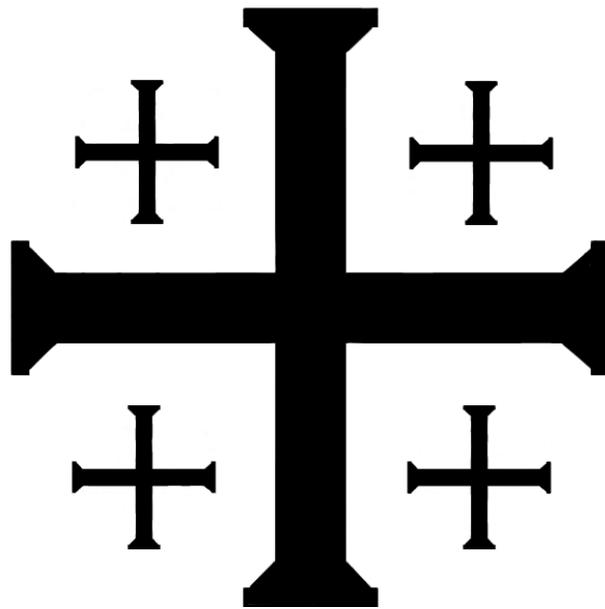


A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE FOR

Matthew Wayne Shepard

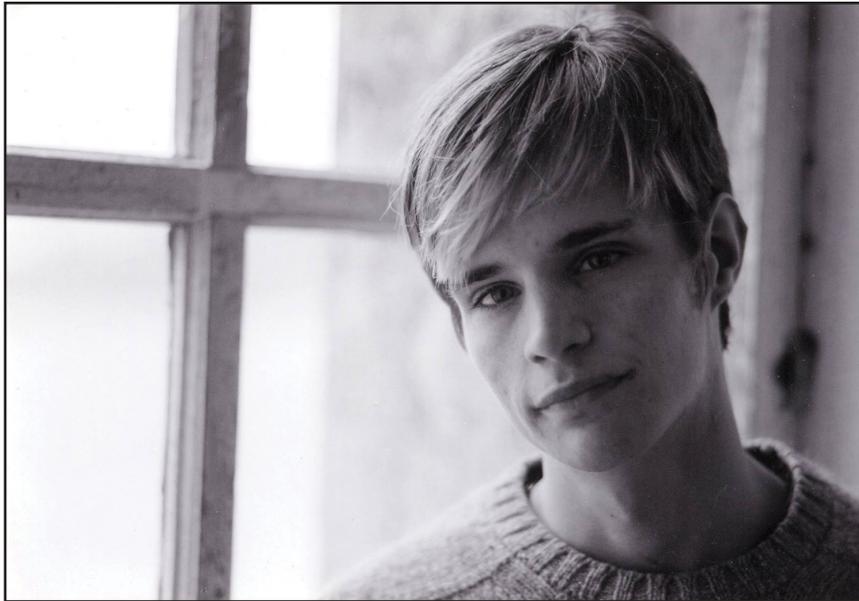
DECEMBER 1, 1976 — OCTOBER 12, 1998



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2018

10:00 A.M.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL



Matthew Wayne Shepard

Beloved son, brother, and friend, he continues to make a difference.
Peace be with him and all who remember his life.



CARILLON PRELUDE

CHORAL PRELUDE

Sung by Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, DC

Imagine

John Lennon (1940-1980); arr. Roel Griffioen

MLK

Rick Bennett, soloist

U2; arr. Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

The Road Home *Michael Aylward, soloist* *Prospect from Southern Harmony, 1835; adapted by Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)*

Al Shlosha D'Varim

Allan E. Naplan (b. 1972)

The world is sustained by three things: by truth, by justice, and by peace.

Beautiful City from *Godspell*

Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948); arr. Mac Huff

Make Them Hear You from *Ragtime*

Stephen Flaherty (b. 1960)

The people remain seated as the family arrives.

