

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
MARCH 28, 2018

7:00 PM TENEBRAE

Presider

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan

Director of Music

Mr. Jeff Kempskie

Cell Phones – Please turn off your cell phone or other electronic devices at any time you are in the Nave.

Hearing – Infrared headsets providing amplified sound are in the tract racks by the doors, or ask an usher.

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The Parish Calendar is Online at www.stmarks.net/calendar/month.

Restrooms and water fountains are available in the foyer and on the lower level.

Lost & Found is managed by our Parish Administrator. Please contact James (202-543-0053, ext. 306) to see if your item has been found or to turn in an item you've found.



Hanging over the central altar, **the Wooden Cross**, constructed of rough pine boards joined with dowels and stained in dark mahogany, this stark simple "old rugged cross," dedicated on November 22, 1922, was intended for use on non-festive occasions. It was designed and made by Bill Dannenmaier.

The Woodblock Prints of The Stations of the Cross, which are hanging in the Nave throughout Lent, were created by and given to St. Mark's by Tracy Council.



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 seeks to look deeper and deeper into the darkness in our world as we experience it today. As we gradually extinguish light, candle by candle, Jesus seems less and less present. The actual darkness of the service and the darkness of the pain in the world is a powerful call for God to make God's presence known to us here and now in the real agony of our brokenness.

Readings about current events are paired with Psalms of lament. Our ancestors cried out in the wilderness of their day just as we do today.

TENEBRAE

*The People enter the church in silence and proceed to their places.
The Office then begins with an invitation to the community.*

Prelude The Hollow Men

Vincent Persichetti (1915-1987)

Inspired by a poem of the same name by T.S. Eliot.

Dave Haglund, trumpet

OPENING NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader 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,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader Holy and Mighty, Redeemer of the world,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader Holy Immortal One, Sanctifier of the faithful,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader Holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, One God,

People Have mercy on us.

Gathering Silence

Psalm 55 *Exaudi, Deus*

All read in unison.

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.

POVERTY NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader Open our eyes to those we have neglected,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader From sloth, worldliness and love of money; from hardness of heart and contempt for your word and your laws,

People Savior deliver us.

Leader Enlighten us to use your resources for the betterment of humankind,

People Here us, O Christ.

Reading This C.S. Lewis piece from *The Screwtape Letters* points toward a poverty of spirit that leads toward the issues in the other nocturns, rather than financial poverty.

I like bats much more than bureaucrats. I live in the Managerial Age, in a world of "Admin." The greatest evil is not now done in the those sordid "dens of crime" that Dickens loved to paint. It is not done even in concentration camps and labour camps. In those we see its final result. But it is conceived and ordered (moved, seconded, carried, and minuted) in clean, carpeted, warmed, and well lit offices, by quiet men with white collars and cut fingernails and smooth-shaven cheeks who do not need to raise their voice. Hence, naturally enough my symbol for Hell is something like the bureaucracy of a police state or the offices of a thoroughly nasty business concern. . .

This symbol also enabled me to get rid of the absurd fancy that devils are engaged in the disinterested pursuit of something called Evil (the capital is essential). Mine have no use for any such turnip ghost. Bad angels, like bad men are entirely practical. They have two motives. First is the fear of punishment: for as totalitarian countries have their camps for torture, so my Hell contains deeper Hells, its "houses of correction." Their second motivation is a kind of hunger. I feign that devils can, in a spiritual sense, eat one another; and us. Even in human life we have seen the passion to dominate, almost to digest, one's fellow; to make his whole intellectual and emotional life merely an extension of one's own—to hate one's hatred and resent one's grievances and indulge one's egoism through him as well as through oneself. His own little store of passion must of course be suppressed to make room for ours.

Psalm 10 *Ut quid, Domine?*

All read in unison.

Why do you stand so far off, O Lord, *
and hide yourself in time of trouble?

The wicked arrogantly persecute the poor, *
but they are trapped in the schemes they have devised.

They lie in wait, like a lion in a covert;
they lie in wait to seize upon the lowly; *
they seize the lowly and drag them away in their net.

The innocent are broken
and humbled before them; *

4 the helpless fall before their power.

