

VIRTUAL WORSHIP

18 de junio / June 18, 2023 | 10:30 a.m.

CALVARY DC

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JUNETEENTH FREEDOM DAY



Alabando | Worshipping

La Bienvenida | Welcome

Pastor Maria

Palabras de Alabanza | Call to Worship

Bren Elliott, Deacon
Victor Udoewa, Liturgist

The memory is one of tension.

Grief as we remember this country,
has a history of proclaiming liberty,
while doing nothing to tangibly ensure,
our protection until it benefits whiteness.

**And joy as we remember that even still,
our liberation cannot be kept from us.**

**Adapted from Black Liturgies by Cole Arthur Riley*

La Paz de Cristo | Passing the Peace

The peace of the Lord be with you. **And also with you.**
La paz del Señor seas 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.**

Ofrendas | Offertory

Please visit <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.



Escuchando | Listening

Reflecciones | Centering Words

Rev. Mahogany

Música | Musical Meditation

How Great Thou Art
sung by Desmond Thompson
and Chris Urquiaga

Lectura | Scripture

Psalm 116:1-9
Victor Udoewa, Liturgist

I love the GOD WHO SAVES, because she has heard
my cry and my supplications.
Because she inclined her ear to me,
I will continue to call all my days.
The snares of death encompassed me;
The pangs of Sheol found me,
I found distress and anguish.
Then I called on the name of SHE WHO IS LIFE:
“FOUNT OF LIFE, pray, save my life!”
Gracious is the SAVING GOD, and righteous;
our God mother-loves deeply.
SHE WHO IS WISDOM protects those without guile;
I was brought low and she saved me.
Return, my soul, to your rest,
for SHE WHO IS FAITHFUL has rewarded you abundantly.
For you have delivered my soul from death,
my eyes from tears, my feet from stumbling.
I will walk before the LIVING GOD
In the land of the living.

*Translation from *A Women's Lectionary for the Whole Church* by Wilda C. Gafney

Música | Musical Meditation

Oh Freedom!
sung by Desmond Thompson

Lectura | Special Reading

Bren Elliott, Deacon

An Excerpt from *Breathe: A Letter To My Sons* by Imani Perry

“Sons, I know you have heard about the abolitionist Sojourner Truth. She is slipped out of the pocket frequently for Black History Month bona fides. Her story is sparsely told, a thousand times over, each day in February. Lacking potency even more than accuracy, the tellers make her, as you well know, both melodramatic and frankly boring. The truth is better. In 1826, Truth, enslaved in New York, ran away from her captor. She was due to be freed by dint of the gradual emancipation statute. But she suspected her owner was trying to find ways to keep her. So, she got herself free. Two years later her son Peter, who was also due to be freed, was sold away to a plantation in Alabama in violation of the New York state statute. Truth, illiterate and Black, sued for Peter's return. And she won.

I have imagined her testimony. Imagined because we have no authentic record besides the fact that she always made listeners quake. The depth in her voice, the straightness of her spine. The ripple of terror and outrage. Her child was stolen. I imagine Peter, too, down south for the first time, facing rows of cotton. Maybe his fingers bled. Cotton is rough. Maybe he stood in a parallel row to one of our people—ones who had only had Alabama's cruelty. It could be that a grand of ours fashioned him a straw pallet. Made it extra plump to soften his fate. Fussed at him, “Boy, eat!” when he couldn't stop crying and snotting, mumbling in Dutch, missing his mama. Long miserable nights. Before, like a miracle, he got to go north. Back home.

So many mothers, many thousands more, never saw their children return. They witnessed only departures. Theft. Except perhaps on some private Pentecost, days full of unexpected grace in dreams, or in the afterlife. Or all three.

In the flesh, on the block they trembled. Buyers admired the evenness of form, the power. The things I admire: your sinewy strength, the eyes that tend towards vigilance. Beautiful to me, valuable for human thieves. Mothers like me once had no recourse. No power to hold off the lash, to hold on indefinitely, to fight back when they crushed your heart and life. I think back then I would have been like Frederick Douglass's mother. I would have bared one of my scars, like the one on my knee from a bit of flying charcoal at a cookout when I was six, and told you to remember me by it, in the crowd of endless labor, to know me by it. And if I didn't have a landmark on my flesh I would have made one for you, carved it into my right arm, a knifed "X" for your mother.

So, you know, this life we have is grace."

