



Workshop of Tilman Riemenschneider / Angels Singing and Playing Musical Instruments, c. 1505 / lindenwood /
Skulpturensammlung, Staatliche Museen zu Berlin (1559)

Carol Service

*December 19, 2021
4:00 PM*

St. Thomas Episcopal Church

Welcome to this celebration. We invite you to sit where you are comfortable while spreading out as best you can. Spacers are available in the pews to use if you prefer more space around you. You are also welcome to sit in the chairs along the wall. Thank you for your help!

Instrumental Music

Greensleeves

Richard Purvis (1913-1994)

Rick McKnight, *organ*

I saw three ships come sailing in

Chris Walton, *pennywhistle*

Angels We Have Heard On High

French Carol,
arr. Sue Mitchell Wallace and John Head
Brian Walker, *trumpet*

Welcome

Introit Motet *O, come, O, come, Emmanuel*

Robert Shaw (1916-1999)

Alice Parker (b. 1925)

This motet was given in Thanksgiving for Raymond Campbell and to the Glory of God by Rick and Marquette McKnight

O come, o come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel,
that mourns in lonely exile here, until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Dayspring come and cheer our spirits by thine advent here;
disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come, and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high, and close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

The Work of Christmas

Howard Thurman (1899-1981)

Read by Marquette McKnight

When the song of the angels is stilled,
When the star in the sky is gone,
When the kings and princes are home,
When the shepherds are back with their flock,
The work of Christmas begins:
To find the lost,
To heal the broken,
To feed the hungry,
To release the prisoner,
To rebuild the nations,
To bring peace among others,
To make music in the heart.

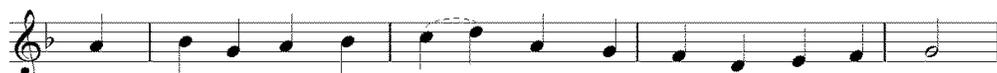
Congregational Carol *God rest ye merry, gentlemen*



1 God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, let noth - ing you dis - may;
2 From God our heav - en - ly Fa - ther a bless - ed an - gel came
3 "Fear not, then," said the an - gel, "Let noth - ing you af - fright;
4 Now to the Lord sing prais - es, all you with - in this place,



re - mem - ber Christ our Sa - vior was born on Christ - mas Day,
and un - to cer - tain shep - herds brought tid - ings of the same:
this day is born a Sa - vior of a pure vir - gin bright,
and with true love and char - i - ty each o - ther now em - brace;



to save us all from Sa - tan's power when we were gone a - stray.
how that in Beth - le - hem was born the Son of God by name.
to free all those who trust in him from Sa - tan's power and might."
this ho - ly tide of Christ - mas doth bring re - deem - ing grace.



Refrain
O tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and



joy; O tid - ings of com - fort and joy!

Keyborad and guitar should not sound together.

Words: London carol, 18th cent.; Copyright © by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company. Music: *God Rest You Merry*, melody from *Little Book of Christmas Carols*, ca. 1850; harm. Charles Winfred Douglas (1867-1944) Copyright © The Church Pension Fund. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

Mary did you know?

Jennifer Henry

Read by Kwesi (Joe) Akyempong, II

Mary, did you know that your ancient words would still leap off our pages?

Mary, did you know that your spirit song would echo through the ages?

Did you know that your holy cry would be subversive word;

That the tyrants would be trembling when they know your truth is heard?

Mary, did you know that your lullaby would stir your own Child's passion?

Mary, did you know that your song inspires the work of liberation?

Did you know that your Jubilee is hope within the heart,

Of all who dream of justice, who yearn for it to start?

The truth will teach, the drum will sound, healing for the pain.

the poor will rise, the rich will fall. Hope will live again.

Mary, did you know that we hear your voice for the healing of the nations?

Mary, did you know that your unsettling cry can help renew creation?

Do you know that we need your faith, the confidence of you,

May the God that you believe in, be so true.

Congregational Carol *Away in a manger*

1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low-ing, the Ba - by a-wakes, But lit - tle Lord

Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky looked
Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! look

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay,
down from the sky. And stav by my cra - dle till morn-ing is nigh.

