

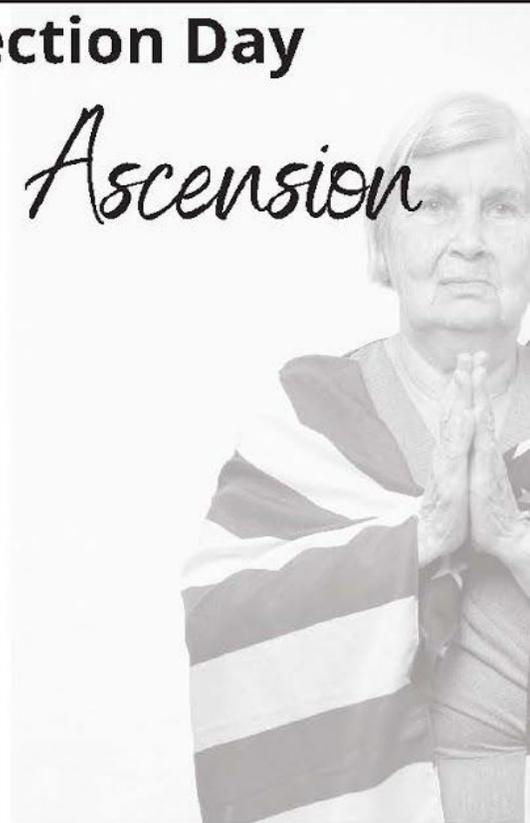
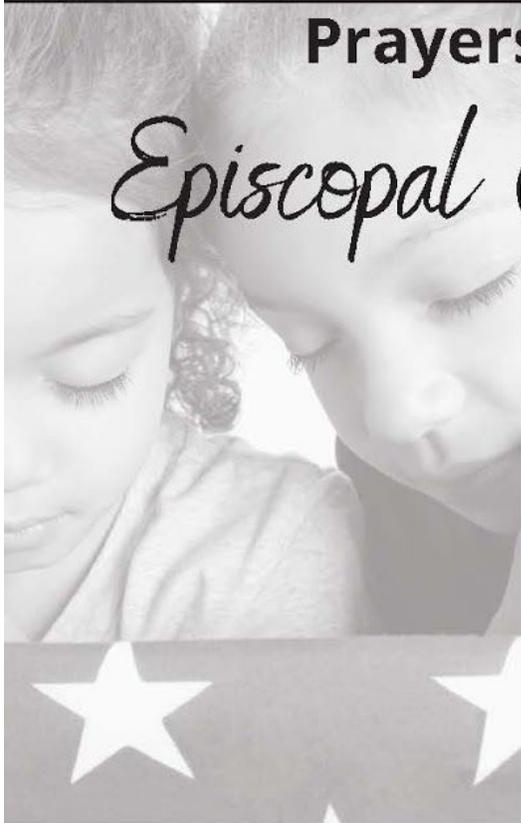
Church of the Ascension

November 3rd, 2020

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Prayers and Songs for Election Day

Episcopal Church of the Ascension



Follow Christ + Develop and Deepen Faith + Love and Serve

I: First Things

Prayers for an Election Day

Officiant Almighty God, to whom we must account for all our powers and privileges: Guide the people of these United States in the election of our officials and representatives; that, by faithful administration and wise laws, the rights of all may be protected and your purposes for this nation be fulfilled; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, you created this good land and have entrusted it to our care: Help us always to prove ourselves worthy of your blessings, that we may gladly protect this land that so remarkably sustains us. Grant, O God, that your holy and life-giving Spirit may so move the hearts of the electorate, that barriers which divide us may crumble, suspicions disappear, and hatreds cease, that we may live in justice and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

First Reading

Good News to the Poor Luke 4:16-21

When Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, he went to the synagogue on the sabbath day, as was his custom. He stood up to read, and the scroll of the prophet Isaiah was given to him. He unrolled the scroll and found the place where it was written:

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,

because he has anointed me

to bring good news to the poor.

He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives

and recovery of sight to the blind,

to let the oppressed go free,

to proclaim the year of the Lord’s favor.”

And he rolled up the scroll, gave it back to the attendant, and sat down. The eyes of all in the synagogue were fixed on him. Then he began to say to them, “Today this scripture has been fulfilled in your hearing.”

Song

Sermonette Adderley/Hendricks

I heard me a sermonette
Have you heard it yet?
With that soulful message
That you won’t soon forget
It tells about real true love

And to find what you’re missin’
Bow your head and listen
To this sermonette
It tells you to love one another
To feel that each man’s your brother

People lost sight of
Through their sinful livin'
And scornin' heaven above
It tells you to love one another
To feel that each man's your brother
Live right, 'cause you know
That you reap what you sowa
And so to have no regrets

Live right, 'cause you know
That you reap just what you sow
And so to have no regrets
And to find what you're missin'
Bow your head and listen
To this sermonette
Bow your head and listen
To this sermonette

II: Tough Times

Prayers for the Human Family

Officiant Almighty God our heavenly Father, you declare your glory and show forth your handiwork in the heavens and in the earth: Deliver us in our various occupations from the service of self alone, that we may do the work you give us to do in truth and beauty and for the common good; for the sake of him who came among us as one who serves, your Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, you have bound us together in a common life. Help us, in the midst of our struggles for justice and truth, to confront one another without hatred or bitterness, and to work together with mutual forbearance and respect; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Second Reading

Let America Be America Again (excerpted) Langston Hughes, 1935

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
...
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

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,

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.")

