



All Saints' Episcopal Church

634 West Peachtree Street, NW • Atlanta, Georgia 30308
404-881-0835 • allsaintsatlanta.org

A Service of Remembrance and Hope on the
400th Anniversary of African Slavery in America

An Order for Evening of Reading and Song

Sunday, August 18, 2019

In partnership with



The Absalom Jones
Episcopal Center for
Racial Healing

Welcome to All Saints'. We are glad you have come to worship with us. If this is your first time worshipping with us and you need assistance, ask an usher or a neighbor nearby to help you.

Inform an usher if you have a hearing or mobility impairment. There are headphones available to assist with amplification.

Prelude Music

Three Spirituals for Cello

arr. Lawrence Brown

Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

(1893–1972)

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Every time I feel the spirit

Noah Johnson, cello Giles Brightwell, piano

The son of a former slave, Lawrence Brown was one of the pioneers who introduced the Negro Spiritual to the concert stage through his research of folk music, composition of songs using spirituals as a source, as well as performing as a pianist and recording artist with vocalists.

Sonata for flute in E-flat Major

Joseph Bologne, le Chevalier de St. Georges

I. Andante

(1714–1788)

II. Tempo minuetto

Cain-Oscar Bergeron, flute Kirk M. Rich, piano

Born in Guadeloupe, le Chevalier de St. Georges was the son of a wealthy plantation owner and one of his slaves. He moved to Paris and became known as the greatest fencer in all of Europe. Later, he excelled at the violin and composition, becoming known as le Mozart noir, the “Black Mozart.”

Five Negro Melodies for Piano Trio

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

I. Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

(1875–1912)

Esther Kim Ruder, violin Noah Johnson, cello Giles Brightwell, piano

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was an English composer and conductor of mixed race. Accepted to the Royal College of Music at 15, he studied composition with C. V. Stanford. Coleridge-Taylor achieved international recognition and was referred to as the “African Mahler” by New York musicians.

Gathering

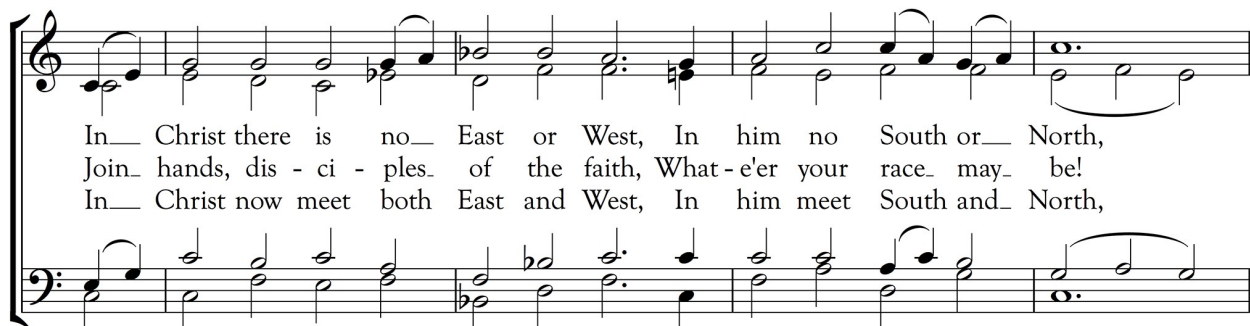
Officiant Light and peace, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

