

*sung by Desmond Thompson*

**Sermón | Sermon**

*Pastor Elijah*

## Himno | Hymn of Invitation

**“Lift Every Voice and Sing”**  
**Black National Anthem**  
*sung by Rhea Williams*

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 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.

Stony the road we trod,  
Bitter the chast'ning rod,  
Felt in the day that hope unborn had died;  
Yet with a steady beat,  
Have not our weary feet,  
Come to the place on which our fathers sighed?  
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 star is cast.

God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
Thou who has 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,  
Least our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee,  
Shadowed beneath the hand,  
May we forever stand,  
True to our God,  
True to our native land.

## Bendición | Benediction

*Pastor Elijah*

Sign up for our weekly newsletter, **Latest Happenings**.  
Visit [calvarydc.org](http://calvarydc.org) and select “Sign up for Updates.”

Contact the Deacon of the Week, Yolanda Appiah-Kubi with your cares or concerns: [yolanda.akubi@gmail.com](mailto:yolanda.akubi@gmail.com).

## **Announcements:**

Annual Business Meeting, **Sunday, Jan. 24** immediately following worship.

### **Remember in Prayer**

Family and friends of John Blythe, Carol Blythe's father; Family and friends of Judy Mein; Middle Collegiate Church, after losing its beloved sanctuary to a fire; Family and friends of Gwen Goodman, niece of Rick Goodman; Friends and family of Akua Afriyie Achempong, Salima Appiah-Duffell's cousin; John Jorgensen, Eric Jorgensen's brother. Marlene Shambaugh, Courtney Miller's aunt; Loved ones of George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Breonna Taylor, and all who are unjustly taken from this life by the sin of white supremacy. Each and every one of us, particularly the most vulnerable among us as we face the effects of COVID-19 together. Gilles Bikindou, of Greenwood Forest Baptist Church in Cary, NC; Sue Bollinger, Michelle Harris-Love's mother; Maria Isabel Bueso; Luis Campos, Daniel Alcazar-Roman's uncle; Dorothy Dale, Amy Dale's aunt; Rosa Gutierrez, guest in sanctuary at Cedar Lane Unitarian Universalist Church, Bethesda MD; Argentina Jiguan; Rena Jirack; Lucy Johnson, Jackie Wright's grandmother; Anna Kneifel, The Langford Family; Rich Madigan, Carmen Myers, Theresa Beaton's cousin; Alison Peebles, Royce Rice, Courtney Miller's father; Roxana Rodezno, Lorena Pereira's sister-in-law; Lilia Ross, friend of Liubov Russell; Brian Scott, Yolanda Appiah-Kubi's brother and Salima Appiah-Duffell's uncle; Jackie Sellers, Janice Glover's sister; Farooq Shabazz, Sakeenah Shabazz's brother; Ruby Shepherd; Dr. Lilia Stoycheva, friend of Liubov Russell; Olive Tiller; Desmond Tio, friend of Karla Fahey; Harold Walker, Jackie Wright's stepfather; Earl and Jenna Wright, Isaac Wright's parents. In light of the effect of the policy decisions that continue to be made by the current administration to challenge the dignity and worth of immigrant lives, we lift up prayer of lament-and-hope on behalf of Holy Families who seek justice, reunification, and basic human rights. We also lift up prayers of anger-and-hope that the hearts of elected and appointed officials would turn from stone to flesh for the sake of their souls and the soul of this nation. Peace in El Salvador, refugees, asylum seekers, and immigration reform. Victims of gun violence, racial reconciliation and justice everywhere; people targeted with hate crimes. Peace in our world, especially those impacted by war, violence, and government turmoil. Our collective response to resisting white supremacy. Victims of terror everywhere. Our Nicaraguan, Honduran, Haitian and Salvadoran brothers and sisters impacted by the decimation of Temporary Protected Status.

#### **CHURCH STAFF**

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