(segue)

WORDS: St. 1, 2 anonymous; st. 3, John Thomas McFarland
MUSIC: James R. Murray

MUELLER
11.11.11.11.

It's Going to Take a Miracle

Cecelia Cran
Read by Linda Harmon

It's going to take a miracle
To turn this world around,
It's going to take a miracle
To liberate us into life.

But look! see that star yonder?
Beneath its glow is our salvation
The long ago promise fulfilled,
And all have travelled far to witness,
We rise on his wings of glory
We dare to sing alleluia with angels
And dream to one day dwell in heaven,
We finally bow down to our King

The Miracle that leads to life,
 We had forgotten how wonder feels,
 Its unexpected rush and delicious thrill.

This day is the Miracle,
 The Virgin's son is our Miracle,
 Love's pure form is the Miracle.

Anthem *Torches*

John Joubert (1927 - 2019)

Torches, torches, run with torches all the way to Bethlehem!
 Christ is born and now lies sleeping; come and sing your song to him!

Ah, Roro, my baby, ah, Roro, my love;
 Sleep you well, my heart's own darling, while we sing you our Roro.

Sing, my friends, and make you merry, joy and mirth and joy again;
 Lo, he lives, the King of heaven, Now and evermore, Amen.

Oxford Book of Carols

Congregational Carol *Love came down at Christmas*

1 Love came down at Christ-mas, love all love - ly, love di - vine;
 2 Wor - ship we the God - head, love in - car - nate, love di - vine;
 3 Love shall be our to - ken; love be yours and love be mine,

love was born at Christ - mas: star and an - gels gave the sign.
 wor - ship we our Je - sus, but where-with for sa - cred sign?
 love to God and neigh - bor, love for plea and gift and sign.

Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), alt. Music: *Gartan*, melody from *Petrie Collection of Irish Melodies, Part II*, 1902; harm. David Evans (1874-1948)
 Copyright © by permission of Oxford University Press. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

A Christmas Carol

G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936)
Read by Kathryn (Kibby) Taylor

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

Christmas Song

Dave Matthews
Isiah Harper, *tenor*
Julian Chalon, *guitar*

She was his girl. He was her boyfriend.
She be his wife. Take him as her husband.
A surprise on the way, any day, any day
one healthy little giggling dribbling baby boy.
The wise men came three made their way
to shower him with love while he lay in the hay.
Shower him with love, love, love.
Love is all around.

Not very much of his childhood was known.
Kept his mother Mary worried, always out on his own.
He met another Mary for a reasonable fee,
less than reputable as known to be.

His heart was full of love, love, love.
Love is all around.
When Jesus Christ was nailed to the his tree,

Said: oh, Daddy-o I can see how it all soon will be.
I came to shed a little light on this darkening scene,
instead I fear I spill the blood of my children all around.

So the story goes, so I'm told.
The people he knew were less than golden hearted,
gamblers and robbers, drinkers and jokers,
all soul searchers like you and me.

Rumors insisted he soon would be,
for his deviations,
taken into custody by the authorities.
Less informed than he, drinkers and jokers,
all soul searchers, searching for love, love, love.
Love is all around.

Preparations were made for his celebration day.
He said: eat this bread and think of it as me.
Drink this wine and dream it will be
the blood of our children all around.

Father up above, why in all this hate,
have you filled me up with love, love, love.
Love is all around.

Carol *A Maiden Most Gentle*

French tune arranged by Andrew Carter (b. 1932)

Given in memory of Dick Munn by Rusty Callaway

A maiden most gentle and tender we sing:
of Mary the mother of Jesus our King. Ave, ave Maria.

How blessed is the birth of her heavenly child,
who came to redeem us in Mary so mild. Ave, ave Maria.

The Archangel Gabriel foretold by his call
the Lord of creation, and Savior of all. Ave, ave Maria.

Three Kings came to worship with gifts rich and rare,
and marveled in awe at the babe in her care. Ave, ave Maria.

Rejoice and be glad then for Mary we pray;
Sing praise to the Savior, sing endless 'Ave.'

Paraphrased from The Venerable Bede

Let the Stable Still Astonish

Leslie Leyland Fields (b. 1957)

Read by Dr. Sandy McCann

Let the stable still astonish:
Straw-dirt floor, dull eyes,
Dusty flanks of donkeys, oxen;
Crumbling, crooked walls;
No bed to carry that pain,
And the, the child,
Rag-wrapped, laid to cry
In a trough.