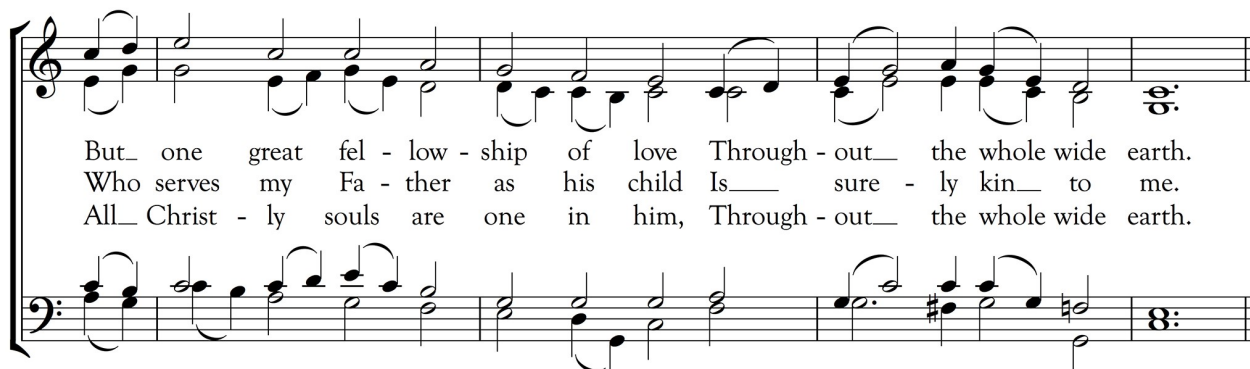
Officiant It is not ourselves that we proclaim; we proclaim Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants, for Jesus' sake. For the same God who said, "Out of darkness let light shine," has caused his light to shine within us, to give the light of revelation – the revelation of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Processional Hymn 529 "In Christ there is no East or West"

McKee



In Christ there is no East or West, In him no South or North,
Join hands, disciples of the faith, What-e'er your race may be!
In Christ now meet both East and West, In him meet South and North,



But one great fellowship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
Who serves my Father as his child Is surely kin to me.
All Christ-ly souls are one in him, Through-out the whole wide earth.

Words: John Oxenham (1852–1941), alt.
Music: McKee, Afro-American spiritual; adapt. and harm. Harry T. Burleigh (1866–1949)

A Call to Prayer and Hope

Officiant In the name of Christ, we welcome you to this time of remembrance and hope.
May we be steadfast in hope and work together for the reconciliation of all people.

People **May the love of Christ burn in our hearts and dawn in all the world.**

Officiant We gather this night to remember the sin and horror of slavery in our country and elsewhere in the world. We look back in sorrow for all who were taken from their homelands; we recall all who continue to suffer under the sins of racism and slavery, and we look forward to that day when all people will be seen and known as children of God.

Through our prayers may we be inspired to become builders of God's kingdom wherein the dignity of every human being is respected and justice and peace may reign on the Earth.

But first, let us remember those who live tonight in the bondage of slavery of any kind and for those whose hearts are governed by the forces of hatred. May we also lift up to God with thanksgiving our Fathers and Mothers who have struggled for freedom for all God's people.

For there is one Body and one Spirit.

People **There is one hope in God's call to us.**

Officiant One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.

People **One God and Father of all.**

Officiant Let us pray.

O Lord God Almighty, as you have taught us to call the evening, the morning, and the noonday one day; and have made the sun to know its going down: Dispel the darkness of our hearts, that by your brightness we may know you to be the true God and eternal light, living and reigning for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Please be seated.

We Lament

A Reading from the Book of Exodus *Exodus 1:6–14*

Sarah Hill

Then Joseph died, and all his brothers, and that whole generation. But the Israelites were fruitful and prolific; they multiplied and grew exceedingly strong, so that the land was filled with them. Now a new king arose over Egypt, who did not know Joseph. He said to his people, 'Look, the Israelite people are more numerous and more powerful than we. Come, let us deal shrewdly with them, or they will increase and, in the event of war, join our enemies and fight against us and escape from the land.' Therefore they set taskmasters over them to oppress them with forced labor. They built supply cities, Pithom and Rameses, for Pharaoh. But the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied and spread, so that the Egyptians came to dread the Israelites. The Egyptians became ruthless in imposing tasks on the Israelites, and made their lives bitter with hard service in mortar and brick and in every kind of field labor. They were ruthless in all the tasks that they imposed on them.

