



# THOSE WHO DREAM

Wednesday, December 16, 2020 | 7:30 pm  
St. Peter's Church, Freehold

*“May those who sow in tears reap with shouts of joy.”  
Psalm 126*

*Tonight's service of lament calls us to pause for a moment in time and name the darkness, sorrow, and grief that weigh in our hearts. As the hours of daylight shorten and the longest night approaches, the season itself reflects the weight we carry.*

*Throughout history, God's people have gathered for a time of lament to offer to God our confession of our anguish, and to find the grace of one who bears our burdens and releases us from our woes.*

*This service is designed to for both gathered worship in person and online participation. If you are at home, we encourage you to prepare by gathering some paper, a pen, and, if you wish, one or more candles, and a small bowl or basket. As we write our laments, those at home may do the same. As we light our candles, those at home may do the same. As we engage in our act of sacred rending, those at home may do the same.*

*Do not worry about creating a perfect space. Tonight is not about perfection. It is about the reality that we are not perfect, this world is not perfect, and that we meet the perfect God in the midst of imperfection. Let this moment be as it is and let God find us as we are. It is then that God's transformation begins.*

## COMING TOGETHER

### *Prelude*

#### **Lovely, Needy People**

*The Many*  
Halley Pearlstein, soloist

#### *Verse 1*

Oh you prisoners in your cells  
All you in private hells  
Kyrie eleison  
All you hungry and ignored  
Who thirst for something more  
Kyrie eleison  
You who feel lost but are afraid of being  
found  
You who are in chains but are afraid to  
live unbound  
Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison.

#### *Chorus*

For all us lovely needy people  
Living in this world that's spinning  
Round and round and round  
Round and round and round

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy  
Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison

#### **O Come, O Come Emmanuel**

O come, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here  
Until the promised one appear.

#### *Chorus:*

Rejoice! Rejoice!  
Emmanuel shall come to  
heal and make all things well.

O come, thou Day-spring,  
come and cheer  
Our spirits by thine advent here;  
Replace the lonely clouds of night,  
Reveal a dawn of heavenly light.

#### *Verse 2*

Oh you children ripped and torn  
Battered, bruised and worn  
Kyrie eleison  
All who look hate in the face  
Locked in hate's embrace  
Kyrie eleison  
You who've given up and can't see  
anywhere but down  
You who've lost all hope and think it's  
nowhere to be found  
Kyrie eleison, kyrie eleison

#### *Chorus*

There is mercy enough, there is grace  
enough  
There is love enough for all of us

*Veni Emmanuel*  
*Lyrics adapted by Lenora & Gary Rand*  
*and Tallessyn Grenfell-Lee*

#### *Chorus*

O come, desire of nations, bind  
In one the hearts of humankind;  
Bid thou our sad divisions cease,  
And usher in a reign of peace.

#### *Chorus*

O come, thou healer, come and free  
Creation from all tyranny;  
From depths of pain the  
whole Earth save,  
And lead us out from every grave.

#### *Chorus*

## Greeting

**Officiant:** We are here tonight in the dark because God created light and dark, day and night...and said both were good. To fear darkness is to miss what we can see there that we can't see clearly anywhere else. So, here we are.

**All:** We are in the dark.

**Deacon:** We are here to acknowledge we are in the dark about so many things. We have so many unanswered questions. We have so much fear and sorrow we can't make sense of—tucked away in secret places. And for some of us, we have fresh grief that's raw and feels unending. Here we are.

**All:** We are in the dark.

**Officiant:** We can hear in this night an invitation to not run so quickly to the bright shiny objects, to easy answers, and loud, well-lit rooms. This sacred darkening makes room for all of who we are—for our laments and longings, our confessions and our cries. This darkness can help us see what we cannot see in the light. This dark and holy night can perhaps even be a night where dreams are dreamed, hope can be born. Here we are.

**All:** We are in the dark.

**Officiant:** And God is with us...we are not alone.

## The Longest Nights

*The Many  
Peter's Rock*

### *Verse 1*

You shouldn't be here tonight  
It doesn't seem quite right  
Here where the cattle sleep  
Here where they keep the sheep  
Here in the mud and blood and hay  
How could you end up in this place?