What Matters

Sung by Randi Driscoll

Randi Driscoll

You were the brightest angel
heaven had ever seen
you walked in with a story to tell and ten thousand tongues to scream and you said
doesn't your heart beat the same as mine
haven't I told you a thousand times
isn't the air in my lungs the same air you breathe

Refrain So who cares whose arms I'm all wrapped up in,
Who cares whose eyes I see myself in
Who cares who I dream of,
Who cares who I love?

Heaven help me for I am lost
what a price my love did cost
but here I am standing strong and I am free
and didn't we share the same sunrise and sleep in the same moonlight
isn't the blood in my veins the same blood you bleed, so...

Refrain

When I die
and they lay my body down
the peace that I will find is the peace that brings us all around, it brings us all around

Doesn't my mother cry like everyone,
my father grieve for his lonely son,
but isn't my rainbow a little brighter, because...

Refrain

Cause in the end it only matters that I was loved and I am loved
Love has no face, love has no face, love has no face

INTROIT

Sung by Conspirare

Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

Introit from Considering Matthew Shepard

Most noble evergreen with your roots in the sun:
you shine in the cloudless sky of a sphere no earthly eminence can grasp,
You blush like the dawn,
you burn like a flame of the sun.

(Hildegard von Bingen, 1098-1179, tr. Barbara Newman)

THE ENTRANCE

The bourdon bell tolls at the procession.

The people stand as able.

OPENING SENTENCES

I am the resurrection and the life.
Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live,
and everyone who lives and believes in me will never die.

And everyone who has life,
and has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die forever.

The people are seated at the invitation of the bishop.

WELCOME

The Right Reverend Mariann Edgar Budde

The Right Reverend V. Gene Robinson

The people stand as able.

CALL TO WORSHIP

<i>Bp. Budde</i>	God is with us. God's love unites us. God's purpose steadies us. God's Spirit comforts us.
<i>People</i>	Blessed be God forever.

OPENING HYMN AND PRAYERS

Morning has broken

Buinessan

Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing, black-bird has spo - ken
 like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!

Simon Palmore God, the maker and Redeemer of all, grant us with Matthew and all the faithful departed, the sure benefits of Jesus' saving passion and glorious resurrection, that in the last day, when you gather all into Christ, we may enjoy the fullness of your promises; through Jesus Christ, our Savior, who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God in glory everlasting.

People **Amen.**

Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing, black-bird has spo - ken
 like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!

Bp. Robinson O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered: Make us, we pray, deeply aware of the shortness of human life. We remember before you this day our brother Matthew and all who have lost their lives to violent acts of hate. We pray that the gifts of all your lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and queer children may be recognized, welcomed, and celebrated in the world and in your Church. In your holy Name we pray.

People **Amen.**

Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from hea - ven, like the first dew - fall
 on the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet
 gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where his feet pass.

Paige Garcia Holy and everliving God, we thank you because you made us in your own image and gave us gifts in body, mind, and spirit. We thank you for the life of Matthew and for all that you did through him. As we honor his memory, make us more aware that you are the one from whom comes every perfect gift, including the gift of eternal life.

People Amen.

Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing born of the one light
 E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - ery
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion, of the new day!

Bp. Easterling God our Comforter, you are a refuge and a strength for us, a helper close at hand in times of distress. Help us so to hear the words of our faith that our fear is dispelled, our loneliness eased, and our hope awakened. May your Holy Spirit lift us above our natural sorrow to the peace and light of your constant love; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

People Amen.

The people are seated.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was thought to be a disaster, and their going from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in the sight of others they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good, because God tested them and found them worthy of himself; Those who trust in him will understand truth, and the faithful will abide with him in love, because grace and mercy are upon his holy ones, and he watches over his elect.

The Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

ANTHEM

*Sung by Conspirare and the Rock Creek Singers**We Are All Sons from Considering Matthew Shepard*

C.H. Johnson

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and
 fly away.
 And yellow leaves of autumn which have no songs flutter
 and fall there with a sigh.
 Once we dreamt that we were strangers.
 We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

We are all sons of fathers and mothers
 We are all sons
 We are all rivers
 The roar of waters, we are all sons

Sometimes no home for us here on the earth
 No place to lay our heads
 We are all sons of fathers and mothers

If you could know for one moment
 How it is to live in our bodies
 Within the world

If you could know
 You ask too much of us
 You ask too little

We are all sons of fathers and mothers
 We are all sons

(Michael Dennis Browne, b. 1940)

THE SECOND READING

Read by The Reverend Canon Anne E. Kitch

Romans 8:14-19, 34-35, 37-39

All who are led by the Spirit of God are children of God. For you did not receive a spirit of slavery to fall back into fear, but you have received a spirit of adoption. When we cry, "Abba! Father!" it is that very Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ—if, in fact, we suffer with him so that we may also be glorified with him.

I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory about to be revealed to us. For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the children of God.

Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

ANTHEM

Sung by GenOUT Chorus

I Was Here

Gary Burr, Hillary Scott, and Victoria Shaw; arr. Mark Billingsley

You will notice me
I'll be leavin' my mark, like initials carved in an old oak tree
You wait and see
Maybe I'll write like Twain wrote
Maybe I'll paint like Van Gogh
Cure the common cold
I don't know but I'm ready to start 'cause I know in my heart

I wanna do something that matters
Say something different
Something that sets the whole world on its ear
I wanna do somethin' better, with the time I've been given
And I wanna try to touch a few hearts in this life
And leave nothin' less than something that says I was here

I will prove you wrong
If you think I'm all talk, you're in for a shock
'Cause this streams too strong, and before too long
Maybe I'll compose symphonies
Maybe I'll fight for world peace
'Cause I know it's my destiny to leave more than a trace of myself in this place

I wanna do something that matters
Say something different
Something that sets the whole world on its ear
I wanna do somethin' better, with the time I've been given
And I wanna try to touch a few hearts in this life
And leave nothin' less than something that says I was here

Wanna do somethin' that matters
Somethin' that says I was here
Wanna do somethin' that matters
Somethin' that says I was here, I was here

I wanna do something that matters
Say something different
Something that sets the whole world on its ear
I wanna do somethin' better, with the time I've been given
I wanna do something better, with the time I've been given
And I know that I will do more than just pass through this life
I'll leave nothin' less than somethin' that said
"I was here."

The people stand as able.

HYMN

Great is thy faithfulness

Faithfulness



1. Great is thy faith-ful-ness, O God my Fa-ther, there is no sha-dow of turn-ing with thee;
 2. Sum-mer and win-ter, and spring-time and har-vest, sun, moon and stars in their cours-es a - bove,
 3. Par-don for sin and a peace that en - dur-eth, thine own dear pres-ence to cheer and to guide;



thou chang-est not, thy com-pas-sions, they fail not, as thou hast been thou for - ev - er wilt be.
 join with all na-ture in man - i - fold wit-ness, to thy great faith - ful-ness, mer - cy and love.
 strength for to - day and bright hope for tom - or - row, bless-ings all mine, with ten thou-sand be - side!

Refrain



Great is thy faith-ful-ness! Great is thy faith-ful-ness! Morn-ing by morn-ing new mer-cies I



see; all I have need - ed thy hand hath pro - vid-ed, great is thy faith - ful-ness, Lord un - to me!

THE GOSPEL

Mark 12:28-31

Cn. Cope The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to Mark.

People **Glory to you, Lord Christ.**

One of the scribes came near and heard the Saducees disputing with one another, and seeing that Jesus answered them well, he asked him, "Which commandment is the first of all?" Jesus answered, "The first is, 'Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is one; you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength.' The second is this, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."

Cn. Cope The Gospel of the Lord.

People **Praise to you, Lord Christ.**

The people are seated at the invitation of Bishop Robinson.