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

Then turning to me, he ordered four stakes to be driven into the ground, pointing with the toe of his boot to the places where he wanted them. When the stakes were driven down, he ordered her to be stripped of every article of dress. Ropes were then brought, and the naked girl was laid upon her face, her wrists and feet each tied firmly to a stake. Stepping to the piazza, he took down a heavy whip, and placing it in my hands, commanded me to lash her. Unpleasant as it was, I was compelled to obey him. Nowhere that day, on the face of the whole earth, I venture to say, was there such a demoniac exhibition witnessed as then ensued.

...When I had struck her as many as thirty times, I stopped, and turned round toward Epps, hoping

he was satisfied; but with bitter oaths and threats, he ordered me to continue. I inflicted ten or fifteen blows more. By this time her back was covered with long welts, intersecting each other like net work. ...She was terribly lacerated – I may say, without exaggeration, literally flayed. The lash was wet with blood, which flowed down her sides and dropped upon the ground. At length she ceased struggling. Her head sank listlessly on the ground. Her screams and supplications gradually decreased and died away into a low moan. She no longer writhed and shrank beneath the lash when it bit out small pieces of her flesh. I thought that she was dying!

Meditation “Strange fruit”

Abel Meeropol
(1903–1986)

Southern trees bear strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth.
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck.
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Grace and Corbett Lunsford, *piano and vocals*

“*Strange Fruit*” was performed most famously by Billie Holiday, who first sang and recorded it in 1939. Her version of the song was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame in 1978. The lyrics protest American racism, particularly the lynching of African Americans. Early in its existence it was dubbed “a declaration of war... the beginning of the civil rights movement.”

We Remember

A Reading from *The Hypocrisy of American Slavery*, Frederick Douglass

Nadia Fountain

Fellow citizens, above your national, tumultuous joy, I hear the mournful wail of millions, whose chains, heavy and grievous yesterday, are today rendered more intolerable by the jubilant shouts that reach them. If I do forget, if I do not remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, “may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!”

To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs and to chime in with the popular theme would be treason most scandalous and shocking, and would make me a reproach before God and the world.

What! Am I to argue that it is wrong to make men brutes, to rob them of their liberty, to work them without wages, to keep them ignorant of their relations to their fellow men, to beat them with sticks, to flay their flesh with the lash, to load their limbs with irons, to hunt them with dogs, to sell them at auction, to sunder their families, to knock out their teeth,

to burn their flesh, to starve them into obedience and submission to their masters? Must I argue that a system thus marked with blood and stained with pollution is wrong? No – I will not. I have better employment for my time and strength than such arguments would imply.

What, then, remains to be argued? Is it that slavery is not divine; that God did not establish it; that our doctors of divinity are mistaken? There is blasphemy in the thought. That which is inhuman cannot be divine. Who can reason on such a proposition? They that can, may – I cannot. The time for such argument is past.

Go search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.

Congregational Hymn “Amistad”

National Hymn

God of the Men - de, sto - len from their
God of the faith - ful, of - fer - ing their
God of the ship that sails a - gain to -
God of the church, whose work is not yet
God of all worlds, we put our trust in

home, Bound, beat - en, chained, their fu - tures bought and sold;
hands, Build - ing a home and giv - ing of their land;
day, Jus - tice and hope are car - go on its way.
done; Grant your de - sire, that we may all be one.
you, Seek - ing to love as Christ would have us do;

In fear they rose and claimed their li - ber - ty.
 Bound by de - sire of friend - ship to im - part.
 Caught on the wind, your Spir - it as its giude.
 In this a - bode, your co - ve - nant we raise,
 O - pen our hearts to strang - er and to guest

Great God of ours, you set the cap - tives free.
 Great God of ours, you bind the brok - en heart.
 Great God of ours, may you be glo - ri - fied.
 Great God of ours, in righ - teous - ness and praise.
 That we may be your oaks of righ - teous - ness.