Who would have chosen this?
Who would have said: “Yes,
Let the God of all the heavens and earth
be born here, in this place.”?

Who but the same God
Who stands in the darker, fouler rooms of our hearts
and says, “Yes, let the God
of Heaven and Earth
be born here— In this place.”

Duet

Musical Setting by Dan Forrest (b. 1978)

Addison Walton, *mezzo soprano*

Tristan Dempsey, *cello*

O Simplicitas

Madeline L'Engle (1918 - 2007)

Read by Laura Perkins

An angel came to me
and I was unprepared
to be what God was using.
Mother I was to be.
A moment I despaired,
thought briefly of refusing.
The angel knew I heard.
According to God's Word
I bowed to this strange choosing.

God's Word, a child so small
who still must learn to speak
lay in humiliation.
Joseph stood, strong and tall.
The beasts were warm and meek
and moved with hesitation.
The Child born in a stall?
I understood it: all.
Kings came in adoration.

A palace should have been
the birthplace of a king
(I had no way of knowing).
We went to Bethlehem;
it was so strange a thing.
The wind was cold, and blowing,
my cloak was old, and thin.
They turned us from the inn;
the town was overflowing.

Perhaps it was absurd;
a stable set apart,
the sleepy cattle lowing;
and the incarnate Word
resting against my heart.
My joy was overflowing.
The shepherds came, adored
the folly of the Lord,
wiser than all men's knowing.

Anthem *The Best of Rooms*

Gerald Near (b. 1942)

Christ he requires still, wheresoe'er he comes to feed or lodge,
to have the best of rooms: Give him the choice:
Grant him the nobler part of all the house:
The best of all's the heart.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Congregational Carol *Star-child, earth-child*

1 Star - child, earth - child, go - be - tween of God,
 2 Street child, beat child, no place left to go,
 3 Grown child, old child, mem - ory full of years,
 4 Spared child, spoiled child, hav - ing, want - ing more,
 5 Hope - for - peace child, God's stu - pen - dous sign,

love child, Christ child, hea - ven's light - ning rod,
 hurt child, used child, no one wants to know,
 sad child, lost child, sto - ry told in tears,
 wise child, faith child, know - ing joy in store,
 down - to - earth child, star of stars that shine,

Refrain

This year, this year, let the day ar - rive, when

Christ - mas come for ev - ery - one, ev - ery - one a - live!

Words: Shirley Erena Murray © 1994 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188.
 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Music: *Star-Child*, Carlton R. Young © 1994 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL 60188.
 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

It Is Not Over

Ann Barr Weems (1934-2016)

Read by Karen Lord

It is not over,
This birthing.
There are always newer skies into which
God can throw stars.
When we begin to think that we can predict the Advent of God,
That we can box the Christ in a stable in Bethlehem,
that's just the time that God will be born
in a place we can't imagine and won't believe.
Those who wait for God watch with their hearts and not their eyes,
listening, always listening, for the whispers of angels.

Anthem *Thou shalt know him*

Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

Given in loving memory of Bill Godwin by Rick and Marquette McKnight

Thou shalt know him when he comes, not by any din of drums,
nor his manners, nor his airs, not by any thing he wears.
Thou shalt know him when he comes, not by crown or by his gown,
But his coming known shall be, by the holy harmony
which his coming makes in thee.
Thou shalt know him when he comes. Amen. Amen.

Anonymous

Congregational Carol *O little town of Bethlehem*

St. Louis

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, how still we see thee lie!
2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry; and gath - ered all a - bove,
3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, the won - drous gift is given!

1 A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the si - lent stars go by;
2 while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their watch of won - dering love.
3 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts the bless - ings of his heaven.

1 yet in thy dark streets shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing Light;
2 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
3 No ear may hear his com - ing, but in this world of sin,

1 the hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to - night.
2 and prais - es sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.
3 where meek souls will re - ceive him, still the dear Christ en - ters in.

