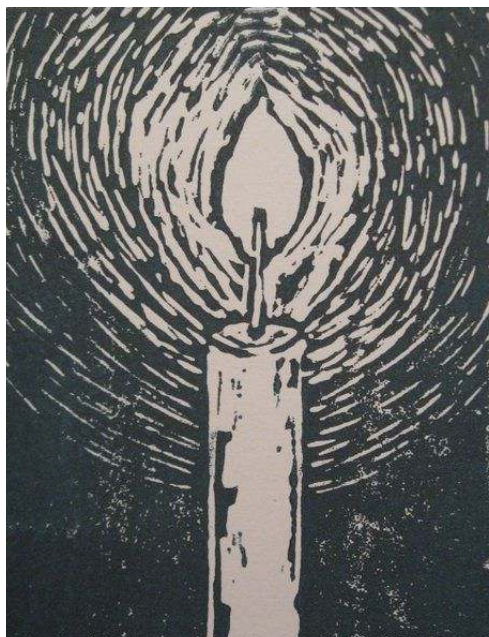


**WELCOME TO
ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
✠
CAPITOL HILL**

ST. MARK'S MISSION STATEMENT

St. Mark's is an open community, welcoming people wherever they are on their faith journey. We celebrate the gifts of God that empower us to engage boldly in the struggles of life and to care for others with love, justice, and compassion.



**WEDNESDAY IN HOLY
WEEK**

April 13, 2022

7:00 PM TENEBRAE

Officiants

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan
The Reverend Christopher Phillips

Director of Music

Jeff Kempskie

Welcome to St. Mark's Episcopal Church ☩ Capitol Hill



To view the **parish calendar online**, please visit to our homepage www.stmarks.net and click “Calendar” at the top of the page.



To support those who may be immunocompromised and those with small children, masks must be worn at all times in the nave.



THE BROKEN MIRROR CROSS, which hangs above the altar in Lent, an especially fitting symbol reflecting to us the often fragmented nature of our lives, was designed and made by Joya Cox.

Concerning the Service

The name *Tenebrae* (the Latin word for “darkness” or “shadows”) has for centuries been applied to the ancient monastic night and early morning services (Matins and Lauds) of the last three days of Holy Week, which in medieval times came to be celebrated on the preceding evenings.

St. Mark's Tenebrae 2022 is divided into six Nocturnes. Each Nocturn represents a powerful call for God to make God's presence known in the dark, chaotic areas of humankind.

The most conspicuous feature of the service is the gradual extinguishing of candles and other lights in the church until only a single candle, considered a symbol of God, remains. Toward the end of the service this candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. At the very end, all depart in silence.



Holy Week Services

Thursday, April 14

Maundy Thursday

12:00 pm, Noon Eucharist, *Chapel*

6:30 pm, Agape Feast, *Baxter Hall*

8:00 pm, Holy Eucharist, *Nave*

Friday, April 15

Good Friday

12:00 pm, Good Friday Service, *Nave*

1:30 pm, Stations of the Cross, *Nave*

3:30 pm, Stations of the Cross, *at the U.S. Capitol*

7:00 pm, Good Friday Service, *Nave*

Saturday, April 16

Holy Saturday

10:00 am, Following after Jesus, *Baxter Hall & other spaces*

Sunday, April 17

Easter Sunday

9:00 am, Festival Eucharist, *Nave*

11:15 am, Festival Eucharist, *Nave & Facebook Live*

5:00 pm, Contemplative Eucharist, *Nave*

TENEBRAE

PRELUDE Sinfonia No. 11, BWV 797

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

OPENING NOCTURN

INVITATION

Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.
Holy God, Creator of heaven and earth,
Have mercy on us.

Holy and Mighty, Redeemer of the world,
Have mercy on us.

Holy Immortal One, Sanctifier of the faithful,
Have mercy on us.

Holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, One God,
Have mercy on us.

GATHERING SILENCE

PSALM 55

Hear my prayer, O God;
do not hide yourself from my petition.
Fear and trembling have come over me,
and horror overwhelms me.
And I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!
I would fly away and be at rest.
I would flee to a far-off place
and make my lodging in the wilderness.
I would hasten to escape
from the stormy wind and tempest."
but war is in his heart.