Words: Ned W. Edwards, Jr. (2000)
 Music: National Hymn, George William Warren (1828–1902)

This hymn text recounts the 1839 uprising of the captured Mende on the two-masted schooner La Amistad, as well as the hope for continued work toward justice and equality. The text is wedded to the tune National Hymn because of its power and dignity. Also, this tune was originally composed for the text “God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand,” which was written to serve New York City’s centennial celebration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1887. In the legal battle following the capture of the Amistad off the coast of Long Island, it was ultimately the United States Constitution that allowed the Mende slaves to be set free.

We See the Image of God

A Reading from the Book of Genesis *Genesis 1:26–28*

Caroline Stanford

Then God said, 'Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the wild animals of the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.' So God created humankind in his image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them. God blessed them, and God said to them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth. ...And it was so. God saw everything that he had made, and indeed, it was very good.

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

A Reading of the poem "Caged Bird", Maya Angelou

Gabriella Castro-Diaz

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Anthem “There is a balm in Gilead”

African-American Spiritual
arr. William Dawson
(1899–1990)

Refrain There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole;
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sin-sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work’s in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit
Revives my soul again. *Refrain*

If you cannot sing like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
And say “he died for all.” *Refrain*

E. Paulette Smith-Epps, *soprano*

William Levi Dawson was an African-American composer, choir director, and professor born in Anniston, Alabama. He is best remembered for his arrangements of spirituals, which are regularly performed by school, college, and community choruses.

We Are Made For Freedom

A Reading from the the Gospel of Luke *Luke 4: 16–21*

Dante Hudson

When he 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.’

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God’s people.

Meditation “I want Jesus to walk with me”

arr. Moses Hogan
(1957–2003)

I want Jesus to walk with me;
I want Jesus to walk with me;
all along my pilgrim journey,
Lord, I want Jesus to walk with me.

In my trials, Lord, walk with me;
in my trials, Lord, walk with me;
when my heart is almost breaking,
Lord, I want Jesus to walk with me.

When I’m in trouble, Lord, walk with me;
when I’m in trouble, Lord, walk with me;
when my head is bowed in sorrow,
Lord, I want Jesus to walk with me.

E. Paulette Smith-Epps, *soprano* Trey Clegg, *organ*

*The American composer and arranger of choral music Moses Hogan was best known for his setting of spirituals.
His arrangements are beloved and widely performed throughout the world.*

Let me say another thing that's more in the realm of the spirit I guess, that is that if we are to go on in the days ahead and make true brotherhood a reality, it is necessary for us to realize more than ever before, that the destinies of the Negro and the white man are tied together. ...The Negro needs the white man to save him from his fear. The white man needs the Negro to save him from his guilt. We are tied together in so many ways, our language, our music, our cultural patterns, our material prosperity, and even our food are an amalgam of black and white... . Abused and scorned though we may be, our destiny is tied up in the destiny of America. Before the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth we were here. Before Jefferson etched across the pages of history the majestic words of the Declaration of Independence, we were here. Before the beautiful words of the Star Spangled Banner were written, we were here. For more than two centuries, our forebearers labored here without wages. They made cotton king. They built the homes of their masters in the midst of the most humiliating and oppressive conditions. And yet out of a bottomless vitality, they continued to grow and develop.

And I say that if the inexpressible cruelties of slavery couldn't stop us, the opposition that we now face, including the so-called white backlash, will surely fail.

We're gonna win our freedom because both the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of the Almighty God are embodied in our echoing demands.

And so I can still sing "We Shall Overcome." We shall overcome because the arc of the moral universe is long but it bends toward Justice. We shall overcome because Carlyle is right, "No lie can live forever." We shall overcome because William Cullen Bryant is right, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." We shall overcome because James Russell Lowell is right, "Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne – Yet that scaffold sways the future."