### *Verse 2*

You shouldn't be here tonight  
It doesn't seem quite right  
Here where the shots ring out  
Where everything's burning now  
Where there're a hundred words for pain  
How could you end up in this place?

### *Chorus:*

Emmanuel, Emmanuel  
God with us  
Love for us  
Born into the longest nights  
Emmanuel

### *Verse 3*

You shouldn't be here tonight  
It doesn't seem quite right  
Here where the hurt is deep  
Here where the wounded weep  
Where there's so much we cannot say  
How can you show up in this place?  
How can you show up in this place?

### *Chorus*

### *Bridge*

In this scarred and starry night  
In our aching, crying nights  
In this trembling, tender moment  
before we start to see the light...  
Dawn

## SHARING OUR PRAYERS & LAMENTS

### *We Do Not Lament Alone*

**Officiant:** Tonight, we will be participating in the long-standing biblical tradition of lament, the practice of mourning for all that is wrong and crying out—to God and with God—to make things right. Even *with* God. One of the things we learn from scripture is that God also laments. The prophet Ezekiel tells us that God has a scroll filled with God's own handwritten words of grief and sorrow. So, we do not lament alone.

**Deacon:** One of the ways people expressed their laments in the Bible was by rending...by tearing their clothes. David does it when he hears of his daughter Tamar's rape, and when Saul and Jonathan were killed in battle. Job did it when he lost everything he owned and everyone he loved. Clothing was an extremely valuable and limited resource in those days, and not something that was easily replaced. So, when they ripped their clothes to shreds, it spoke volumes. It was a way of physically expressing the pain they felt inside, a way of saying, "I am torn up. My heart is ripped to shreds."

*The reader rips a piece of paper. There will be many times the congregation will "rend" their paper during the service.*

**Deacon:** This is the sound of our sorrow as we wait...and wait...and wait for God and for what is broken to be made whole. Sometimes the wait seems so long—too long—and we feel like the Psalmist in Psalm 22 who cried out, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

### **Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child**

*African-American Spiritual*  
Ian Highcock, soloist

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child a long way from home, a long way from home.

### *Grieving What We've Lost*

**Officiant:** Throughout worship, we want to offer you the space for lament and prayer. Scriptures and music will guide us through this time. Along the way, we will offer you several opportunities to write down your laments on pieces of paper, either here or at home.

The psalmists and the prophets teach us that we do not have to protect God from our questions and cries. Authentic prayer is not neat and tidy. Authentic prayer does not hold back our barest feelings.

In Scripture, God's people rend their hearts and their garments in times of lament. As we pray tonight, you will be invited to an act of a sacred rending, a tearing of the paper you hold as a way to help us all remember what has been lost, what has been ripped and torn this past year...to help us mourn the things in our own lives and our world that cannot be easily repaired or replaced. Let us begin.

**Deacon:** O God, your dream was of a world that was safe and life-giving. So we cry out to you, for this has not been our reality, especially in the midst of this pandemic. We cry out for all the lives lost this year—those known to us and those unknown, from the people down the street, to those across the world.

We cry out for the loss of...

We grieve, as well, the loss of even being able to grieve in the ways we have before. We cry out because it's so easy to lose hope. In the next few moments of silence, we invite you to write down your laments for the lives lost this year. You can write your laments on one of the pieces of paper you have.

*This is a time for silence and prayer.*

**Waiting for You**

*The Many*  
Laura Wittman, piano

We are waiting for you (*repeated*)  
We are waiting for you  
You are waiting for us, too. (*repeated*)

## SCRIPTURE & RENDING

### *Psalm 13*

*A candle is lit.*

**Deacon:** Hear these words from Psalm 13:

How long, O Lord? Will you forget me forever?  
How long will you hide your face from me?  
How long shall I have perplexity in my mind, and grief in my heart, day after day?

As an act of sacred rending let us tear our first sheet, the paper on which you have just written your laments.

