



**JAN HUS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH & NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE**  
 A WELCOMING AND AFFIRMING CONGREGATION  
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*Pets are always welcome!*

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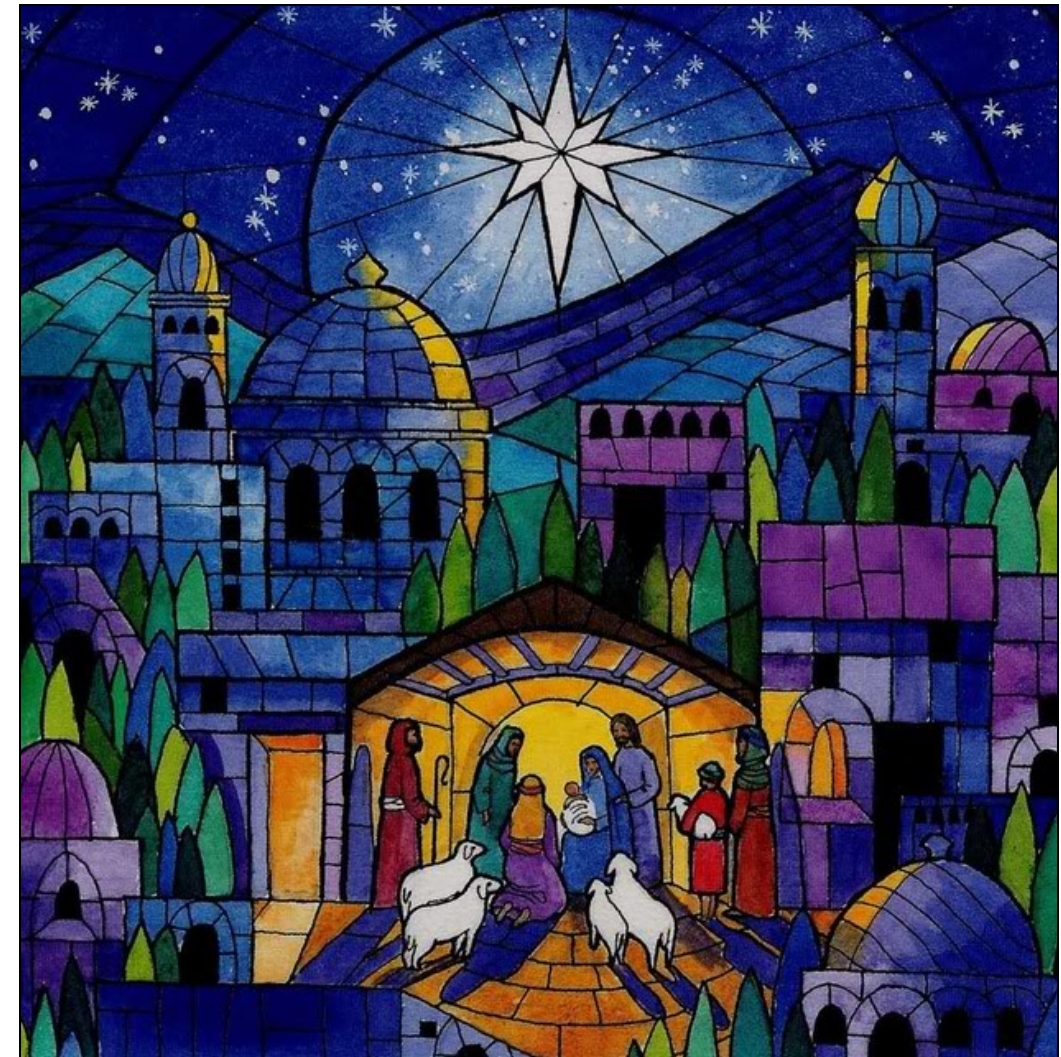
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Amy Conley	Outreach Consultant
David Kelley	Supervisor HOAP, Sr. Social Worker, MSW
Stanley M. Kusz	Hospitality Minister, Assistant to Pastor
Edmund Leary	Outreach – Clothing Distribution
Christian McLeer	Music Director
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Walter Marcus	Custodian, Hospitality
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20,1,2,19,18,3,4,17,16,5,6,15,14,7,8,13,12,9,10,11

**CHRISTMAS EVE  
 2011 C.E.**



**JAN HUS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE**

## JAN HUS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH & NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

"WHERE YOU ARE WELCOME, LONG BEFORE YOU ARRIVE."