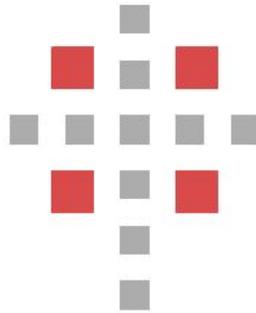
...

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.

And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

...

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.



Song

Brother, Can You Spare A Dime? Yip Harburg and Jay Gorney, 1932

They used to tell me
I was building a dream.
And so I followed the mob
When there was earth to plow
Or guns to bear
I was always there
Right on the job.
They used to tell me
I was building a dream
With peace and glory ahead.
Why should I be standing in line
Just waiting for bread?
Once I built a railroad
I made it run
Made it race against time.
Once I built a railroad
Now it's done

Brother, can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tower up to the sun
Brick and rivet and lime.
Once I built a tower,
Now it's done.
Brother, can you spare a dime?
Once in khaki suits
Gee we looked swell
Full of that yankee doodle dee dum.
Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell
And I was the kid with the drum!
Say don't you remember?
They called me Al.
It was Al all the time.
Why don't you remember?
I'm your pal.
Say buddy, can you spare a dime?

III: God's Dream for Us

Prayers for the Human Family

Officiant Lord God Almighty, you have made all the peoples of the earth for your glory, to serve you in freedom and in peace: Give to the people of our country a zeal for justice and the strength of forbearance, that we may use our liberty in accordance with your gracious will; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Almighty God, who created us in your image: Grant us grace fearlessly to contend against evil and to make no peace with oppression; and, that we may reverently use our freedom, help to employ it in the maintenance of justice in our communities and among the nations, to the glory of your holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.

Third Reading

Praise Song for the Day Elizabeth Alexander, 2008

Each day we go about our business,
walking past each other, catching each other's
eyes or not, about to speak or speaking.
All about us is noise. All about us is
noise and bramble, thorn and din, each
one of our ancestors on our tongues.
Someone is stitching up a hem, darning
a hole in a uniform, patching a tire,
repairing the things in need of repair.
Someone is trying to make music somewhere,
with a pair of wooden spoons on an oil drum,
with cello, boom box, harmonica, voice.
A woman and her son wait for the bus.
A farmer considers the changing sky.
A teacher says, Take out your pencils. Begin.
We encounter each other in words, words
spiny or smooth, whispered or declaimed,
words to consider, reconsider.
We cross dirt roads and highways that mark
the will of some one and then others, who said
I need to see what's on the other side.
I know there's something better down the road.

We need to find a place where we are safe.
We walk into that which we cannot yet see.
Say it plain: that many have died for this day.
Sing the names of the dead who brought us here,
who laid the train tracks, raised the bridges,
picked the cotton and the lettuce, built
brick by brick the glittering edifices
they would then keep clean and work inside of.
Praise song for struggle, praise song for the day.
Praise song for every hand-lettered sign,
the figuring-it-out at kitchen tables.
Some live by love thy neighbor as thyself,
others by first do no harm or take no more
than you need. What if the mightiest word is love?
Love beyond marital, filial, national,
love that casts a widening pool of light,
love with no need to pre-empt grievance.
In today's sharp sparkle, this winter air,
any thing can be made, any sentence begun.
On the brink, on the brim, on the cusp,
praise song for walking forward in that light.

Song

Peace Horace Silver

There's a place that I know
Where the sycamores grow
And daffodils have their fun
Where the cares of the day seem to slowly fade away
In the glow of the evening sun
Peace when the day is done
If I go there real late
Let my mind meditate on everything to be done
If I search deep inside
Let my conscience be my guide
Then the answers are sure to come
Don't have to worry none

When you find a peace of mind
Leave you worries behind
Don't say that it can't be done
With a new point of view
Life's true meaning comes to you
And the freedom you seek is one
Peace is for everyone.

Last Things

Final Prayer

Officiant Almighty God, grant your wisdom to those we elect to office this day, that they may strive for

justice with peace both at home and abroad. In times of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, deepen our trust in you. All this we ask through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

Hymn

God Bless America Irving Berlin

God bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam,
God bless America,
My home sweet home.

Closing Song

I Wish That I Knew How It Feels to Be Free Billy Taylor

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free
I wish I could break all the chains holding me
I wish I could say all the things that I should say
Say 'em loud, say 'em clear
For the whole round world to hear
I wish I could share all the love that's in my heart
Remove all the bars that keep us apart
I wish you could know what it means to be me
Then you'd see and agree
That every man should be free
I wish I could give all I'm longing to give
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live
I wish I could do all the things that I can do
Though I'm way overdue, I'd be starting anew
Well, I wish I could be like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly
Oh, I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea
And then I'd sing 'cause I'd know, yeah
And then I'd sing 'cause I'd know how it feels to be free



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We **acknowledge** that the land upon which we are gathering is the traditional ancestral and unceded territory of the first people of Seattle, the Duwamish People.