THE HOMILY

The Right Reverend V. Gene Robinson

All of Us from Considering Matthew Shepard

What could be the song?
 Where begin again?
 Who could meet us there?
 Where might we begin?
 From the shadows climb,
 Rise to sing again;
 Where could be the joy?
 How do we begin?

Never our despair,
 Never the least of us,
 Never turn away,
 Never hide our face;
 Ordinary boy,
 Only all of us,
 Free us from our fear,
 Only all of us.

What could be the song?
 Where begin again?
 Who could meet us there?
 Where might we begin?
 From the shadows climb,
 Rise to sing again;
 Where could be the joy?
 How do we begin?

Never our despair,
 Never the least of us,
 Never turn away,
 Never hide your face;
 Ordinary boy,
 Only all of us,
 Free us from our fear.

Only in the Love,
 Love that lifts us up,
 Clear from out the heart
 From the mountain's side,
 Come creation come,
 Strong as any stream;
 How can we let go? How can we forgive?
 How can we be dream?

(M. D. Browne and C.H. Johnson)

The people stand as able.

Out of heaven, rain,
 Rain to wash us free;
 Rivers flowing on,
 Ever to the sea;
 Bind up every wound,
 Every cause to grieve;
 Always to forgive,
 Only to believe.

[Chorale:]

*Most noble Light, Creation's face,
 How should we live but joined in you,
 Remain within your saving grace
 Through all we say and do
 And know we are the Love that moves
 The sun and all the stars?
 O Love that dwells, O Love that burns
 In every human heart.*

(Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up!)

*This evergreen, this heart, this soul,
 Now moves us to remake our world,
 Reminds us how we are to be
 Your people born to dream;
 How old this joy, how strong this call,
 To sing your radiant care
 With every voice, in cloudless hope
 Of our belonging here.*

Only in the Love . . .
 Only all of us . . .

(Heaven: Wash me...)

All of us, only all of us.

What could be the song?
 Where do we begin?
 Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up.

All of Us

All

AFFIRMATION OF FAITH

Bp. Budde Let us declare our faith in God.
People **We believe in God the Creator,
from whom every family
in heaven and on earth is named.**

**We believe in God the Son,
who lives in our hearts through faith,
and fills us with his love.**

**We believe in God the Holy Spirit,
who strengthens us
with power from on high.**

**We believe in one God;
Creator, Son and Holy Spirit.
Amen.**

THE PRAYERS

Cn. Duncan Let us pray to God our Creator, singing, Hear our prayer.

The cantor introduces the refrain; then all repeat.

People



People

God, your will for us is abundant life; may Matthew know the fullness of life in your presence.
Refrain.

People

You know the thoughts of our hearts and our search for faith; shed the brightness of your light on Matthew,
who also sought understanding.
Refrain.

Jack Kelly
People

You are greater than all our ideas and images of you; draw Matthew into the mystery of your being.
Refrain.

People

We know you as perfect Mercy and Love; give Matthew knowledge of that love and mercy.
Refrain.

Rebecca York
People

We praise you as the giver of life; gather all who mourn into the hope of renewed life.
Refrain.

People

The Church commends all who die to the care of Christ, the love of God, and the communion of
the Holy Spirit; and so we commend Matthew to you, giving thanks for the gift of his life.
Refrain.

Bp. Budde
People

Almighty God, to whom all the desires of our hearts are known before we ask, hear our prayers for Matthew,
and for all who mourn, and grant us newness of life, and peace.
Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Bp. Easterling With faith and hope, we pray,
People **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,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Bp. Robinson Compassionate God, hear the cry of our hearts for all whose lives are diminished by injustice, prejudice, or violence. Renew their hope, restore their confidence, and hasten the day when your kingdom shall come on earth as it is in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

People **Amen.**

The people are seated.