**Officiant:** God, you dream of a world where we can all be together in body and spirit to share meals and laughter and embraces. So, we cry out to you because that has not been our reality this year. We weep for the loss of relationships, for the loss of routine and normality and the ability to be physically together. We weep even for the loss of trust that the world is a safe, good place. We are in turmoil and peace seems like just a memory.

In the next few moments of silence, we invite you to write down your laments for the loss of all those things we used to depend on and expect. You can write them on another piece of paper.

## Waiting for You

*The Many*  
Laura Wittman, piano

We are waiting for you (*repeated*)  
We are waiting for you  
You are waiting for us, too. (*repeated*)

## Jeremiah 8

*A candle is lit.*

**Officiant:** Hear these words from Jeremiah 8:

No healing, only grief; my heart is broken.  
Listen to the weeping of my people all across the land.

As an act of sacred rending let us tear our second lament.

## Remember When

*The Many*  
Shane Tapley, soloist

Remember when we saw  
the boy washed up on shore  
The girl torn from her parents' arms

Remember when we heard  
16 shots in the night  
No justice for that life

We want to know where You were  
We want to know where You are  
We want to know what you do  
God you seem so far away

Remember when we saw  
The unloved daughter/son?  
Abandoned and undone

Remember when we watched  
The city burning down  
The sound of hate so loud

We want to know where You were  
We want to know where You are  
We want to know what you do  
God you seem so far away

Show us your love right now  
Show us your grace right now  
Show us your face right now  
Show us your way right now

Remember when you cried  
You were looking for us too.  
Told us love would see us through

Can we be love right now?  
Can we be grace right now?  
Can we show your face right now?  
Live in your way right now?

## SHARING OUR PRAYERS & LAMENTS

### *Racism & Injustice*

**Deacon:** O God, you dream of a world where there's mercy and kindness and justice and joy, and enough to go around. So we must weep tonight for all the lives lost and hurt because of the racism and injustice and the fear of strangers and difference in this country. The list of names is long. And somehow still keeps getting longer.

In the next few moments of silence, we invite you to write down your laments for the victims of the fear and hatred, greed and exclusion that continue to devastate our country and our world.

#### **Waiting for You**

*The Many*  
Laura Wittman, piano

We are waiting for you (*repeated*)  
We are waiting for you  
You are waiting for us, too. (*repeated*)

## SCRIPTURE & RENDING

### *Jeremiah 31*

*A candle is lit.*

**Deacon:** Hear these words from Jeremiah 31:

A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping. Rachel is weeping for her children; she refuses to be comforted for her children, because they are no more.

I invite you now to join me in tearing your piece of paper, the one on which you have just written your laments.

**Officiant:** O God, you dream of a world where wrongs are acknowledged and righted and restoration is possible. So tonight we must cry out to you and confess that we have too often ignored the wrongs in our country, our neighborhoods, our own hearts. But our eyes have been opened wider this year and what we see...hurts. It hurts and it's hard to confront what's broken within us and around us, and to find the courage to make amends and make things right. Hear our prayers and forgive us.

As an act of sacred rending let us tear our third lament.

#### **Waiting for You**

*The Many*  
Laura Wittman, piano

We are waiting for you (*repeated*)  
We are waiting for you  
You are waiting for us, too. (*repeated*)

## Psalm 102

*A candle is lit.*

**Deacon:** Hear these words from Psalm 102:

Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come before you;  
Hide not your face from me in the day of my trouble.  
Incline your ear to me;  
When I call, make haste to answer me.

I invite you now to join me in tearing your piece of paper, the one of which you have just written your prayers.

*During the following song, worshipper gather their readings and place them in the baptismal font as an offering to God for transformation and healing. The font is where we die to the past and are raised with Christ to the new.*

### Those Who Dream

*The Many*  
Danyel Shiflet, soloist

There's so much sorry here, so much  
shame and hurt and fear  
And there's grief—feels like the ache is  
never ending  
The night is long can't find sleep.  
Where has peace gone. It's so hard to  
breathe,

#### *Chorus*

It's time to dream fierce dreams, like  
Mary did. Brave dreams like Joseph  
did. New Dreams, like Jesus did, 'cause  
those who dream change everything.