Words: Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) Music: St. Louis, Lewis H. Redner (1831-1908)

Offertory

Tonight's offering will be given by St. Thomas to East Carver Heights Community Development Corporation, an organization founded by St. Thomas in 2020 to expand on the work and relationships begun in the neighborhood through Boxwood Soccer, Path to Shine, and Boxwood Friends and Neighbors Network (FANN) food security group. Make checks payable to St. Thomas, or give by texting STTCOLUMBUS to 73256 and put East Carver Heights in the memo.

Anthem *Climb to the top of the highest mountain* Carolyn Jennings (b. 1936)
With *Prima Voce* of *Voices of the Valley*, Olivia Fortson, conductor

This anthem has been given in celebration of the birth of Fiona McCullough Nichols, born August 6, 2021, and in memory of her sisters Zoey Christina and Hope Zoey, by Marquette and Rick McKnight

Climb to the top of the highest mountain,
joyous tidings proclaim to the world.
Lift up your voice, shout the good news:
Behold, your Lord comes to you.

He will feed his flock like a shepherd,
He will carry the lambs in his arms,
He will ever keep them safe from harm.
Behold, your Lord comes to you.

He who made the stars in the heaven,
He who fashioned the earth and the sea,
from time eternal he was God,
The Alpha and Omega, He.
Behold, your Lord!

He will come in power and glory,
He will rule with mercy, truth,
hope of all the nations,
Light of all the world!

He will love the little children,
He will hold them in His arms.
Love him and trust him as a child,
Behold, your Lord come to you.
Trust him as a child.

Isaiah 40

I Have Lighted the Candles, Mary

Kenneth Patchen (1911 – 1972)
Read by Ray Capo

I have lighted the candles, Mary . . .
How softly breathes your little Son
My wife has spread the table
With our best cloth. There are apples,
Bright as red clocks, upon the mantel.
The snow is a weary face at the window.

How sweetly does He sleep
 "Into this bitter world, O Terrible Huntsman!"
 I say, and she takes my hand -- "Hush,
 You will wake Him."
 The taste of tears is on her mouth
 When I kiss her. I take an apple
 And hold it tightly in my fist;
 The cold, swollen face of war leans in the window.
 They are blowing out the candles, Mary . . .
 The world is a thing gone mad tonight.
 O hold Him tenderly, dear Mother,
 For His is a kingdom in the hearts of men.

Congregational Carol What child is this?

Greensleeves

Unison or harmony

1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, on
 2 Why lies he in such mean es - tate where

Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with
 ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Chris - tian, fear: for

an - thems sweet, while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
 sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.

Refrain

This, this is Christ the King, whom shep - herds

guard and an - gels sing; haste, haste to
bring him laud, the babe, the son of Ma - ry.

Words: William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898) Music: *Greensleeves*, English melody; harm. *Christmas Carols New and Old*, 1871

Amazing Peace

Dr. Maya Angelou (1928-2014)

Read by Dr. Denny Clark

Thunder rumbles in the mountain passes
And lightning rattles the eaves of our houses.
Flood waters await us in our avenues.

Snow falls upon snow, falls upon snow to avalanche
Over unprotected villages.
The sky slips low and grey and threatening.

We question ourselves.
What have we done to so affront nature?
We worry God.
Are you there? Are you there really?
Does the covenant you made with us still hold?

Into this climate of fear and apprehension, Christmas enters,
Streaming lights of joy, ringing bells of hope
And singing carols of forgiveness high up in the bright air.
The world is encouraged to come away from rancor,
Come the way of friendship.

It is the Glad Season.
Thunder ebbs to silence and lightning sleeps quietly in the corner.
Flood waters recede into memory.
Snow becomes a yielding cushion to aid us
As we make our way to higher ground.
Hope is born again in the faces of children
It rides on the shoulders of our aged as they walk into their sunsets.
Hope spreads around the earth. Brightening all things,
Even hate which crouches breeding in dark corridors.

In our joy, we think we hear a whisper.
At first it is too soft. Then only half heard.
We listen carefully as it gathers strength.
We hear a sweetness.
The word is Peace.
It is loud now. It is louder.
Louder than the explosion of bombs.

We tremble at the sound. We are thrilled by its presence.
It is what we have hungered for.
Not just the absence of war. But, true Peace.
A harmony of spirit, a comfort of courtesies.
Security for our beloveds and their beloveds.

