

8 AM & 10 AM

MORNING PRAYER, RITE II

Sunday, March 27

The Fourth Sunday in Lent



TRINITY CHURCH
IN THE CITY OF BOSTON



TrinityEvents

FYI: 20s & 30s are gathering at 6:15 pm today, 3/27, outside Trinity Church for food and fellowship. Feel free to bring a friend and/or a conversation topic you'd like to share.



FORMATION

Lenten Forum Series: Evil & Temptation (Mark 6-8 and 'Salem's Lot)

Sun., 3/27, 11:15 am,
Church and livestreamed

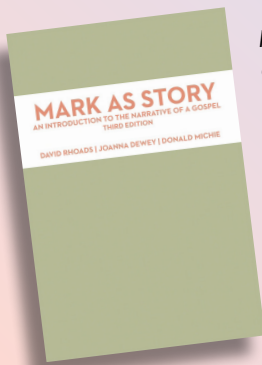
Daring Mark's graphic account of John the Baptist's beheading (6:14-29) in conversation with the horrors of the Marsten House – and, more broadly, Castle Rock and Jerusalem's Lot, Maine – we will consider evil's portrayals in the Gospel and in 'Salem's Lot.

Tues., 3/29, 7 pm, **on Zoom**

We will set the "Once upon a time" opening of *Cujo* in the context of Jesus's teaching on evil's origins (6:14-23). In small groups, we will ask: What is evil's nature? Is evil within us? Between us? A force beyond us? Do we create evil, or does evil woo us to its will, tempt us into its bidding?

Join us on Zoom by scanning the QR code or by visiting trinitychurchboston.org/calendar. Or dial in with **1-646-558-8656** and enter Meeting ID: **821 2826 6203**.

Our Lenten Forum Series is on Sundays at 11:15 am, in-person and via livestream to trinitychurchboston.org/live-worship and [facebook.com/trinitychurchboston](https://www.facebook.com/trinitychurchboston); and on Tuesdays at 7 pm on Zoom. The series continues through April 26; with no classes during the week of April 17



In the course of our study, we will read aloud all of Mark's Gospel, using the translation from **Mark As Story, available in the Shop** for a suggested donation of \$15 (and at a higher price via Amazon and other online booksellers). This translation presents the Gospel in a form without verse breaks and intends to convey the narrative as its own deliberate, coherent, story world.

People can acquire the book between 10 am and 4:30 pm on Thursday through Saturday in the Narthex.

THIS WEEK

Guided Tour of Trinity

Fri., 4/1, 11 am, Church

We welcome you to arrive early for our docent-led tour where you will be guided through Trinity Church and see why ours is one of the ten buildings that changed America! You will get a behind-the-scenes look at this architectural masterpiece including its unique collection of stained-glass windows by designers such as William Morris and John LaFarge, its murals, wood carvings and more. The tour is \$10—but note that it is free if you are a parishioner.

First Fridays at Trinity Organ Concert

Fri., 4/1, 12:15 pm, Church

Trinity is pleased to announce the resumption of our "Fridays at Trinity" organ recital series, now temporarily rebranded as "First Fridays at Trinity," beginning this Friday, April 1, at 12:15 pm. First up for our 30-minute concerts on the magnificently restored Trinity organ will be Andrew Sheranian, Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints Church, Ashmont. A suggested donation of \$10 will support the work of this self-sustaining series.

[Jump to the supplement for today's Formation by clicking here.](#)



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Trinity Church
in the City of Boston
206 Clarendon Street, Boston, MA 02116
617-536-0944 + trinitychurchboston.org



WELCOME



Whether you're new among us or you've been worshipping here for years, we look forward to helping you make a home for faith at Trinity.

Complete the short Welcome Form at trinitychurchboston.org/welcome so we can get to know you better. You can also scan the QR code to reach the form.



LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

Wear a Mask



Masks can be cloth with filter, surgical, or N95, and must cover the entire nose and mouth.

Bandanas, scarves, and gaiters do not meet the CDC-recommended standard and will not be allowed.