Since 1888, the doors of this church have been open to those who seek a new way to engage with the Spirit and be nourished at the welcome table. In those early years, Jan Hus Presbyterian Church (first called the Bohemian Brethren Presbyterian Church) served the needs of the Czech immigrants who founded the church and named it after the martyr Jan Hus. Today, our mission has expanded to include people from many different walks in life who want to share this stage of their journey with others in a

God-centered community. We continue to honor our Czech founders by singing our closing hymn in the Czech language and often being visited by delegations and groups from the Czech Republic.

Worship at Jan Hus is a time for the Body of Christ to affirm God's vision for the world and witness the Gospel of Hope, Justice, and Love. We believe that God is greater than human language or experience, so you may notice that in order to more fully experience God we embrace language that acknowledges God the Mother and God the Father. We hold fast to the tenets of the Reformation that call for the priesthood of all believers, therefore ours is a community pulpit, one in which we hear the Scriptures interpreted by both clergy and laity, which allows for a greater reflection of the community as a whole – a diverse expression of the presence of God in each believer and at the core of our collective experience

At Jan Hus, we see the sermons that are offered as conversations that give us an opportunity to hear how God's voice speaks through each of us. We hope that you feel the invitation in such sermons, giving thought to new ways of seeing and hearing God, while deepening and affirming the beliefs we hold most true.

It is possible that worship at Jan Hus Presbyterian Church and Neighborhood House may seem different than what you expect. That's fine – we tend to agree that God loves to challenge us with the unexpected! Whatever your experience here, please know that you are truly welcome as one created by the God who loves us all.

We are happy to have you with us and thank God for bringing us together on this, the day that God has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it, especially on this Christmas Eve 2011, seeking to make each day a day in which we remember the birth of Christ.



\*Please stand if you are comfortable doing so.

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## BENEDICTION & GOING FORTH

"Light shines in the darkness  
and the darkness cannot overcome it,"  
proclaims the ancient word;

light stands firm against the dark landscape of reality,  
while warmth prances in rooms too long drafty.

Each of us holding a flickering candle;

seemingly insignificant one by one,  
yet magnificent when held together.

Each of us making a choice to stand in the light;

proclaiming the indisputable presence of unquenchable light.

Light shines in the darkness and the darkness cannot overcome it.

## POSTLUDE



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!

\*Please stand if you are comfortable doing so.

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\*HYMN #8: SILENT NIGHT

STILLE NACHT Irregular

Joseph Mohr, 1818

Trans. John Freeman Young, 1863

Franz Xaver Gruber, 1818

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round you  
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight, Glo - ries  
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant  
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Won-drous star, lend thy light; With the

vir - gin moth-er and child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
stream from heav-en a - far, Heav-en-ly hosts sing: "Al - le - lu - ia;  
beams from Thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."  
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born.

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

PRELUDE

CALL TO WORSHIP

When the world was dark and the city was quiet, you came.  
**You crept in beside us.**

And no one knew. Only the few who dared to believe  
that God might do something different.

**Will you do the same this Christmas?**

Will you come into the darkness of tonight's world?  
not the friendly darkness as when sleep rescues us from tiredness,  
but the fearful darkness, in which people have stopped believing  
that war will end or that food will come; or that a government will change  
or that the Church cares?

**Will you come into that darkness  
and do something different  
to save your people from hopelessness and despair?**

Will you come into the quietness of this town?  
not the friendly quietness as when lovers hold hands,  
but the fearful silence when the phone has not rung,  
the letter has not come; the friendly voice no longer speaks,  
the doctor's face says it all?

**Will you come into that darkness, and do something different,  
not to distract, but to embrace your people?  
And will you come into the dark corners and the quiet places of our lives?**

We ask this not because we are guilt-ridden  
or want to be, but because the fullness our lives longs for  
and depends upon us being as open and vulnerable to you  
as you were to us, when you came, wearing no more than diapers,  
and trusting human hands to hold their Maker.

**Will you come into our lives, if we open them to you  
and do something different?**

When the world was dark and the city was quiet you came.  
**You crept in beside us.**

Do the same this Christmas, Dear God.  
**Do the same this Christmas, please. Amen.**

\*OPENING HYMN #1: "O COME, O COME EMMANUEL"

VENI EMMANUEL LM with refrain

Latin, c. 12th century

Stanzas 1-2 trans. John Mason Neale, 1851; alt. 1854

Stanza 3 trans. Henry Sloane Coffin, 1916

Adapt. Thomas Helmore, 1854

Accomp. John Weaver, 1988

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som  
2. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its  
3. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All peo - ples

cap-tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile  
by Thine ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of  
in one heart and mind; Bid en - vy, strife, and dis - cord

here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
night, And death's dark shad - ows put to flight. Re-joice! Re-joice!  
cease; Fill the whole world with heav - en's peace.

Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

INVOCATION

Light looked down and saw darkness.

**"I will go there," said Light.**

Peace looked down and saw war.