RACISM NOCTURN

INVITATION

Save your people, Holy God, and bless your inheritance,
Have mercy on us.

Let not the needy, O Lord, be forgotten,
Hear us O Christ.

Keep us mindful of our greedy self-interests, our want for more, and our inability to discern when enough is enough,
Have mercy on us.

A READING an excerpt from *America's Original Sin: Racism, white Privilege and the Bridge to a New America*, by Bryan Stevenson

People of color in the United States, particularly young black men, are burdened with a presumption of guilt and dangerousness. As a consequence of our nation's historical failure to address the legacy of racial inequality, the assumption of guilt and the racial narrative that created it have significantly shaped every institution in American society, especially our criminal justice system. While the mainstream church has been largely silent or worse, our nation has rationalized racial injustice ever since we first ignored the claims and rights of Native people, who suffered genocide and forced displacement.

Millions of African people were brought to America in chains, enslaved by a narrative of racial difference crafted to justify captivity and domination. Involuntary servitude was banned by the Thirteenth Amendment to the US Constitution but did not confront the ideology of white supremacy. Slavery didn't end in 1865; it just evolved. Until the 1950s, thousands of black people were routinely lynched in acts of racial terror, often while many in the white community stood by and cheered. Throughout much of the twentieth century, African Americans were marginalized by racial segregation and silenced by humiliating Jim Crow laws that denied fundamental economic, social, and political rights. The country made progress dismantling the most obvious forms of racial bigotry in the 1960s, but we refused to commit ourselves to a process of truth and reconciliation. Consequently, new forms of racial subordination have emerged. The complicity of the church continues to haunt us and undermine the credibility of too many faith leaders.

We are currently in an era of mass incarceration and excessive punishment in which the politics of fear and anger reinforce the narrative of racial difference. We imprison people of color at record levels by making up new crimes disproportionately enforced against those who are black or brown. The Justice Department projects that one in three black males

born in the twenty-first century is expected to go to jail or prison at some point during his lifetime.

... [C]ommunities are suffering the lethal consequences of our collective silence about racial injustice. The church should be a source of truth in a nation that has lost its way. As the dominant religion in the United States, Christianity is directly implicated when we Christians fail to speak more honestly about the legacy of racial inequality.

We expect too little of the church when we accept its silence in the face of these tragedies. We expect too much of the poor and people of color, who have carried the burden of presumptive dangerousness for far too long. We expect too much of the marginalized and menaced when we ask them to stay calm and quiet in the face of persistent threats and abuse created by our history of racial inequality.

No historic presidential election, no athlete or entertainer's success, no silent tolerance of one another is enough to create the truth and reconciliation needed to eliminate racial inequality or the presumption of guilt. We're going to have to acknowledge our failures at dealing with racial bias collectively. People of faith are going to have to raise their voices and take action.

PSALM 90: 13-17

Arise, O God,
maintain my cause.

Turn, O Lord! How long?

Have compassion on your servants!

Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,
so that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us,
and for as many years as we have seen evil.

Let your work be manifest to your servants,
and your glorious power to their children.

Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us,
and prosper for us the work of our hands—

O prosper the work of our hands!

Arise, O God,
maintain my cause.

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

*Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root.
Black body swingin' 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 magnolia sweet and fresh,
And the sudden smell of burning flesh!*

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

A candle is extinguished.

EXTREMISM NOCTURN

INVITATION

From famine and disaster: from violence, murder, and dying unprepared,
Savior deliver us.

Forgive us, forgive our enemies, forgive those we persecute and our persecutors, turn our hearts and theirs,
Savior deliver us.

Guide the leaders of the nations into the ways of peace and justice.
Hear us, O Christ.

A READING an excerpt from *Christian Nationalism: An Unholy Union*, by Ben Sebrell

Imagine beating a brown-skinned man beyond recognition, on a Saturday, and then going to church on Sunday to worship Jesus Christ—a man who the Bible says had skin like bronze, was beaten beyond recognition, and then crucified. Lynchings in America were often (and still) conducted by people who called themselves followers of Christ.