MUSICAL SELECTION

Sung by Conspirare

Gently Rest (Deer Lullaby) from Considering Matthew Shepard

C.H. Johnson

Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Spirit shining, resting in creation
Universe is holding you so deeply
Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Deer beside you, hear your brother breathing
With you always in your starry shelter
Dreaming in the holy home of wonder
Universe is holding you so deeply
Light of every sun you felt around you
Blessing bringing our own hearts of longing
Spirit sleeping in the arms of ages
Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Universe now dreaming you so deeply
Spirit shining, home within creation
Dreaming in eternal light of wonder
Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Spirit sleeping in the arms of angels
Gently rest...

(M.D. Browne and C.H. Johnson)

The people stand as able.

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

Bp. Budde For there is nothing in death or life, in the world as it is, or this world as it shall be, nothing in all creation, that can separate us from the love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord.

In confidence, therefore, we entrust Matthew to your keeping in the faith of Jesus Christ who died and rose again, and now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit in glory for ever.

Bp. Easterling Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
People **where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

Bp. Robinson O God of the living and the dead, you have trampled upon death and abolished the power of evil, giving life to your world. Give to your departed servant Matthew rest in a place of light, in a place of tranquility, in a place of refreshment, where there is no pain, nor sorrow, nor suffering. For you, Christ our God, are the resurrection, the life, and the repose of your servant Matthew, and to you we give glory, with your eternal Father and your all-holy, good, and life-giving Spirit, now and for ever.

People **Amen.**

THE BLESSING

Bishop Budde blesses the people, and the people respond, Amen.

DISMISSAL

Cn. Cope Go in peace. Live in love, as Christ loved us.
People **Thanks be to God.**

The people remain standing as the procession leaves the nave. All are asked to remain at their seats until directed by the ushers.

A private inurnment follows the service.

MUSICAL SELECTION

Sung by Conspirare

Meet Me Here from *Considering Matthew Shepard*

C.H. Johnson

Meet me here
Won't you meet me here
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins
There's a balm in the silence
Like an understanding air
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins

We've been walking through the darkness
On this long, hard climb
Carried ancestral sorrow
For too long a time
Will you lay down your burden
Lay it down, come with me
It will never be forgotten
Held in love, so tenderly

Then we'll come to the mountain
We'll go bounding to see
That great circle of dancing
And we'll dance endlessly
And we'll dance with the all the children
Who've been lost along the way
We will welcome each other
Coming home, this glorious day

We are home in the mountain
And we'll gently understand
That we've been friends forever
That we've never been alone
We'll sing on through any darkness
And our Song will be our sight
We can learn to offer praise again
Coming home to the light.

(C.H. Johnson)

The congregation may depart quietly or remain for a period of reflection.

Clergy are available in the chapels on the main level during the time of reflection for prayers. Ushers are available to direct you.



Those wishing to honor Matthew Shepard with a memorial gift may do so by contributing to

The Matthew Shepard Foundation, 800 18th St., Suite 101, Denver, CO 80202

or to

Washington National Cathedral, 3101 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20016.

TIME OF REFLECTION

Shall We Gather

Robert Lowry (1826–1899)

Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet have trod. With its crystal tide forever flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river; Gather with the saints at the river that flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river, lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, and provide a robe and crown.

Refrain

Soon we'll reach the silver river, soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver with the melody of peace.

Refrain

Agnus Dei

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi miserere nobis. Dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Grant us peace.

(*John 1:29*)

Light of a Clear Blue Morning

Dolly Parton (b. 1946); arr. Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

It's been a long dark night and I've been a waitin' for the morning. It's been a long hard fight but I see a brand new day a-dawning. I've been looking for the sunshine cause I ain't seen it in so long But everything's gonna work out just fine, everything's gonna be all right that's been all wrong.

Cause I can see the light of a clear blue morning. I can see the light of a brand new day. I can see the light of a clear blue morning, and everything's gonna be all right, its gonna be ok.

True Colors/Wondrous love

Tom Kelly (b. 1949), Billy Steinberg (b. 1950), arr. C.H. Johnson

You with the sad eyes don't be discouraged. Oh, I realize it's hard to take courage in a world full of people. You can lose sight of it all and the darkness inside you can make you fell so small. I see your true colors shining through. I see your true colors and that's why I love you. So don't be afraid to let them show your true colors. True colors are beautiful like a rainbow.