Música | Musical Meditation

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child
sung by Rhea Naomi Williams

Lectura | Special Reading

Rev. Mahogany

"Wade in the Water" by Tracy K. Smith

for the Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters

One of the women greeted me.
I love you, she said. She didn't
Know me, but I believed her,
And a terrible new ache
Rolled over in my chest,
Like in a room where the drapes
Have been swept back. I love you,
I love you, as she continued
Down the hall past other strangers,
Each feeling pierced suddenly
By pillars of heavy light.
I love you, throughout
The performance, in every
Handclap, every stomp.
I love you in the rusted iron
Chains someone was made
To drag until love let them be
Unclasped and left empty
In the center of the ring.
I love you in the water
Where they pretended to wade,
Singing that old blood-deep song
That dragged us to those banks
And cast us in. I love you,

The angles of it scraping at
Each throat, shouldering past
The swirling dust motes
In those beams of light
That whatever we now knew
We could let ourselves feel, knew
To climb. O Woods—O Dogs—
O Tree—O Gun—O *Girl, run*—
O Miraculous Many Gone—
O Lord—O Lord—O Lord—
Is this love the trouble you promised?

Música | Musical Meditation

Wade in the Water
Rhea Naomi Williams

Lectura | Special Reading

Victor Udoewa, Liturgist

An Excerpt from *Between the World and Me* by Ta-Nehisi Coates

“Son,

Last Sunday the host of a popular news show asked me what it meant to lose my body. The host was broadcasting from Washington, D.C., and I was seated in a remote studio on the far west side of Manhattan. A satellite closed the miles between us, but no machinery could close the gap between her world and the world for which I had been summoned to speak. When the host asked me about my body, her face faded from the screen, and was replaced by a scroll of words, written by me earlier that week.

The host read these words for the audience, and when she finished she turned to the subject of my body, although she did not mention it specifically. But by now I am accustomed to intelligent people asking about the condition of my body without realizing the nature of their request. Specifically, the host wished to know why I felt that white America’s progress, or rather the progress of those Americans who believe that they are white, was built on looting and violence. Hearing this, I felt an old and indistinct sadness well up in me. The answer to this question is the record of the believers themselves. The answer is American history. There is nothing extreme in this statement. Americans deify democracy in a way that allows for a dim awareness that they have, from time to time, stood in defiance of their God. But democracy is a forgiving God and America’s heresies—torture, theft, enslavement—are so common among individuals and nations that none can declare themselves immune. In fact, Americans, in a real sense, have never betrayed their God. When Abraham Lincoln declared, in 1863, that the battle of Gettysburg must ensure ‘that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth,’ he was not merely being aspirational; at the onset of the Civil War, the United States of America had one of the highest rates of suffrage in the world. The question is not whether Lincoln truly meant ‘government of the people’ but what our country has, throughout its history, taken the political term ‘people’ to actually mean. In 1863 it did not mean your mother or your grandmother, and it did not mean you and me. Thus America’s problem is not its betrayal of “government of the people,” but the means by which “the people” acquired their names.”s

Momento de Silencio | A Moment of Sacred Silence

Reflecciones | Pastoral Reflections

Rev. Mahogany

Música | Musical Meditation

Lift Every Voice and Sing
sung by Desmond Thompson

Bendición | Benediction

*Rev. Mahogany
Bren Elliott, Deacon
Victor Udoewa, Liturgist*

May the same God who spoke to Harriet,
make the sound of liberation clear as night to us.

May God hold us in the same holy darkness,
that protected our ancestors on the journey.

And as we remember, may God shield us from despair,
knowing that our story is more than pain.

Ours is the story of dignity.
Let us reclaim it.

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Contact the **Deacon of the Week**, Bren Elliott,
bfelliott2000@gmail.com with your cares and concerns.
Livestream available on all In-Person Sundays—
facebook.com/CalvaryDC.



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Join us from home on Zoom for Holiday Virtual Sundays—
bit.ly/ZoomCalvaryDC or watch the livestream at link above.

UPCOMING VIRTUAL SUNDAYS—

VIRTUAL Sunday, June 18 (Juneteenth weekend)

VIRTUAL Sunday, July 2 (Independence Day weekend)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VIRTUAL SUNDAY, June 18— Join us on **Zoom or Facebook Live** as we honor Juneteenth with a special litany crafted by Womanist Theologian in Residence, Rev. Mahogany Thomas.

IN-PERSON HYMN SING SUNDAY, June 25— Join us in-person as we gather around the piano and sing our way into summer with a special hymn sing service.