But how can that be? How could one who professes to follow Jesus of Nazareth commit such atrocities and think they are doing “God’s work”?

I’ll tell you: There is an unholy and abominable union between Christianity and white supremacy.

The so-called “Bible Belt” has historically been the epicenter of racial discrimination in America. Tradition (by way of racist ideology) has consistently taken precedence over scripture. This unholy union reveals itself in the form of Christian Nationalism.

Whether you recognize this unholy union or not, you’ve seen it.

It looks like people who claim to be pro-life saying, “If he had just listened to the police...,” whenever a Black image-bearer is needlessly gunned down in the streets.

It looks like declaring “America First” when Christ tells us to seek first his kingdom.

It looks like sermons preached about how one political party is Satanic and hellbent on taking away our freedoms while claiming that the other is filled with people chosen by God himself.

It looks like preachers standing in pulpits and all but deifying our founding fathers and the congregation saying, “Amen.” I wonder how those people will feel when this life is over and they find out that many of those hallowed founders died and split hell wide open while the slaves they owned traded in scrap wood shacks on dirt roads for mansions on streets of gold.

It looks like Christian school curricula that exalts the white founders of this country as role models while ignoring that 41 out of 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were slaveholders.

It looks like the slaveholder religion that grossly misinterpreted scripture to justify enslaving an entire group of people while “preaching the gospel” to them from Bibles with entire books redacted.

It looks like churches with just as many Confederate flags in the parking lot as there are Bibles in the pews

It looks like a church that made Barack Obama effigies and hung them from nooses or set fire to them.

It looks like Christians who will spend thousands of dollars to fly across the world to take photos with poor kids in Africa while ignoring the Black and Brown kids down the street.

It looks like saying that racism is a sin but failing to repent of it.

It looks like a Christian crowdfunding website raising almost a half-million dollars in bail money for a vigilante who killed and injured people.

It looks like only listening to the voices of Black people who say the things that white people wish they could say without being called racist.

It looks like saying Black Lives Matter is a terrorist organization after having remained conspicuously silent when it comes to white supremacy, the KKK, the Capitol Insurrection, etc.

Jesus of America and Jesus of Nazareth are two different people. One is Elohim, the living God. The other is an idol.

Christian Nationalism and Christianity are NOT the same thing. They only look the same when you interpret Scripture through red, white, and blue-tinted glasses.

PSALM 20: 1-8

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses,
but we will call upon the Name of the Lord our God.

May the LORD answer you in the day of trouble, the Name of the God of Jacob defend you;

Send you help from his holy place and strengthen you out of Zion;

Remember all your offerings and accept your burnt sacrifice;

Grant you your heart's desire and prosper all your plans.

We will shout for joy at your victory and triumph in the Name of our God; may the LORD grant all your requests.

Now I know that the LORD gives victory to his anointed; he will answer him out of his holy heaven, with the victorious strength of his right hand.

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will call upon the Name of the LORD our God.

They collapse and fall down, but we will arise and stand upright.

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses,

but we will call upon the Name of the Lord our God.

Lou Bayard, soloist

Over my head I see trouble in the air. There must be a God somewhere!

Over my head I hear music in the air. There must be a God somewhere!

Over my head I see glory in the air. There must be a God somewhere!

A candle is extinguished.

ENVIRONMENTAL NOCTURN

INVITATION

Holy God, Creator of heaven and earth,
Have mercy on us.

Give your people grace to care for the world entrusted to us by you,
Hear us, O Christ.

Empower us with your spirit to be good stewards of the resources we are called to preserve
and share,
Hear us, O Christ.

A READING an excerpt from *Creation Care and the Gospel*, by Colin Bell and Robert S. White

While the Bible tells us to care for others as an outgrowth of our love for God and our neighbor, doing so is not exactly the same as doing justice. Micah 6:8 says, “He has shown you, O mortal, what is good. And what does the LORD require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God.” And Proverbs 21:3 says, “To do what is right and just is more acceptable to the LORD than sacrifice.”