**"I will go there," said Peace.**

Love looked down and saw hatred.

**"I will go there," said Love.**

So, the Brightest of Light, the Prince of Peace,  
the King & Queen of Love, all came down  
**and crept in beside us.**

PREPARING TO DEPART - SHARING THE LIGHT

*SHINE ON STAR OF BETHLEHEM,*

SABEEL LIBERATION THEOLOGY CENTRE, JERUSALEM

So we pray...

On the Eve of Christmas

**Hatred will vanish**

On the Eve of Christmas

**The earth will flourish**

On the Eve of Christmas

**War will be gone**

On the Eve of Christmas

**Love will be born**

When we offer a glass of water to a thirsty person

**It is Christmas**

When we clothe a person with a gown of love

**It is Christmas**

When we wipe the tears from weeping eyes

**It is Christmas**

When the spirit of revenge lives no more in me

**It is Christmas**

When I draw near to those I have kept distant

**It is Christmas**

When I am "all in" the being of God

**It is Christmas**



\*HYMN #7: STILL, STILL, STILL

Austrian carol Austrian melody  
 Trans. George K. Evans (b. 1917) Arr. Walter Ehret (b. 1918)

E $\flat$  E $\flat$ maj7 Cm Cm7 Fm B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

1. Still, still, still, He sleeps this night so chill! The  
 2. Sleep, sleep, sleep, He lies in slum - ber deep While

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

Vir - gin's ten - der arms en - fold - ing, Warm and safe the Child are hold - ing.  
 an - gel hosts from heaven come wing - ing, Sweet - est songs of joy are sing - ing.

E $\flat$  E $\flat$ maj7 Cm Cm7 Fm B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

Still, still, still, He sleeps this night so chill.  
 Sleep, sleep, sleep, He lies in slum - ber deep.

\*GATHERING & CENTERING: HYMN #2 O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

ADESTE FIDELES 6.6.10.5.6 with refrain

John Francis Wade (c. 1740-1743)  
 Trans. Frederick Oakeley, 1841

John Francis Wade (c. 1740-1743)  
 Harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,  
 \*3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion!

come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem!  
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry given;  
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove!

Come, and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels!  
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing!  
 Glo - ry to God, all Glo - ry in the high - est!

*Refrain*  
 O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -  
 dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord!

FIRST READING - THE STORY FROM LUKE 2:1-20

In those days a decree went out from Emperor Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration and was taken while Quirinius was governor of Syria. All went to their own towns to be registered. Joseph also went from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he was descended from the house and family of David. He went to be registered with Mary, to whom he was engaged and who was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for her to deliver her child. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

In that region there were shepherds living in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. Then an angel of God stood before them, and the glory of God shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid; for see—I am bringing you good news of great joy for all the people: to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is the Messiah, the Lord. This will be a sign for you: you will find a child wrapped in bands of cloth and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom God favors!' When the angels had left them and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, 'Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing that has taken place, which God has made known to us.' So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger. When they saw this, they made known what had been told them about this child; and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them. But Mary treasured all these words and pondered them in her heart. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.

SEVENTH READINGS - STILL

*IT WAS ON FIRE WHEN I LAY DOWN ON IT (EXCERPT), AS QUOTED BY ROBERT FULGHAM*

When I was a small child, during the war, we were very poor and we lived in a remote village. One day, on the road, I found the broken pieces of a mirror. A German motorcycle had been wrecked in that place.

I tried to find all the pieces and put them together, but it was not possible, so I kept only the largest piece. This one. And by scratching it on a stone I made it round. I began to play with it as a toy and became fascinated by the fact that I could reflect light in to dark places where the sun would never shine - in deep holes and crevices and dark closets. It became a game for me to get light into the most inaccessible places I could find.

I kept the little mirror, and as I went about my growing up, I would take it out in idle moments and continue the challenge of the game. As I became a man, I grew to understand that this was not just a child's game but a metaphor for what I might do with my life. I came to understand that I am not the light or the source of light. But light - truth, understanding, knowledge - is there, and it will only shine in many dark places if I reflect it.

I am a fragment of a mirror whose whole design and shape I do not know. Nevertheless, with what I have I can reflect light into the dark places of this world - into the black places in the hearts of me - and change some things in some people. Perhaps others may see and do likewise. This is what I am about. This is the meaning of life.

*JOHN 1:5 (ADAPTED)*

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people.

The light shines in the darkness.

Will the darkness understand?

SIXTH READINGS – SHINING

MARIANNE WILLIAMSON

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It is not just in some of us; it is in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

LUKE 8:16

No one after lighting a lamp hides it under a jar, or puts it under a bed, but puts it on a lampstand, so that those who enter may see the light.