With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discourse of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to speed up the day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and live together as brothers and sisters, all over this great nation. That will be a great day, that will be a great tomorrow. In the words of the Scripture, to speak symbolically, that will be the day when the morning stars will sing together and the sons of God will shout for joy.

Anthem "Deep river"

arr. Gerre Hancock
(1934–2012)

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Deep river, my heart is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land where all is peace?

Oh, deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Gerre Hancock was a noted American organist, church musician, and improviser. He served as Organist-Choirmaster of St. Thomas Episcopal Church on 5th Avenue in New York City from 1971 until 2004. Hancock founded the Association of Anglican Musicians. Among his compositions, the setting of "Deep River" remains widely performed.

We Will Walk Together in Love

A Reading from Micah Micah 6: 6–8

Ann Stuart Pearce

With what shall I come before the Lord
and bow myself before God on high?
Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings,
with calves a year old?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams,
with tens of thousands of rivers of oil?
Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression,
the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?
He has told you, O mortal, what is good;
and what does the Lord require of you
but to do justice, and to love kindness,
and to walk humbly with your God?

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

Meditation "Is there anybody here that loves my Jesus?"

arr. Undine Smith Moore
(1904–1989)

Is there anybody here that loves my Jesus?
Anybody here that loves my Lord?
I want to know, do you love my Jesus?
I want to know, do you love-a my Lord?

Although you see me goin' along so,
I have my trials here below,
This world's a wilderness of woe;
So let us all to glory go.

Laura English-Robinson, *soprano*

Undine Smith Moore was a notable and prolific African-American composer of the twentieth century. Although few were published in her lifetime, Moore wrote more than one hundred compositions. Much of her work was composed for choir or voice and many of these were inspired by black spirituals and folk music.

Some there will be whose dreams will be haunted by forgotten events in which in a moment of insight they saw a vision of a way of life transcending all barriers alien to community. Among the elder statesmen will be those through whose blood the liquid fires of Martin Luther King's dream swept all before it in one grand surge of beatific glory. ...Here and there will be those who will walk out under the stars and think lonely thoughts about whence they came and the meaning that their presence in the heavens inspires. They will wonder and ponder heavy thoughts about man and his destiny under the stars. One day there will stand up in their midst one who will tell of a new sickness among the children who in their delirium cry for their brothers whom they have never known and from whom they have been cut off behind the self-imposed barriers of their fathers. An alarm will spread throughout the community that it is being felt and slowly realized that community cannot feed for long

on itself; it can only flourish where always the boundaries are giving way to the coming of others from beyond them-unknown and undiscovered brothers. Then the wisest among them will say: What we have sought we have found, our own sense of identity. We have an established center out of which at last we can function and relate to other men. We have committed to heart and to nervous system a feeling of belonging and our spirits are no longer isolated and afraid. We have lost our fear of our brothers and are no longer ashamed of ourselves, of who and what we are — Let us now go forth to save the land of our birth from the plague that first drove us into the "will to quarantine" and to separate ourselves behind self-imposed walls. For this is why we were born: Men, all men belong to each other, and he who shuts himself away diminishes himself, and he who shuts another away from him destroys himself. And all the people said Amen.

Anthem "Draw us near: A Hymn for Peace"

Joel Thompson
(b. 1988)

This song we sing is our hearts' vow to you, O God of Peace.
Please send your Dove, your Spirit of Love, to help our torments cease.
The world is tired of war and blood and fear,
the tears we've cried, the pain inside:
O Spirit, draw us near.

So keep us true to our hearts' vow to show the world your love.
May bias wane and joy remain as we sing to You above.
We pray, O God, You take away our fear,
The tears we've cried, the pain inside: O Spirit, draw us near.

Words: Joel Thompson

Atlanta native Joel Thompson is a rising star among young composers. Currently pursuing a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in composition at the Yale School of Music, Joel's compositions frequently explore the issue of systemic racism in our society. His anthem "Draw us near" is dedicated to the memory of Alton Sterling and Philando Castile, and to the members of the Upper School Chorus of Holy Innocents' Episcopal School (2016-2017).