Pursuing justice is not simply doing kind or charitable actions, but is pursuing that which is right. In the case of climate change, the key justice issue is that those who have contributed the most to climate change are not the ones who will most feel its negative effects. If we all contributed equally to environmental degradation, it would still be appropriate to help each other survive the struggles that ensue—through charitable acts. That would still be part of loving our neighbor. However, when some people have disproportionately benefited and others have been disproportionately harmed by the activities that change our environment, we have a different reason to try to change the outcome—to right an injustice.

Bangladesh, for example, contributes very little to greenhouse gas emissions but is extremely vulnerable to their effects. Similarly, the Pacific island nation Kiribati—one of the world’s poorest countries—lies two meters above the sea at its highest point. Its land is overwhelmed by rising seas that threaten its small freshwater supply, and possibly the land itself. Even though some research shows that reef islands change shape as sea level rises, and may not sink, this effect may only be short term. Yet, Kiribati produced 0.3 metric tons of CO² emissions per person—compared with the United States’ 17.96 metric tons. The highest emitters, however, are not all in the wealthiest countries.

This disparity in outcomes is true for other environmental ills as well. For example, minority and poor communities are more likely to be sites of toxic waste facilities, highly polluting industries, and power plants. The costs of mitigation (lowering greenhouse gas emissions) and adaptation (promoting resilience through ways of surviving changes already occurring) are also uneven. The disproportionate effect of climate change on those in poverty—a part of the larger issue of environmental injustice—is expressed in the term the climate gap.

CANTICLE 12 (abridged)

Glorify the Lord, all you works of the Lord,
praise God and highly exalt God forever.

Glorify the Lord, you angels and all powers of the Lord, O heavens and all waters above the heavens.

Sun and moon and stars of the sky, glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Glorify the Lord, every shower of rain and fall of dew, all winds and fire and heat.

Winter and Summer, glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Glorify the Lord, O chill and cold, drops of dew and flakes of snow.

Frost and cold, ice and sleet, glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Glorify the Lord, O nights and days, O shining light and enfolding dark.

Storm clouds and thunderbolts, glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Let the earth glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Glorify the Lord, O mountains and hills, and all that grows upon the earth, praise him and highly exalt him for ever.

Glorify the Lord, O springs of water, seas, and streams, O whales and all that move in the waters.

All birds of the air, glorify the Lord, praise him and highly exalt him for ever

Glorify the Lord, all you works of the Lord,
praise God and highly exalt God forever.

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

*Woah, mercy, mercy me.
Ah, things ain't what they used to be.
Where did all the blue skies go?
Poison is the wind that blows
From the north and south and east.
Woah, mercy, mercy me, yeah
Ah, things ain't what they used to be.
Oil wasted on the ocean and upon our seas,
Fish full of mercury.
Oh Jesus, yeah, mercy, mercy me,
Ah, things ain't what they used to be.
Radiation underground and in the sky,
Animals and birds who live nearby are dying.
Hey, mercy, mercy me, oh
Hey, things ain't what they used to be
What about this overcrowded land?
How much more abuse from man can she stand?*

A candle is extinguished.

POVERTY NOCTURN

INVITATION

Open our eyes to those we have neglected,
Have mercy on us.

From sloth, worldliness and love of money; from hardness of heart and contempt for your word and your laws,
Savior deliver us.

Enlighten us to use your resources for the betterment of humankind,
Hear us, O Christ.

A READING “This is Not Me,” by Terrance McCoy

Before 10 a.m. on another cold Thursday, Monica Diaz stirred in her tent, filled with dread. It had been two weeks since the last cleanup, and city workers would again be here soon, with their dumpster truck and police cars, to clear out the encampment.

Every morning was awful, but these were the worst of all, when Monica, who’d otherwise be resting before work, was forced to confront publicly what she did her best to hide: that she’s homeless. That she lives in a tent. That she just turned 40, and that this is somehow her life.

“You ready?” Monica asked her husband, after a sleepless night at the base of Union Station, near CNN’s Washington bureau, where the noise never stopped and they’d huddled together with their dog, Sassy, against the cold.

“Somewhat,” said Pete Etheridge, 31, sighing.