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

A candle is extinguished.

RACISM NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader Save your people, Holy God, and bless your inheritance,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader Let not the needy, O Lord, be forgotten,

People Hear us O Christ.

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

People Have mercy on us.

Reading From *The Hate U Give* by Angie Thomas

"When I was twelve, my parents had two talks with me.

One was the usual birds and bees.

The other talk was about what to do if a cop stopped me.

Momma fussed and told Daddy I was too young for that.

He argued that I wasn't too young to get arrested or shot.

"Starr-Starr, you do whatever they tell you to do," he said. "Keep your hands visible.

Don't make any sudden moves. Only speak when they speak to you."

I knew it must have been serious. Daddy has the biggest mouth of anybody I know, and if he said to be quiet, I needed to be quiet.

I hope somebody had the talk with Khalil.

He cusses under his breath, turns Tupac down, and maneuvers the Impala to the side of the street. We're on Carnation where most of the houses are abandoned and half the street lights are busted. Nobody around but us and the cop.

Khalil turns the ignition off. "I wonder what this fool wants."

The officer parks and puts his brights on. I blink to keep from being blinded.

The officer approaches the driver's door and taps the window. Khalil cranks the handle to roll it down. As if we aren't blinded enough, the officer beams his flashlight in our faces.

"License, registration, and proof of insurance."

Khalil breaks a rule—he doesn't do what the cop wants.

"What you pull us over for?"

"License, registration, and proof of insurance."

"I said what you pull us over for?"

"Khalil," I plead. "Do what he said."

"Where are you two coming from tonight?"

"Nunya," Khalil says, meaning none of your business.

"What you pull me over for?"

“Your taillight’s broken.”

“So are you gon’ give me a ticket or what?” Khalil asks.

“You know what? Get out of the car, smart guy.”

“Man, just give me my ticket—”

“Get out the car! Hands up, where I can see them.”

Khalil gets out with his hands up. The officer yanks him by his arm and pins him against the back door.

“Hands on the dashboard!” the officer barks at me. “Don’t move!”

“Stay here,” he tells Khalil. “And you.” He looks in the window at me. “Don’t move.”

The officer walks back to his patrol car.

My parents haven’t raised me to fear the police, just to be smart around them. They told me not to move while a cop has his back to you.

Khalil does. He comes to his door.

It’s not smart to make a sudden move.

Khalil does. He opens the driver’s door.

“You okay, Starr—”

Pow!

One. Khalil’s body jerks. Blood splatters from his back. He holds on to the door to keep himself upright.

Pow!

Two. Khalil gasps.

Pow!

Three. Khalil looks at me, stunned.

He falls to the ground.

Khalil stares at the sky as if he hopes to see God. His mouth is open like he wants to scream. I scream loud enough for the both of us.

Psalm 90 *Domine, refugium*

All read in unison.

- 1 Lord, you have been our refuge *
from one generation to another.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
or the land and the earth were born, *
from age to age you are God.
- 3 You turn us back to the dust and say, *
“Go back, O child of earth.”
- 4 For a thousand years in your sight
are like yesterday
when it is past *
and like a watch in the night.
- 5 You sweep us away like a dream; *
we fade away suddenly like the grass.

Hymn We Would Be One

Words by Samuel Anthony Wright,
Music by Jean Sibelius (*Finlandia*)

All sing while remaining seated.

The musical score is written on six staves in a 2/2 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are arranged in two columns below the notes, with lines of music corresponding to the lines of text. The lyrics are as follows:

1. We would be one as now we join in sing - ing
2. We would be one in build - ing for to - mor - row
— our hymn of love, to pledge our - selves a - new
— a no - bler world than we have known to - day.
— to that high cause of great - er un - der - stand - ing
— We would be one in search - ing for that mean - ing
— of who we are, and what in us is true.
— which binds our hearts and points us on our way.
— We would be one in liv - ing for each oth - er
— As one, we pledge our - selves to great - er ser - vice,
— to show to all a new com - mu - ni - ty.
— with love and jus - tice, strive to make us free.

A candle is extinguished.

WAR NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader From famine and disaster: from violence, murder, and dying unprepared,

People Savior deliver us.

