



TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH STAFF

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Ministers: The People of Trinity United Methodist Church

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District Superintendent: Brittany Isaac

Senior Pastor: Brian C. Smith

Pastor of Children & Youth: Kelli Harrison

Pastoral Intern: Abby Holcombe

Director of Music: Julia Davids

Office Manager: Amy Reimer

Organist: Andrea Handley

Nursery School Director: Sue Gaertner

Youth Choir Director: Anna Joy Buegel

Custodians: Louis Rice, Jaime Trejo, Sr., Jaime Trejo, Jr.

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PLEASE RECYCLE —Bins are located in the main entry & Parlor.



TRINITY
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
*A Welcoming Community of
 Compassion & Faith*

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT
DECEMBER 10, 2023

PRELUDE

Sussex Carol

arr. Dale Wood

Ben Melsky, harp; Andrea Handley, organ

WELCOME TO TRINITY

Abby Holcombe

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Hymnal No 211

Verses 1,2,6,7

OPENING PRAYER (in unison)

God of Peace, you sent your Son Jesus to reconcile us with you and one another. By your Spirit, make us instruments of your peace which surpasses human understanding and yet is possible; through Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. Amen.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER

After each petition ending "Send us your light." please respond saying: "Come, Lord Jesus."

THE LORD'S PRAYER

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, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

CHILDREN'S MESSAGE

Meredith Spors

SENDING SONG

Go With Them, Lord



Go with them, Lord, and guide the way through this and ev - ery com-ing day, that



in Your Spir - it strong and true their lives may be a gift to You.

SCRIPTURE READING Mark 1: 1-8

SERMON "Wondrous Peace" Rev. Dr. Brian C. Smith

MINISTRY IN MUSIC *Ceremony of Carols* Benjamin Britten Chancel Choir; Ben Melsky, harp

1. PROCESSION
2. WOLCUM YOLE!
3. THERE IS NO ROSE
4. THAT YONGE CHILD
Paige Dirkes-Jacks, mezzo soprano

5. BALULALOW
Anna Joy Buegel, soprano
6. AS DEW IN APRILLE
7. THIS LITTLE BABE

TRINITY WILMETTE THIS WEEK

GIVING OUR TITHES and OFFERINGS Invitation and Prayer of Dedication

Offertory *Ceremony of Carols* Benjamin Britten
Ben Melsky, harp

8. INTERLUDE

MINISTRY IN MUSIC *Ceremony of Carols* Benjamin Britten

9. IN FREEZING WINTER NIGHT
Anna Joy Buegel, soprano; Samuel Stalker, tenor

10. SPRING CAROL
Anna Joy Buegel, soprano; Paige Dirkes-Jacks, mezzo soprano

11. DEO GRACIAS
12. RECESSION

CLOSING HYMN *Star-Child* The Faith We Sing № 2095

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE *Toccata on O Come, O Come Emmanuel* arr. Page Long

*The flowers on the altar this morning are given by
Anne Mason in loving memory of Jean Loree Mason.*

10. DEO GRACIAS – THANKS TO GOD!

Adam lay bounden, bounden in a bond; four thousand winter thought he not to long. And all was for an appil, an appil that he tok, as clerkes finden written in their book. Ne had the appil take ben, ne hadde never our lady a ben hevene queen. Blessed be the time that appil take was. Therefore we moun singen. Thanks to God!

TRINITY BRITTEN CHOIR

SOPRANO:

Jamie Aramini
Anna Joy Buegel
Allison Selby Cook
Anne Mason
Diane Roberts
Dorothy Scott

ALTO:

Becky Davies
Paige Dirkes-Jacks
Kerry McNerney
Diane Rasmussen
Amy Reimer
Karen Weismehl

TENOR:

John Darrow
Tim Henry
Ken Rasinski
Denny Roberts
Pastor Brian Smith
Samuel Stalker

BASS:

Joe Barss
Solomon Davids
Michael Petterson
John Rittner
Dan Robinson
Kevin Wheatle