They looked around their tent, which not only held the sum total of their world but also reflected a way of life that has, over the past decade, fundamentally changed the face of American homelessness. As housing costs climb ever higher in booming urban areas, the significant growth in tent encampments nationwide has become one of the most visible signs of the nation’s failure to alleviate widening inequality. In Orange County, Calif., more than 700 people were cleared out of a tent city along the Santa Ana River last year after thousands signed a petition and Anaheim declared a state of emergency. Seattle, meanwhile, has allowed some tent cities to operate as de facto communities — long-term, regulated, even with phone numbers and addresses. And in the District, the number of encampment cleanups has surged, according to city data, rising from 29 in 2015 to 100 in 2018.

Monica, a stout, wavy-haired woman now living in her seventh tent after cleanup crews tossed the others, looked down the busy street and tried to gird herself for the indignities to come. She needed to place her clothing and blankets into black trash bags, take down the blue and gray nylon tent and wheel everything out of eyesight in a shopping cart. Then she would watch as workers wiped away any trace of her from First Street NE, wheel it all back, pitch her tent again, take an ibuprofen p.m. and then sleep it all away until it was time to go to the fast-food restaurant for work.

“We got to take it all the way down there,” she said, pointing toward the next street. Pete looked over everything that needed packing and was quietly shaking his head when a man in a brown coat approached. He’d come to cover the cleanup for Street Sense, a publication about homelessness, but now told them that the move had been canceled. The city was

worried about hypothermia. Monica and Pete wouldn't have to dismantle their lives — at least not today.

"It's canceled?" Monica said, putting a hand over her mouth and closing her eyes. "Oh my God! We were just about to move all of our stuff!"

She hugged the man, and then Pete, the two of them overcome with such sudden relief that they began to cry.

"I love you, baby," he said, pressing his face to hers.

"We're going to make it," she said, reaching up to wipe the tears away from his face.

Behind them was a sign screwed to a metal post. It showed the date of the next cleanup. Feb. 28, it now said. Ten a.m. Two weeks from today.

PSALM 129: 1-8

Greatly have they oppressed me since my youth,
But they have not prevailed against me.

"Greatly have they oppressed me since my youth," let Israel now say;
"Greatly have they oppressed me since my youth, but they have not prevailed against me."

The plowmen plowed upon my back and made their furrows long.
The Lord, the Righteous One, has cut the cords of the wicked.

Let them be put to shame and thrown back, all those who are enemies of Zion.
Let them be like grass upon the housetops, which withers before it can be plucked;

Which does not fill the hand of the reaper, nor the bosom of him who binds the sheaves;
So that those who go by say not so much as, "The Lord prosper you. We wish you well in the Name of the Lord."

Greatly have they oppressed me since my youth,
But they have not prevailed against me.

SOLO I Need a Dollar

Words & Music by Aloe Blacc, Leon Michels,
Nick Movshon & Jeff Dynamite

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

*Refrain: I need a dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need,
Well I need a dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need
And I said I need dollar, dollar, a dollar is what I need
And if I share with you my story would you share your dollar with me?*

*Bad times are coming and I reap what I don't sow.
Well let me tell you something all that glitters ain't gold.
It's been a long old trouble, long old troublesome road
And I'm looking for somebody come and help me carry this load.
I need a dollar dollar, a dollar that's what I need
Well I need a dollar dollar, a dollar that's what I need*

*Well I don't know if I'm walking on solid ground
'Cause everything around me is falling down
And all I want is for someone to help me.
I had a job but the boss man let me go.
He said, I'm sorry but I won't be needing your help no more
I said, Please Mister Boss man I need this job more than you know
But he gave me my last paycheck and he sent me on out the door. Refrain*

*Well I don't know if I'm walking on solid ground
'Cause everything around me is crumbling down
And all I want is for someone to help me.
What in the world am I gonna do tomorrow?
Is there someone with a dollar that I can borrow?*

*Who can help me take away my sorrow?
Maybe it's inside the bottle.
I had some good old buddies, names of whiskey and wine,
And for my good old buddy I spent my last dime.
My wine is good to me it helps me pass the time,
And my good old buddy whiskey keeps me warmer than sunshine.
Your mom of mayhem, bless the child that's got his own.
If God has plans for me, I hope it ain't written in stone,
Because I've been working, working myself down to the bone
And I swear on grandpa's grave I'll be paid when I come home. Refrain*

WAR NOCTURN

INVITATION

From famine and disaster: from violence, murder, and dying unprepared,
Savior deliver us.