Leader Forgive us, forgive our enemies, forgive those we persecute and our persecutors, turn our hearts and theirs,

People Savior deliver us.

Leader Guide the leaders of the nations into the ways of peace and justice.

People Hear us, O Christ.

Reading From *Blood Brothers* by Elias Chacour. This passage describes Israeli soldiers rounding up Palestinian men and boys.

Soldiers were hurrying men and older boys at gunpoint onto open backed trucks. More guards stood at the tailgates barking orders. In the doorways, women stood weeping, their babies and smaller children wailing loudly in their arms. Father and my brothers had already been jammed onto one of the trucks with several dozen other men, and we could no longer see them.

As the last tailgate slammed shut, the loudspeaker called out to the women. “We are taking your terrorists away. This is what happens to all terrorists. You will not see them again.” And then the trucks were rolling and rumbling away into the night. In the blackness, women flooded into the streets, sinking to their knees and weeping, calling the names of their husbands and sons.

Mother was too desolate to offer comfort to any of my aunts who came and hung on her shoulder. She walked numbly inside, and sat holding Wardi, Atallah and me long into the night. I clutched her skirt, shutting my eyes against the wails and screams. For a long time—I could not tell how long—I sat this way. I must have fallen asleep.

Psalm 74 *Ut quid, Deus?*

All read in unison.

O God, why have you utterly cast us off? *
why is your wrath so hot against the sheep of your pasture?
Remember your congregation that you
purchased long ago, *
the tribe you redeemed to be your inheritance,
and Mount Zion where you dwell.
They set fire to your holy place; *
they defiled the dwelling-place of your Name
and razed it to the ground.
They said to themselves, “Let us
destroy them altogether.” *
They burned down all the meeting-places of God in the land.
There are no signs for us to see;
there is no prophet left; *
there is not one among us who knows how long
the dark places of the
earth are haunts of violence.

Solo Peace among earth's peoples

Words & Music by Margery Selden

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

A candle is extinguished.

ENVIRONMENTAL NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader Holy God, Creator of heaven and earth,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader Give your people grace to care for the world entrusted to us by you,

People Hear us, O Christ.

Leader Empower us with your spirit to be good stewards of the resources we are called to preserve and share,

People Hear us, O Christ.

Reading Excerpt from *The Uninhabitable Earth* by David Wallace-Wells New York Magazine

The Earth has experienced five mass extinctions before the one we are living through now, each so complete a slate-wiping of the evolutionary record it functioned as a resetting of the planetary clock, and many climate scientists will tell you they are the best analog for the ecological future we are diving headlong into. Unless you are a teenager, you probably read in your high-school textbooks that these extinctions were the result of asteroids. In fact, all but the one that killed the dinosaurs were caused by climate change produced by greenhouse gas. The most notorious was 252 million years ago; it began when carbon warmed the planet by five degrees, accelerated when that warming triggered the release of methane in the Arctic, and ended with 97 percent of all life on Earth dead. We are currently adding carbon to the atmosphere at a considerably faster rate; by most estimates, at least ten times faster. The rate is accelerating. This is what Stephen Hawking had in mind when he said, this spring, that the species needs to colonize other planets in the next century to survive, and what drove Elon Musk, last month, to unveil his plans to build a Mars habitat in 40 to 100 years. These are nonspecialists, of course, and probably as inclined to irrational panic as you or I. But the many sober-minded scientists I interviewed over the past several months — the most credentialed and tenured in the field, few of them inclined to alarmism and many advisers to the IPCC who nevertheless criticize its conservatism — have quietly reached an apocalyptic conclusion, too: No plausible program of emissions reductions alone can prevent climate disaster.

Psalm 24 *Domini est terra*

All read in unison.

The earth is the Lord's and all that is in it, *
the world and all who dwell therein.

For it is he who founded it upon the seas *
and made it firm upon the rivers of the deep.

“Who can ascend the hill of the Lord? *
and who can stand in his holy place?”

“Those who have clean hands and a pure heart, *
who have not pledged themselves to falsehood,
nor sworn by what is a fraud.

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

A candle is extinguished.

GENOCIDE NOCTURN

Invitation

Leader Holy God, Creator of heaven and earth,

People Have mercy on us.