Don't have the words to pray There's no  
comfort, no joy today. Where is love?  
We long to see a new beginning.  
The night is long can't find sleep.  
Where has peace gone. It's so hard to  
breathe.

#### *Chorus*

Seeds grow in the dark, Oh Hope's born  
in the dark. Oh, Dreams start in the  
dark, so don't give up. Don't give up.

#### *Chorus*

## THE WORDS OF ASSURANCE

**Officiant:** We have confessed and offered our ripped and torn hopes, our ragged laments. And look, we remain gathered as a community of your faithful people. We are a circle that reminds us of God's unending love. A love that can't be cancelled. A love that never fails.

As we read in Romans 8: "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

So as we wait through all our dark nights, we can remember God's immense and unfailing love for each of us and for this whole aching world—a love born in Christ on Christmas.



Let us pray:

O God of big dreams, O God of big love, we look for you in this darkness of our despair, of our denial, of our disappointments. Even as we weep, we wait. And hope. And look toward Bethlehem. Help us, whether we can see you clearly or not, to follow you and to live your dreams—your fierce, brave, life- and joy-giving dreams—tonight and always. Amen.

## SENDING

### O Come, All Ye Faithful

*Adeste Fidelis*  
*Lyrics adapted by Lenora Rand &*  
*Tallessyn Grenfell-Lee*

O come, all you faithful,  
you questioners and doubters  
O come now, O come now to Bethlehem:  
Come and behold now!  
The grace that we've awaited!

O come, all you wanderers,  
you torn and lonely exiles  
O come you, O come you to Bethlehem:  
Come and behold now!  
The love that we've awaited!

*Chorus:*

O come for there is hope here.  
O come and know God's  
peace here O come and  
find the joy in  
Christ, child of Love

*Chorus*

O sing, all you hopeless,  
Sing, you choirs of angels!!  
O sing, all you citizens of heaven and  
earth!  
Glory to God, all  
glory through the universe!

O come, all you weary,  
you broken-hearted brave ones  
O come now, O come now to Bethlehem:  
Come and behold now!  
The justice we've awaited!

*Chorus*

*Chorus*

## FINAL BLESSING

*The Officiant gives a blessing after which the Deacon dismisses the faithful.*

**Deacon:** Go, trusting that in this darkness, even now, seeds are growing, hope is being born, and new dreams are being dreamed.

Go in the embrace of the God of powerful love, the Christ of humanness and vulnerability, and the Spirit that is always with us and for us.

**People:** Thanks be to God.

## POSTLUDE

### Forsaken

*The Many*  
Ian Highcock, soloist

*Pre-chorus:*

Why have you forsaken us?  
Where have you gone?  
Why have you forsaken us?  
How can we go on?

*Verse 1:*

There's a woman who has lost her child  
and a man who's lost his way.  
There's a boy who's keeping it inside  
and a girl who cannot pay.

*Pre-chorus*

*Chorus:*

We search for your face  
Search for your grace  
We want to follow your way  
Why have you forsaken us?  
Where have you gone?

*Verse 2:*

There's a man who says he cannot  
breathe  
and another with a gun.  
There's a family that's left everything,  
just exiles on the run.

*Pre-chorus*

*Chorus*

*Bridge:*

There's a man forsaken on a cross  
body broken in two  
There's a God hanging on a cross  
who feels it all too.

Crying with us, dying with us.  
Praying with us. Holding us too.

We search for your face,  
search for your grace.  
We want to follow your way.

*“The mystery of the Biblical story is that God also laments.”*  
*N.T. Wright*

## CREDITS

### Clergy

The Rev. Dirk C. Reinken, Rector  
The Rev. Catherine Esposito, Deacon

### Music

Original Music by The Many  
Brit Montoro, Director of Music  
Members of St. Peter's Choir and Peter's Rock

### Liturgy

Lenora & Gary Rand of Plural Guild | A Sanctified Art LLC | sanctifiedart.org