Homily The Rt. Rev. Robert C. Wright

Meditation Miss Wheatley's Garden
 III. "Songs for the people"

Rosephanye Powell
(b. 1962)

Let me make the songs for the people,
Songs for the old and young;
Songs to stir like a battle-cry
Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres,
For carnage nor for strife;
But songs to thrill the hearts of men
With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary,
Amid life's fever and fret,
Till hearts shall relax their tension,
And careworn brows forget.

Let me sing for little children,
Before their footsteps stray,
Sweet anthems of love and duty,
To float o'er life's highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged,
When shadows dim their sight;
Of the bright and restful mansions,
Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary,
Needs music, pure and strong,
To hush the jangle and discords
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow,
Till war and crime shall cease;
And the hearts of men grown tender
Girdle the world with peace.

Words: Frances Ellen Watkins Harper (1825–1911)

Laura English-Robinson, *soprano*

Frances Ellen Watkins Harper was born on September 24, 1825. She was a prominent abolitionist and temperance and women's suffrage activist, as well as a poet. Originally from Alabama, African-American composer Rosephanye Powell is a prominent choral composer with works made available by some of the nation's leading publishers. She is an authority on spirituals and the music of William Grant Still, often dubbed the "Dean" of African-American composers.

A Litany of Dedication

Adapted from a litany written for the dedication of 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, on the occasion of their re-opening in 1963 after the bombing in which four little girls were killed and the building destroyed.

Litanist To pass on the torch to a new generation so they will know of the courage, sacrifice, heroism and lessons of the past, so they will not be condemned to repeat it.

People We courageously dedicate our lives and labor.

Litanist In gratefulness to those who have gone before, in appreciation of the struggles of the past, acknowledging the reality of the present, and hope for the future.

People We gratefully dedicate our lives and labor.

Litanist To nurture the young, strengthen the weak, to instill pride in the new generation to serve as a people who will be forces for good in a broken and beautiful world.

People We eagerly dedicate our lives and labor.

Litanist To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven.

People A time for revolution and a time for reconciliation. We commit ourselves to honor the dreams, hopes and visions of those who have passed this way and those who are to follow.

Litanist Let us pray in the words Christ has taught us:

People Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

The Blessing

Bishop

Grant, O God, that your holy and life-giving Spirit may so move every human heart and especially the hearts of the people of this land, that barriers which divide us may crumble, suspicions disappear, and hatreds cease; that our divisions being healed, we may live in justice and peace; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be with you and with all who strive for justice and peace, this night and for evermore. **Amen.**

Closing Hymn 599 "Lift every voice and sing"

Lift Every Voice

1 Lift ev-ery voice and sing till earth and hea - ven ring, ring with the
2 Ston-y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas-tening rod, felt in the
3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent tears, thou who hast

har - mon - ies of lib - er - ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise
days when hope un - born had died; yet, with a stead - y beat,
brought us thus far on the way; thou who hast by thy might

high as the lis - tening skies; let it re - sound loud as the
have not our wea - ry feet come to the place for which our
led us in - to the light; keep us for ev - er in the

The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a basso continuo. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, each with a corresponding musical staff. The first system contains the first three lines of the hymn. The second system contains the next three lines. The third system contains the final three lines. The music concludes with a final cadence in the bass line.

roll - ing sea. Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has
 par - ents sighed? We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been
 path, we pray. Lest our feet stray from the pla - ces, our God, where we

taught us; sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has
 wa - tered; we have come, tread - ing our path through the blood of the
 met thee; lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we for -

brought us; fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new
 slaugh - tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we
 get thee; sha-dowed be - neath thy hand may we for

day be - gun, let us march on, till vic - to - ry is won.
 stand at last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
 ev - er stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.