Forgive us, forgive our enemies, forgive those we persecute and our persecutors, turn our hearts and theirs,
Savior deliver us.

Guide the leaders of the nations into the ways of peace and justice.
Hear us, O Christ.

A READING from "The Casualties of the War in Vietnam" by the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.

The past is prophetic in that it asserts loudly that wars are poor chisels for carving out peaceful tomorrows. One day we must come to see that peace is not merely a distant goal that we seek, but a means by which we arrive at that goal. We must pursue peaceful ends through peaceful means. How much longer must we play at deadly war games before we heed the plaintive pleas of the unnumbered dead and maimed of past wars?

President John F. Kennedy said on one occasion, "Mankind must put an end to war or war will put an end to mankind." Wisdom born of experience should tell us that war is obsolete. There may have been a time when war served as a negative good by preventing the spread and growth of an evil force, but the destructive power of modern weapons eliminates even the possibility that war may serve as a negative good. If we assume that life is worth living and that man has a right to survive, then we must find an alternative to war. In a day when vehicles hurtle through outer space and guided ballistic missiles carve highways of death through the stratosphere, no nation can claim victory in war. A so-called limited war will leave little more than a calamitous legacy of human suffering, political turmoil, and spiritual disillusionment. A world war, God forbid, will leave only smoldering ashes as a mute testimony of a human race whose folly led inexorably to ultimate death. So if modern man continues to flirt unhesitatingly with war, he will transform his earthly habitat into an inferno such as even the mind of Dante could not imagine.

PSALM 20: 1-8

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses,
but we will call upon the Name of the Lord our God.

May the LORD answer you in the day of trouble, the Name of the God of Jacob defend you;

Send you help from his holy place and strengthen you out of Zion;

Remember all your offerings and accept your burnt sacrifice;
Grant you your heart's desire and prosper all your plans.

We will shout for joy at your victory and triumph in the Name of our God; may the LORD grant all your requests.

Now I know that the LORD gives victory to his anointed; he will answer him out of his holy heaven, with the victorious strength of his right hand.

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will call upon the Name of the LORD our God.

They collapse and fall down, but we will arise and stand upright.

Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses,
but we will call upon the Name of the Lord our God.

SOLO Beautiful City, from *Godspell*

Stephen Schwartz

Lou Bayard, soloist

*Out of the ruins and rubble, out of the smoke,
Out of our night of struggle, can we see a ray of hope?
One pale thin ray, reaching for the day...*

*Refrain: We can build a beautiful city, yes we can.
We can build a beautiful city, not a city of angels,
But we can build a city of man.*

*We may not reach the ending, but we can start
Slowly but truly mending, brick by brick, heart by heart,
Now, maybe now, we start learning how. Refrain*

*When your trust is all but shattered,
When your faith is all but killed,
You can give up, bitter and battered,
Or you can slowly start to build a beautiful city... Refrain*

A candle is extinguished.

PANDEMIC NOCTURN

INVITATION

From illness and pandemic: from indifference, lack of medical care, and dying unprepared,
Savior deliver us.

Forgive us, forgive anti-vaccine movements, and those who will not protect the least of
your children.

Savior deliver us.

Guide the leaders of the nations into the ways of justice and fairness in medical care.

Hear us, O Christ.

A READING an excerpt from *Candles in the Dark*, by Rowan Williams

For all of us, some much more than others, the effects of the pandemic continue to bite deep. Over excited commentators are happy to hand out blame. Easy enough to do, and there are indeed some hard questions to be answered about slow and half-hearted responses and inflated claims. But it's a lot more difficult to acknowledge that we have genuinely been overtaken not only by practical challenges that no one had fully foreseen but by *feelings* no one had foreseen. Some of the more insightful commentators have noted that the pandemic has set a large question mark against the assumption of guaranteed security that has been the backdrop to the lives of more prosperous communities and individuals for decades—the narrative that we are steadily taming our environment.