OFFERTORY

**When the 5,000 were hungry, the disciples came to Jesus and said: “Send the people away, so they may get something to eat.”**

Jesus answered: “You give them something to eat.”

OFFERTORY RESPONSE

And the people reached in their pockets and there was abundance for all.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE FOLLOWED BY THE PRAYER THAT JESUS TAUGHT US

\*Please stand if you are comfortable doing so.

\*HYMN #3 IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

CAROL CMD

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1849

Richard Storrs Willis, 1850

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,  
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,  
4. For lo, the days are has-tening on, By proph-et bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:  
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,  
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

“Peace on the earth, good will to all, From heaven's all - gra - cious King”:  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,  
Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:  
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.  
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.  
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

\*Please stand if you are comfortable doing so.

The glowworm shines so long as the light-bringer has not arisen. But when the shining one has come up, its light is quenched, it glows no longer. Such is the shining of those being of a sect. So long as the rightly awakened ones arise not in the world, the teachers get no light, nor do their followers, and those of wrong views cannot be released from ill.



THIRD READING – HOPE – ISAIAH 9

The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who lived in a land of deep darkness-- on them light has shined.

For a child has been born for us, a son given to us; authority rests upon his shoulders; and he is named Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting One, Prince of Peace.

His authority shall grow continually, and there shall be endless peace for the throne of David and his kingdom. He will establish and uphold it with justice and with righteousness from this time onward and forevermore. The zeal of the GOD of hosts will do this.

\*HYMN #6: THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE

Gracia Grindal, 1983

Joy F. Patterson, 1988



The des - ert shall re - joice      And blos - som as      a rose:

1. It shall
2. For the
3. For the
4. For the
5. As the
6. Un - to



blos - som a - bun - dant - ly      And re - joice with praise and sing - ing.  
 ears of the deaf shall hear      And the blind, their eyes be o - pened.  
 tongue of the mute shall sing      And the lame will dance with glad - ness.  
 ground will be - come a pool      And the dry land springs of wa - ter.  
 ran - somed re - turn to God      And come sing - ing back to Zi - on.  
 Zi - on we come with joy,      For our God has come to save us.





FIFTH READINGS - PRESENCE

THOMAS 24

His disciples said to Him, "Show us the place where You are, since it is necessary for us to seek it." He said to them, "Whoever has ears, let him hear. There is light within a person of light, and it shines the whole world. If she or he does not shine, it is dark.

*CRIES OF THE SPIRIT*, HILDEGAARD OF BINGEN

I am the one whose praise  
echoes on high.

I adorn all the earth.

I am the breeze  
that nurtures all things  
green.

I encourage blossoms to flourish with ripening fruits.

I am led by the spirit to feed  
the purest streams.

I am the rain  
coming from the dew  
that causes grass to laugh  
with the joy of life.

I call forth tears,  
the aroma of holy work.

I am the yearning for the good.

\*HYMN #4 IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

CRANHAM Irregular

Christina Rossetti, c. 1872; alt.

Gustav Theodore Holst, 1906

1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, Frost - y wind made moan,  
2. Our God, heaven can - not hold Him, Nor earth sus - tain;  
3. An - gels and arch - an - gels May have gath - ered there,  
4. What can I give Him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as i - ron, Wa - ter like a stone;  
Heaven and earth shall flee a - way When He comes to reign:  
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Thronged the air;  
If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid - win - ter A sta - ble - place suf - ficed  
But His moth - er on - ly, In her maid - en bliss,  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part;

In the bleak mid - win - ter, Long a - go.  
The Lord God in - car - nate, Je - sus Christ.  
Wor - shiped the be - lov - ed With a kiss.  
Yet what I can I give Him: Give my heart.

FOURTH READINGS – SECRETS

*THE SECRET*, DENISE LEVERTOV

Two girls discover  
the secret of life  
in a sudden line of  
poetry.

I who don't know the  
secret wrote the line. They  
told me  
(through a third person)  
they had found it  
but not what it was,  
not even

what line it was. No doubt  
by now, more than a week  
later, they have forgotten  
the secret,

the line, the name of  
the poem. I love them  
for finding what  
I can't find,

and for loving me  
for the line I wrote:  
and for forgetting it  
so

a thousand times, till death  
finds them, they may  
discover it again, in other  
lines,

in other  
happenings. And for  
wanting to know it,  
for  
assuming there is  
such a secret, yes,  
for that  
most of all

LUKE 8:17

For nothing is hidden that will not be disclosed,  
nor is anything secret that will not become known  
and come to light.



\*HYMN #5 O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks, 1868

Lewis Henry Redner, 1868

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!  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by.  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to all on earth.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!