(What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, O my soul!)

We Tell Each Other Stories

We tell each other stories so that we will remember. Try and find the meaning in the living of our days. Always telling stories, wanting to remember where and whom we came from, who we are sometimes. There's a story that's painful to remember, one that breaks the heart of us all, still we tell the story. We're listening and confessing what we have forgotten in the story of us all. We tell each other stories so that we will remember, trying to find the meaning. *I am open to hear this story about a boy, an ordinary boy, who never had expected his life would be this story, (could be any boy) I am open to hear a story. Open, listen. All.*

Ordinary Boy (with words from Matt's journals)

Let's talk about Matt *Ordinary boy, ordinary boy, ordinary boy...* Born in December in Casper, Wyoming *Ordinary boy* to a father, Dennis and a mother, Judy *Ordinary boy, ordinary boy.* Then came a younger brother, Logan. *Ordinary boy.* His name was Matthew Wayne Shepard. And one day his name came to be known around the world. But as his mother said: Judy Shepard: You knew him as Matthew. To us he was Matt. He went camping, he went fishing, even hunting for a moose. He read plays and he read stories and especially *Dr. Seuss.* He wrote poems with illustrations for the neighbors on the street and he left them in each mailbox till he learned it was illegal.

He made friends and he wore braces and his frame was rather small he sang songs his father taught him *Frere Jacques...Row Row Row Your Boat...Twinkle Twinkle Little Star...* He was my son, my first-born, and more. He was my friend, my confidant, my constant reminder of how good life can be — and...how hurtful. How good life can be, how good life can be. *Matt's laugh, his wonderful hugs, his stories...*

Matt writes about himself in a notebook: *I am funny, sometimes forgetful and messy and lazy. I am not a lazy person though. I am giving and understanding. And formal and polite. I am sensitive. I am honest. I am sincere. And I am not a pest. I am not a pest, I am not a pest...I am my own person. I am warm.*

I want my life to be happy and I want to be clearer about things. I want to feel good. I love Wyoming...I love Wyoming very much...I love theatre. I love good friends. I love succeeding. I love pasta. I love jogging. I love walking and feeling good. I love Europe and driving and music and helping and smiling and Charlie and Jeopardy. I love movies and eating and positive people and pasta and driving and walking and jogging and kissing and learning and airports and music and smiling and hugging and being myself. I love theatre! I love theatre! And I love to be on stage!

Such an ordinary boy living ordinary days, in an ordinary life so worth living. He felt ordinary yearning and ordinary fears with an ordinary hope for belonging. He felt ordinary yearning and ordinary fears, with an ordinary hope for belonging (*Born to live this ordinary life*). Just an ordinary boy living ordinary days with extraordinary kindness, extraordinary laughter, extraordinary shining, extraordinary light and joy. Joy and light. I love, I love, I love...Ordinary boy, ordinary boy.

Matthew's aria: In Need of Breath

My heart Is an unset jewel upon the tender night, yearning for its dear old friend The Moon. When the Nameless One debuts again ten thousand facets of my being unfurl wings and reveal such a radiance inside. I enter a realm divine I too begin to sweetly cast light, like a lamp, I cast light through the streets of this World. My heart is an unset jewel, upon existence, waiting for the Friend's touch.

Tonight

Tonight my heart is an unset ruby, offered bowed and weeping to the Sky. I am dying in these cold hours for the resplendent glance of God. My heart is an unset jewel upon the tender night. My heart is an unset ruby, offered bowed and weeping to the Sky.

Deer Song (Creation Always Holding Us)

Michael Dennis Browne (b. 1940) and C. H. Johnson

Deer: A mist is over the mountain, the stars in their meadows upon the air. Your people are waiting below them, and you know there's a gathering there. All night I lay there beside you, I cradled your pain in my care. We move through creation together, and we know there's a welcoming there.