Leader From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and commandment,

People Good Lord, deliver us.

Leader Preserve all who are in danger, those who are persecuted, and those who are hated for their created being,

People We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.

Leader From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

People Good Lord, deliver us.

Reading From Amnesty International's Webpage on Syria 2017/2018
(accessed March 10, 2018)

Parties to the armed conflict committed war crimes and other grave violations of international humanitarian law and human rights abuses with impunity. Government and allied forces, including Russia, carried out indiscriminate attacks and direct attacks on civilians and civilian objects using aerial and artillery bombing, including with chemical and other internationally banned weapons, killing and injuring hundreds. Government forces maintained lengthy sieges on densely populated areas, restricting access to humanitarian and medical aid to thousands of civilians. Government forces and foreign governments negotiated local agreements which led to the forced displacement of thousands of civilians following prolonged sieges and unlawful attacks.

Security forces arrested and continued to detain tens of thousands of people, including peaceful activists, humanitarian workers, lawyers and journalists, subjecting many to enforced disappearances, torture or other ill-treatment and causing deaths in detention. Armed opposition groups indiscriminately shelled civilian areas and subjected predominantly civilian areas to prolonged sieges, restricting access to humanitarian and medical aid. The armed group Islamic State (IS) unlawfully killed and shelled civilians and used them as human shields. US-led coalition forces carried out attacks on IS in which civilians were killed and injured, at times violating international humanitarian law. By the end of the year, the conflict had caused the deaths of more than 400,000 people and displaced more than 11 million people within and outside Syria.

Psalm 22 *Deus, Deus meus*

All read in unison.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? *
and are so far from my cry
and from the words of my distress?
Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.
Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.
They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.
My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth; *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.
Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.
They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.
Be not far away, O Lord; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.
Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.²⁰ Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.

Solo A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

*The final candle is carried out of the Nave into the Chapel.
The people sit in silent prayer, leaving when ready.*

Postlude Sonata, Op. 51: Aria

Flor Peeters (1903-1986)

Dave Haglund, flugelhorn



Liturgical Leaders

| | |
|---------|--|
| Verger | David Deutsch |
| Readers | Raiford Gaffney Mike Novy Susan Sevier Nat White Jim Steed |



Holy Week at St. Mark's

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Maundy Thursday, March 29 | 12:00 pm Noon Eucharist, <i>Chapel</i> 6:00 pm Fellowship Hour, <i>Parish Hall</i> 7:00 pm Agape Feast, <i>Nave</i> 8:15 pm Holy Eucharist, <i>Nave</i> |
| Good Friday, March 30 | 12:00 pm Good Friday Service, <i>Nave</i> 1:30 pm Stations of the Cross, <i>Nave</i> 3:30 pm Stations of the Cross <i>at the U.S. Capitol</i> 7:00pm Good Friday Service, <i>Nave</i> |
| Holy Saturday, March 31 | 10:00 am Children's Easter Vigil <i>An interactive, all-generational walk through the last week of Jesus' life</i> |
| Easter Sunday, April 1 | 9:00 am Festival Eucharist, <i>Nave</i> 11:15 am Festival Eucharist, <i>Nave</i> 5:00 pm Contemplative Eucharist, <i>Nave</i> |

Easter Season Sermon Series

Death and Resurrection:
A multi-layered look

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| April 8 | Death |
| April 15 | What Resurrection means to me |
| April 22 | What Resurrection means to my community |
| April 29 | What Resurrection means to the church |
| May 6 | What Resurrection means to our country |
| May 13 | What does Resurrection mean to the world? |



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+

301 A STREET, SE
WASHINGTON, DC 20003

202-543-0053 (PHONE)

202-546-3695 (FAX)