We clap hands and welcome the Peace of Christmas.
We beckon this good season to wait a while with us.
We, Baptist and Buddhist, Methodist and Muslim, say come.
Peace.
Come and fill us and our world with your majesty.
We, the Jew and the Jainist, the Catholic and the Confucian,
Implore you, to stay a while with us.
So we may learn by your shimmering light
How to look beyond complexion and see community.

It is Christmas time, a halting of hate time.

On this platform of peace, we can create a language
To translate ourselves to ourselves and to each other.

At this Holy Instant, we celebrate the Birth of Jesus Christ
Into the great religions of the world.
We jubilate the precious advent of trust.
We shout with glorious tongues at the coming of hope.
All the earth's tribes loosen their voices
To celebrate the promise of Peace.

We, Angels and Mortals, Believers and Non-Believers,
Look heavenward and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at our world and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at each other, then into ourselves
And we say without shyness or apology or hesitation.

Peace, My Brother.
Peace, My Sister.
Peace, My Soul.

Congregational Carol *Peace Child*

Unison
♩ = 84

1 Peace Child, in the sleep of the night in the
 2 Peace Child, to the road and the storm, to the
 3 Peace Child, to our dark and our sleep to the

dark be - fore light you come, in the
 gun and the bomb you come, through the
 con - flict we reap now come— be your

si - lence of stars, in the vio - lence of wars—
 hate and the hurt, through the hun - ger and dirt—
 dream born a - live, held in hope, wrapped in love:

Sav - ior, your name.
 bear - ing a dream.
 God's true sha - lom.

WORDS: Shirley Erena Murray
 MUSIC: Daniel Charles Damon
 Words © 1992 Hope Publishing Company
 Music © 1994 Hope Publishing Company

PEACE CHILD
 2.6.6.2.6.6.4.

Let me not keep Christmas

Linda Felver

Read by *The Rev. Dr. Grace Burton-Edwards*

Let me not wrap, stack, box, bag, tie, tag, bundle, seal, keep Christmas.
 Christmas kept is liable to mold.

Let me give Christmas away, unwrapped, by exuberant armfuls.

Let me share, dance, live Christmas unpretentiously, merrily,
 responsibly with overflowing hands, tireless steps and sparkling eyes.

Christmas given away will stay fresh—even until it comes again.

Please stand

Congregational Carol *Hark! The herald angels sing*

Mendelssohn

1 Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing glo - ry to the new-born King!
2 Christ, by high-est heaven a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, born that we no more may die,

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
late in time be - hold him come, off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
born to raise us from the earth, born to give us sec - ond birth.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see; hail the in - car - nate De - i - ty.
Risen with heal - ing in his wings, light and life to all he brings,

with the an - gel - ic host pro - claim Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Pleased as man with us to dwell; Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!
hail, the Sun of Right - eous - ness! hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Refrain
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing glo - ry to the new-born King!

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt. Music: Mendelssohn, Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847); adapt. William H. Cummings (1831-1915)

Christmas Blessing

Our Carol Party follows in the parish hall. All are invited for wassail. Refreshment boxes for those who reserved them will be on the buffet. Mark your name off the list when you pick yours up. Please wear masks except when actively eating and drinking. Have a merry Christmas, everyone.

The St. Thomas Choir

T. Fredrick McKnight, *organist-choirmaster*

Sopranos

Debbie Anderson
Grace Burton-Edwards
Katie Holbrook
April Jacobs
Karen Lord
Emily Moore
Payne Newsome
Mary Ann Rahm
Adleyn Scott
Carrie Beth Wallace

Altos

Michelle Folta
Cindy Garrard
Elizabeth Hostetter
Ruth Nichols
Martha Robert
Louise Tulloh
Addison Walton
Ralph Wimberly
Susan Wirt
Molly Wright

Tenors

Raymond Campbell
Isiah Harper
Marquette McKnight
Jeffrey Oakman
Kevin Waldrup

Basses

Chris Barbee
Joseph Fischer
Seyi Isijola
Chris Walton
Ron Wirt

The Choir will be undertaking their third pilgrimage to Europe this July 1-11, being the choir-in-residence at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, Ireland. If you are interested in joining the group, as a singer or pilgrim, please be in touch with Rick McKnight before January 15.