Welcome, welcome, sounds the song. Calling, calling clear; always with us, evergreen heart. Where can we be but there?

Matthew: I'll find all the love I have longed for, the home that's been calling my heart so long. So soon I'll be cleansed in those waters, my fevers forever be gone. Where else on earth but these waters? No more, no more to be torn. My own ones, my dearest, are waiting And I'll weep to be where I belong.

Welcome, welcome, sounds the song. Calling, calling clear; always with me, evergreen heart, where can I be but here?

It Singeth Low

Scotch traditional; arr. John W. Chadwick (1840-1909)

It singeth low in every heart, we hear it each and all; a song of those who answer not, however we may call. They throng the silence of the breast; we see them as of yore; the kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up, when these have laid it down; they brightened all the joy of life, they softened every frown. But, Oh, 'tis good to think of them when we are troubled sore; thanks be to God that such have been, although they are here no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown since they have entered there; to follow them were not so hard, wherever they may fare. They cannot be where God is not, on any sea or shore; whate'er betides, Thy love abides, our God, forevermore.

One Voice

Ruth Moody (b. 1975)

I Love You / What a Wonderful World

Larry Norman (b. 1947), Randy Stonehill (b. 1952), Robert Thiele (1922-1996), George David Weiss (1921-2010); arr. C.H. Johnson

Unclouded Day

J. K. Alwood (1828-1909); arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)

O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, they tell me of a land far away. Where the tree of life in eternal bloom, sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

O the land of cloudless days, O the land of an unclouded sky. O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise. O they tell me of an unclouded day.

Optional Selections:

The Road Home Tune “Prospect” from *Southern Harmony*

Michael Dennis Browne arr. Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)

Not One Sparrow is Forgotten

Shaker hymn; arr. William Hawley (b. 1950)

Considering Matthew Shepard Suite Credits

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SERVICE PARTICIPANTS

OFFICIATING CLERGY

The Right Reverend Mariann Edgar Budde
Bishop, Episcopal Diocese of Washington

The Right Reverend V. Gene Robinson
The 9th Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire (retired)
Bishop-in-Residence, Saint Thomas' Parish, Dupont Circle

Bishop LaTrelle Easterling
Baltimore – Washington Conference
The United Methodist Church

The Reverend Canon Jan Naylor Cope
Provost, Washington National Cathedral

The Reverend Canon Rosemarie Logan Duncan
Canon for Worship, Washington National Cathedral

READERS

Opening Prayers

Simon Palmore
St. Albans School

Paige Garcia

SMYAL (Supporting and Mentoring Youth Advocates and Leaders)

Scripture

Matthew Sheets
St. Albans School

The Reverend Canon Anne E. Kitch
Canon to the Ordinary, Episcopal Diocese of Bethlehem

Intercessors

Jack Kelly
St. Albans School

Rebecca York

SMYAL (Supporting and Mentoring Youth Advocates and Leaders)

MUSICIANS

Dr. Edward M. Nassor
Carillonneur

Randi Driscoll
Singer/songwriter

Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, DC,
Rock Creek Singers, and GenOUT Chorus
Thea Kano, *Artistic Director*
C. Paul Heins, *Associate Conductor*
Theodore Guerrant, *Principal Accompanist*

Conspirare
Craig Hella Johnson, *Artistic Director*

CARILLON PRELUDE SELECTIONS

Lord, make us servants of your peace

Vocalise

Sarabande

Three Hymntunes

O Salutaris

Morning Has Broken

Dickinson College; arr. Sally Slade Warner
Sergei Rachmanionoff (1873-1943); arr. Jeff Davis
Ronald Barnes (1927-1997)

Calvin Hampton (1938-1984); arr. Joseph Davis Abreu, De Tar, Pambrun
Arthur Honegger (1892-1955); arr. John C. Ellis
Bunessan; arr. Milford Myhre



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