WWW.STMARKS.NET

Office Directory

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan, Rector

michele@stmarks.net

The Reverend Cindy Dopp, Deacon

cindy@stmarks.net

Jeff Kempskie, Director of Music

jeff@stmarks.net

Caroline McReynolds-Adams, Director of Youth & Family Ministries

caroline@stmarks.net

Patricia Schans, Finance Manager

patricia@stmarks.net

James Rostron, Parish Administrator

parishadmin@stmarks.net

Katherine Philipson, Bulletin Coordinator

bulletin@stmarks.net

Andrew Arakawa, Seminarian

andrew@stmarks.net

Steve Seely, Deacon Intern

steve@stmarks.net

Adjunct Clergy: The Reverends Susan Flanders, William Flanders

The Vestry

Senior Warden

Nora Howell

seniorwarden@stmarks.net

Junior Warden

Kenn Allen

juniorwarden@stmarks.net

Class of '19

Stephanie Deutsch, Thia Hamilton, Beth Mahood

Class of '20

Tracy Councill, Jim Brooks, Alix Pereira

Class of '21

Christina Herman, Brandon Dunn Knight, Amber Macdonald

Officers

Martha Huizenga, *Treasurer*

Mary Anderson Cooper, *Register*

Michael Knipe, *Manciple*

Michael Knipe, *Counsel*

Diocesan Delegates

Cecilia Monahan

Jim Steed

Peter Nye

Announcements, not to exceed 150 words, are to be submitted to bulletin@stmarks.net by 5:00 pm on the Tuesday preceding the Sunday you wish the announcement to run.

CYCLE OF PRAYER

IN THE DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON

Chapel of the Intercession, Washington Hospital Center
Pray for all hospital, hospice, nursing home and healthcare chaplains
Pray for all parish nurses and healthcare providers
African Palms
Passover (March 31-April 7)

ANGLICAN COMMUNION

Bukuru - (Jos, Nigeria) The Rt Revd Jwan Zhumbes

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PARISH PRAYER LIST

Sylvie Kalas Braddock (Barbara Nelson's granddaughter) • J. Richard Brown
Jack Burton • Willie Clifford Jr. • Tony Cogswell (brother-in-law of Ruth Roman)
Joya Cox • Martha Connor-Donnelly • Taylor Emerson (Randy Marks' niece)
David & Michael Glaze • Joyce Gutson • Dave Haglund • Michael Henely
Olga Juarez Jose (Mary Ellison's partner) • Debbie Keysor
Alice Kistler (Kathryn Powers' sister) • Elizabeth Long • Lina Marks (Randy Marks' mother)
Lila Marks • Nat Marks • Barbara Nelson • Pamela Burton Moore (Jack Burton's daughter)
Ann-Mari Pierotti (Joan Pierotti's daughter) • Kristin Proctor (Student of Rosie Brooks)
Randell Prothro • Carol Roman • Louise Ruble (Alisa Ruble's Mother) • Rosalie Ryan
Gardner Van Scoyoc • Andrew Stafford • Arnold Taylor • Mary Welker

✠ ✠ ✠

THOSE OF OUR PARISH SERVING IN THE MILITARY

Vincent Alcazar (Parishioner) • Burr Barton (nephew of Jan Hamilton)
Clint Billings (son of Kevin Billings and Mary Louise Wagner)
P. J. Boehm (brother of Rachel Boehm) • Preston Brooks (Parishioner)
Todd Daniels (nephew of Jan Hamilton)
Stephen Dannenmaier (brother and brother-in-law of Bill and Molly Dannenmaier)
Jason Earnest (grandson of Lynda Smith-Bugge) • Benjamin Keltz (nephew of Jan Hamilton)
Kurt Hansen (nephew of Brock and Penny Hansen)
Joshua Russo, husband of Claire Russo • Weston Zarek (son of Tom Zarek)



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, office directory, and information about upcoming events and classes at St. Mark's.

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 am Holy Eucharist
 _____ 10 am Sermon Seminar
 _____ 11:15 am Holy Eucharist
 _____ 5 pm Contemplative Eucharist
 _____ Special (wedding, funeral, etc.)

Name _____

Email _____

Zip Code _____

Phone _____

I am interested in learning more about:

- _____ Worship
- _____ 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

Newcomers! Join us the first Sunday of each month in Baxter Hall on the main level from 10:45 to 11:15.

You can stay up to date on St. Mark's news by signing up online for the weekly Gospel e-newsletter at www.stmarks.net/contact-us/. If you'd like to join the St. Mark's Yahoo group, please contact George Meng at gem@menqlaw.com and ask to be added.