Words: James Weldon Johnson (1871–1938)
 Music: *Lift Every Voice*, J. Rosamond Johnson (1873–1954)
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Dismissal

Officiant Go, be the light of Christ.

People Thanks be to God.

Voluntary

Giles Brightwell, organ



Assisting in this Evening's Service

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| Bishop | The Rt. Rev. Robert C. Wright |
| Officiant | The Rev. Dr. Simon J. Mainwaring |
| Litanist | Dr. Catherine Meeks |
| Organists | Dr. Kirk M. Rich, Dr. Giles Brightwell |
| Guest Conductor | Joel Thompson |
| Guest Musicians | Noah Johnson, Cain-Oscar Bergeron, Esther Kim Ruder, Grace Lunsford, Corbet Lunsford, E. Paulette Smith-Epps, Laura English Robinson |
| Lectors | Sarah Hill, Des Dorsey, Nadia Fountain, Caroline Stanford, Gabriella Castro-Diaz, Dante Hudson, Carl Walker, Ann Stuart Pearce, Lynda Herrig |
| Vergers | Gail Rogers |
| Crucifer | Ellen Porter |
| Ushers | Charlie Echols, Davis Chamblee, Vance White, Charlie Rigby |

Please feel free to take your bulletin with you. If you would prefer to discard your bulletin, recycling bins are in the narthex.

All Saints' Episcopal Church

is a parish in the Diocese of Atlanta

The Rt. Rev. Robert C. Wright, *Bishop*

The Rt. Rev. Don A. Wimberly, *Assisting Bishop*

Rector

The Rev. Dr. Simon J. Mainwaring

2019–2020 Vestry

Todd Silliman, *Senior Warden* • Johnathan Stanford, *Junior Warden* • Lori Reinking, *Clerk* • Sheldon Taylor, *Treasurer*

Jenna Barone • Mary Brennan • Mary Jo Bryan • Bert Clark • Sydney Cleland

Katie Connell • Charlie Henn • Dante Hudson • Mary Wyche Lesesne

Mike Nadal • Dan Pennywell • Ellen Porter • Arjun Srinivasan • Susan Virgin

Clergy

The Rev. Zachary C. Nyein, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. Sarah C. Stewart, *Associate Rector*

The Rev. Dr. Denni Moss, *Interim Priest Associate for Pastoral Care*

Clergy Associates

The Very Rev. Dr. Harry H. Pritchett *Rector Emeritus* • The Rev. Robert T. M. Book • The Rev. Bill Clarkson
The Rev. Dr. James M. Donald • The Rev. Karen P. Evans • The Rev. William L. Evans • The Rev. Spurgeon Hays

The Rev. Charles Scott May • The Rev. Dr. David M. Moss III • The Rev. Gary Mull

The Rev. Milton H. Murray • The Rev. Dr. Spenser Simrill • The Rev. Walter E. Smith

The Rev. Paul Thim • The Rev. Richard Winters

Administrative, Facilities and Program Staff

Lisa Bell-Davis, *Director of Print and Graphic Communications*

Dr. Giles Brightwell, *Associate Director of Music*

Jocelyn Cassada, *Director of Digital Communications*

Nancy Dodson, *Director of Finance*

Mickey Dukes, *Facility Maintenance Assistant*

Betsey Gibbs, *Membership Coordinator*

Jill Gossett, *Director of Parish Life*

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Ellen Hayes, *Director of Stewardship & Development*

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Pat Kiley, *Rector's Assistant*

Karol Kimmell, *Director of Youth and Children's Music*

Benjenia Lee, *Sexton*

Suzanne Logue, *Accompanist for Youth and Children's Choirs*

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Joel Smith, *Youth Minister*

Shawnne Smith, *Nursery Coordinator*

Kevin Speaks, *Sexton*

Louis Stevens, *Sexton*

Phil Turks, *Sexton*

Victor Young, *Sexton*



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