VIRTUAL SUNDAY, July 2— Join on Zoom or Facebook Live as we gather for virtual worship during the Independence Day weekend holiday. We'll hear a special message from Bautistas de la Paz/BPFNA board member, Rev. Madison McClendon who will be joining us from their summer conference in Puerto Rico! Learn more about BPFNA at bpfna.org.

Sunday, July 9— Economic Justice Forum featuring Amparo and Doris!
Please mark your calendar for the EJF on July 9th following the church service. Calvary's own Amparo and Doris will be the featured presenters for the forum. Each of them will discuss the important work they are involved with in El Salvador. Their work ranges from helping people meet their basic needs, to economic development projects, and to addressing the matters of injustices that confront people. Grab a coffee and join us for this excellent discussion.

OUR LABOR TOGETHER | A Mission Statement

We are a multi-racial, multi-ethnic community of Christ followers committed to the sacred work of anti-racism, social justice, and radical inclusion.

OUR BELOVEDNESS | A Values Statement

We affirm that God celebrates the creative diversity of God's kin-dom, loving people of every color, faith, nationality, immigration status, sexual orientation, gender identity and expression, physical and cognitive ability, and economic status. It matters that people who have been historically marginalized by the Christian church in America see themselves listed here as God's beloved. In other words, ***you*** are our values statement.

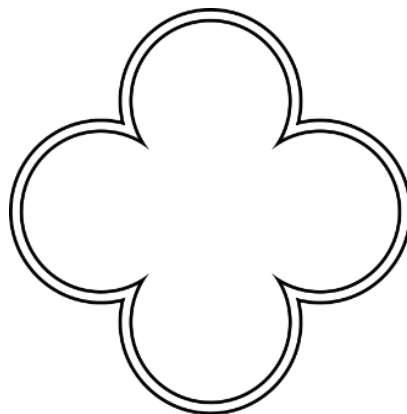
- We believe Black Lives Matter. Further still, Black Lives are precious and beloved by God. We are a church shaped by this profound theological statement. Until this is fully understood and expressed in the policies and practices of this nation's political and social life, it is essential for people of faith to keep saying, and living, this truth.
- We believe no human being is "illegal," and as a Sanctuary Church, we fully welcome and support people of all immigration statuses.
- We believe LGBTQ+ lives are sacred, beautiful, and ought to be fully included and affirmed in all aspects of congregational life and leadership.
- We celebrate that our worshipping life is multi-lingual and multi-dimensional, especially shaped by Latin American, particularly Salvadoran, traditions, and the Historic Black Church tradition.
- We value interfaith inclusion and welcome people of any and all faith traditions to find a home here.
- We value people for who they are and not for their role in an economy where wealth accumulates and people struggle to live.
- We acknowledge that we gather on the traditional land of the Piscataway, Anacostan, and Nacotchtank Peoples past and present, and honor with gratitude the land itself and the people who have stewarded it throughout the generations. We believe that the earth is sacred and that we must continue to learn how to be better caretakers of the land we inhabit.
- We value diverse theological voices which have long stood on the margins within the Christian tradition in America.

OUR HOLY IMAGINATION | A Vision Statement

We believe that Jesus identifies particularly with oppressed and marginalized people and invites us into radically inclusive community. As a historically white church with the sacred gift of now being a multiracial Christian community, we hear the clarion call to engage in the active and disruptive work of anti-racism and decolonization, both within ourselves and in the world. Ultimately, we commit to this labor as a *joyful* act of discipleship that leads us ever deeper into the Gospel of liberation and life.

REMEMBER IN PRAYER

Samuel Escamilla Evangelista, Doris Evangelista's nephew; Family and friends of Charlene Christensen; Friends and family of Chris Cook, friend of Eva Powell; Carrie Dale, mother of Amy Dale; For peace to prevail in Ukraine, Palestine, Afghanistan, and Yemen; Bradley Sims, friend of Carter Vaughn; Brian Cook, friend of the Kosmidis family; Shalom scholar, Karla Giron, and members of the Baptist Association of El Salvador; Javier Dario Galindo, Nathalie Galindo-Lee's brother; sPaul Lansing; Joe Taylor, Jessica Taylor's father; Marlene Shambaugh, Courtney Miller's aunt; Each and every one of us, particularly the most vulnerable among us as we face the effects of COVID-19 together; Luis Campos; Daniel Alcazar-Roman's uncle; Rena Jirack; Brian Scott, Yolanda Appiah-Kubi's brother and Salima Appiah-Duffell's uncle; Ruby Shepherd; Olive Tiller; Harold Walker, Jackie Wright's stepfather; 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.



CHURCH STAFF

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