Most humans have not, of course, enjoyed that luxury anyway; and one thing that should come into focus in the light of the pandemic is this new and unwelcome solidarity in uncertainty. The British theologian Andrew Shanks has written a good deal about the solidarity of the shaken—the possibility of discovering real community on the far side of recognizing a vulnerability in which we're involved.

That's one of the things that a community of faith might well be thinking about at the moment. The Christian gospel repeatedly tells us that we are always involved in a situation

of shared failure and shared insecurity; it tells us that this is overcome only when we stop denying it by closing our hearts to each other; and it announces that our closed hearts can be and are broken open to each other through the action of God in Jesus and the Spirit. Faith does not deny the fragility we all share, nor does it make light of the cost and pain of it. It invites us to confront our shared fragility with honesty and compassion, recognizing our need of one another, our need for the neighbor to be well and safe—instead of falling back on our fearful attempts to be safe at the neighbor's expense.

Trust that we can face the truth without being destroyed; hope that the crisis we seem caught in is not the last word about what's possible for human beings; and love, the full-hearted will for the well-being of the entire world we inhabit. This is the landscape we live in, the landscape whose contours we have to try to make more real to those around us. The great question, as and when we have emerged from the immediate shadow of the pandemic, will be: What have we learned? Christians should be able to prompt, and to build on, some answers.

Perhaps we have learned more about our dependence on one another; perhaps we have learned something of the need to accept the limits and risks of living in a world we are never likely to tame successfully and totally. Or perhaps we have had our eyes opened to who is least safe in our neighborhood—and not just our immediate neighborhood, but our global neighborhood: those who have never shared the security we take for granted; those who have lived for years with the isolation and frustration that we chafe at; those whose jobs are the first to be lost; those enduring depression and other mental challenges; those with partners or relatives who've become mentally or physically abusive; those in front-line care work who have given their lives in the fight to control the virus; those who have lost loved ones either to the virus itself or because the treatment needed for other conditions could not be delivered in time. Ultimately the question for us as a society is whether we have grown through the solidarity into which we have been forced.

PSALM 90

For God will deliver you from the snare of the fowler
and from the deadly pestilence;
And will cover you with God pinions,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
You will not fear the terror of the night,
or the arrow that flies by day,
or the pestilence that stalks in darkness,
or the destruction that wastes at noonday.

SOLO A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall

Bob Dylan

Katherine Bychanan, soloist

*Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall*

*Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it*

*I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall*

*And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?*

*I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall*

*Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall*

*Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall*

The final candle is carried out of the nave into the tower door.



ELECTRONIC OFFERING

Please consider supporting the work of the church. You may make an online gift, or learn about the other ways to give, by visiting the St. Mark's website, stmarks.net, and choosing "Donate or Pledge" at the top.

Gifts to St. Marks can also be made by texting "stmarks20003" to 73256, or by visiting the QR code.



Thank you for your generous support of our collective work.



Liturgical Leaders and Worship Participants

Presiders	The Reverend Michele H. Morgan The Reverend Christopher Phillips
Seminarian	Joel Martinez
Director of Music	Jeff Kempskie
Soloists	Katherine Buchanan, Lou Bayard
Readers	Raiford Gaffney, Elin Whitney-Smith, Chris Berendes, Kathryn Powers, Karen Wiedemann, Josie Jordan
Video Director	David Wellman
Technical Director	David Wellman
Verger	Josie Jordan