PROGRAM NOTES

British composer Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) studied music from an early age, entering the Royal Conservatory of Music in 1930. He spent 1939-1942 in America. During his return voyage Britten composed the famous choral work *Hymn to Saint Cecilia* as well as seven of the movements of ***A Ceremony of Carols***. Originally scored for treble chorus, soloists and harp, this SATB version was arranged in 1955 by Julius Harrison. The text is primarily in Old English with occasional Latin interjections. The traditional Latin *Hodie* text is used for the “Procession” and “Recession.” Many of the poems are anonymous with others by Cornish, Southwell and the Wedderburns. The work focuses on the miracle of God made man in Christ, especially on Christ’s humble birth and the humanity of his mother. Musically, Britten moves easily between duple and triple meters and major and minor triads throughout. The treble voice version premiered in 1942 and has become part of the standard choral and harp repertoire. We hope this moving music brings you closer to Christmas on your Advent journey. ~ Julia Davids

1. PROCESSION

Today Christ is born; today the Savior has appeared; today the Angels sing; the Archangels rejoice; today the righteous rejoice, saying ‘Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!’

2. WOLCUM YOLE!

Wolcum be thou hevene King, wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning, wolcum for whom we sall sing! Wolcum be ye, Steven and Jon, wolcum, innocentes every one, wolcum, Thomas marter one, wolcum be ye good Newe Yere, wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere, wolcum, seintes lefe and dere, wolcum Yole! Candelmesse, Quene of bliss, wolcum bothe to more and lesse. wolcum be ye that are here, wolcum Yole, wolcum alle and make good cheer! Wolcum alle another yere, wolcum Yole!

3. THERE IS NO ROSE

There is no rose of such vertu as is the rose that bare Jesu; Alleluia, Alleluia. For in this rose contained was heaven and earth in litel space, Resmiranda. (*Wonderful circumstance.*) By that rose we may well see there be one God in persons three, Pares forma (*Equal beauty*) The aungels sungen the shepherds to: Gloria in excelsis Deo! (*Glory to God in the highest!*) Gaudeamus. (*Let us rejoice.*) Leave we all this werldly mirth, and follow we this joyful birth. Transeamus. (*Let us cross over.*)

4. THAT YONGE CHILD

That yonge child when it gan weep with song she lulled him asleep: That was so sweet a melody it passed alle minstrelsy. The nightingale sange also: Her song is hoarse and nought thereto: Whoso attendeth to her song and leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

5. BALULALOW

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit, prepare thy creddil in my spreit, and I sall rock thee to my hert, and never mair from thee depart. But I sall praise thee evermoir with sange sweit unto thy gloir; the knees of my hert sall I bow, and sing that richt Balulalow!

6. AS DEW IN APRILLE

I sing of a maiden that is makeles: King of all kings to her son she ches. He came al so stille there his moder was, as dew in Aprille that falleth on the grass. He came al so stille to his moder's bour, as dew in Aprille that falleth on the flour. He came al so stille there his moder lay, as dew in Aprille that falleth on the spray. Moder and mayden was never none but she: Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

7. THIS LITTLE BABE

This little Babe so few days old, is come to rifle Satan's fold; all hell doth at his presence quake, though he himself for cold do shake; for in this weak un-armed wise the gates of hell he will surprise. With tears he fights and wins the field, his naked breast stands for a shield; his battering shot are babish cries, his arrows looks of weeping eyes, his martial ensigns Cold and Need, and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed. His camp is pitched in a stall, his bulwark but a broken wall; the crib his trench, haystacks his stakes; of shepherds he his muster makes; and thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels' trumps alarum sound. My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; stick to the tents that he hath pight. Within his crib is surest ward; this little Babe will be thy guard. If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

8. IN FREEZING WINTER NIGHT

Behold, a silly tender babe, in freezing winter night, in homely manger trembling lies alas, a piteous sight! The inns are full; no man will yield this pilgrim bed. But forced he is with silly beasts in crib to shroud his head. This stable is a Prince's court, this crib his chair of State; the beasts are parcel of his pomp, the wooden dish his plate. The persons in that poor attire His royal liveries wear; the Prince himself is come from heaven, this pomp is prized there. With joy approach, O Christian wight, do homage to they King. and highly praise his humble pomp, wiche from Heaven doth bring.

9. SPRING CAROL

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the birdes sing, the deer in the dale, the sheep in the vale, the corn springing. God's purvayance for sustenance, it is for man. The we always to give him praise, and thank him than.