Acknowledgements & Permissions

The service of Tenebrae was adapted from *The Book of Occasional Services*. The source of each of the six thematic readings is included at the beginning of each reading. The translation of the Psalms is according to the *Book of Common Prayer*, 1979. | *Strange Fruit*. © 1938 Music Sales Corporation (ASCAP) and Carlin American, Inc. Permission requested. *Over My Head*. Words & Music: Traditional Gospel Song. Public domain. *Mercy, Mercy Me*. Words & Music: Marvin Gaye, © 1971 (renewed 1999) Jobete Music Co., Inc./EMI APRIL MUSIC INC. Permission requested. *I Need a Dollar*. Words & Music: Aloe Blacc, Leon Michels, Nick Movshon & Jeff Dynamite © 2010 Kobalt Music Services America, Inc. Permission requested. *Beautiful City*. Words and Music: Stephen Schwartz, © 1972 (renewed 1993, 1999) New Cadenza Music Corporation and Grey Dog Music. Permission requested. *A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall*. Words & Music: Bob Dylan, © 1963 M. Witmark & Sons, renewed 1991 Special Rider Music. Permission requested. All selections: All rights reserved. Reprinted and livestreamed under OneLicense.net A-718991.

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Junior Warden	David Wellman	juniorwarden@stmarks.net

Class of '23	Brent Bickley, Fritz Henn, & Edna Boone
Class of '24	Christoph Berendes, Katherine Buchanan & Jeb Ory
Class of '22	Harrison Donnelly, Jan Lipscomb, & Nick Rodgers

Officers	Randy Marks, <i>Treasurer</i>
	Bill Jordan, <i>Asst. Treasurer</i>
	Kim Bayliss, <i>Register</i>

Diocesan Delegates

Tom Getman, Mary Neznok and Ruth Roman

Cycle of Prayer

In the Diocese of Washington

All Parishes in the Diocese of Washington
All Parish Altar Guilds of the Diocese
African Palms

Anglican Communion

Pray for The Diocese of Eastern Kowloon –
Hong Kong Sheng Kung Hui

Parish Prayer List

Betsy Agle • Ben Alquiros • Nora Alquiros • John Barton • Pamela Blumgart
Joseph Boone • Fairfield Butt • Diane Carey • Martin De Nys •
Jan Hoffman • Elizabeth Long • Nat Marks • Taylor Emerson Marks
Pam Burton Moore • David Peterson • Joan Pierotti • Gardner Van Scoyoc
Eleanor Whitman • Joel Wilson • Margaret Wood • May Yazawa • Tom Zarek

Parishioners and Family Members serving in the military

Chase Allen Ammon • Clint Billings • Jason Ernst

Those Who Have Died

Jim Frazier

*In order to keep the prayer list updated, we begin anew semi-annually.
If you would like to request to add a name, please email the
Bulletin Coordinator at bulletin@stmarks.net*



Welcome Guests!

We'd like to get to know you better!

We invite you to fill out this page, tear it off, and drop it into the offering plate or hand it to one of the greeters as you leave. Please take the rest of this service bulletin with you, so that you can refer to the service schedule, and office directory.

We hope you feel at home with us. If you have questions, please speak with the clergy or one of the greeters after the service. You can also call the office at any time and we will be happy to help you in any way we can.

Thank you for visiting St. Mark's today.

Go in peace and return often!

After completing, please remove this page and place in the offering plate or give to a greeter.

I attended: _____ 9 a.m. Holy Eucharist
_____ Sermon Seminar
_____ 11:15 a.m. Holy Eucharist
_____ 5 p.m. Contemplative Eucharist
_____ Special (wedding, funeral, etc.)

on April 13, 2022

Name _____

E-mail _____

Phone No. _____

Zip Code _____

I am interested in learning more about:

- _____ Volunteering during Worship (Usher, Lay Server, Altar Guild, etc.)
- _____ Baptism (child, adult)
- _____ Getting married at St. Mark's
- _____ Music (choir, lessons)
- _____ Children/youth classes & programs
- _____ Adult classes
- _____ Senior programs/activities
- _____ Outreach/community service
- _____ Environmental issues
- _____ Yoga classes
- _____ Dance classes
- _____ St. Mark's Players (theatrical productions)

Would you like to be contacted by a clergyperson? _____ Yes _____ No

You can stay up to date on St. Mark's news by signing up online for the weekly eGospel newsletter at www.stmarks.net/contact-us/. If you'd like to join the St. Mark's egroup to interact with other parishioners, please contact Raiford Gaffney (rgaffneydc@gmail.com).