Keep a Pew Apart



Respect Other's Boundaries

RESTROOMS

Restrooms are located downstairs in the Undercroft on either side of the Chapel. Stairs are on the left and right sides of the Narthex (entryway). An elevator is located in the Clarendon Street Vestibule.

TOURS

Trinity Church offers self-guided, docent-led, and audio tours. Considered one of ten buildings that changed America, Trinity Church is an architectural masterpiece including its unique collection of stained-glass windows by designers such as Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and John La Farge, its murals, wood carvings and more.

We are open for tours **Thursday-Saturday** from **10 am-5 pm**, with last ticket sold at 4:30 pm. The price is \$5. Children younger than 12 are free.

HOURS & INFORMATION

Sunday Worship

- 8 am** Holy Eucharist, Rite II
(Morning Prayer last Sunday of the month)
indoor, masked*, socially-distanced
- 10 am** Holy Eucharist, Rite II
(Morning Prayer last Sunday of the month)
Includes Children's Homily
indoor, masked*, socially-distanced,
streaming at
trinitychurchboston.org/live-worship
and [facebook.com/trinitychurchboston](https://www.facebook.com/trinitychurchboston)
- 5 pm** Holy Eucharist, Rite II
indoor, masked*, socially-distanced
- ***Masks can be** cloth with filter, surgical, or N95, and must cover the entire nose and mouth. Bandanas, scarves, and gaiters do not meet the CDC-recommended standard and will not be allowed.

Weekday Worship at Trinity

Tuesday/Thursday

- 8:30 pm** Online Compline
join us on Zoom at bit.ly/tcbTCompline
☎ or dial in with **1-646-558-8656**
and enter Meeting ID **206 654 379**

Vestry

Chris Allen ('23) • Christine Arcese ('26) • Christopher Atwood ('26) • Barbara Dortch-Okara ('25) • Richard Henderson ('26) • Vincent W. James ('24) • Sarah E. McGinty ('24) • Mark Morrow ('23) • Dr. Niven Narain ('26) • Dr. Chuks Chijioke Okoli ('25) • Christopher Parris ('23) • Constance Perry ('24) • Peter Renner ('25) • Olaf J. Thorp ('24) • Pam Waterman ('25) • Ania Wiecekowski ('23)

Each can be reached at bit.ly/TrinityVestry

Clergy & Staff can be reached at bit.ly/TrinityStaff

STATEMENT OF AFFIRMATION

Trinity Church in the City of Boston is a congregation of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts and welcomes and honors everyone. In accordance with our baptismal covenant, we affirm the inherent worth and dignity of every person. We strive to include all persons without regard to sexual orientation, race, nationality, gender, family configuration, ethnic background, economic circumstances, difference in ability, culture, or age. Our love and acceptance of each other embody our commitment to unity with God and each other in Christ.

OPENING RITE

Prelude 'Chant donné' & 'Meditation, Op. posth.'
Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)

Hymn 680 'O God, our help in ages past'

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, bears all our years a - way;

1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pen - ing day.

6 O God, our help in ages past, be thou our guide while life shall last,
our hope for years to come, and our eternal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.; para. of Psalm 90:1-5
Music: *St. Anne*, melody att. William Croft (1678-1727), alt.; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

Worship at Trinity

Please note that our use of the BCP text may vary slightly to incorporate gender-neutral language when appropriate.

When the text of this worship booklet is in **bold**, it is spoken or sung by all.

Though the Presider's posture (standing, sitting, or kneeling) will cue many in the congregation, we invite you to participate as you are able and as your piety prefers.

Sentences of Scripture

Confession & Absolution

Let us confess our sins against God and our neighbor.

Most merciful God,

we confess that we have sinned against you

in thought, word, and deed,

by what we have done,

and by what we have left undone.

We have not loved you with our whole heart;

we have not loved our neighbors as ourselves.

We are truly sorry and we humbly repent.

For the sake of your Son Jesus Christ,

have mercy on us and forgive us;

that we may delight in your will,

and walk in your ways,

to the glory of your Name.

Amen.

Almighty God have mercy on you, forgive you all your sins through our Lord Jesus Christ, strengthen you in all goodness, and by the power of the Holy Spirit keep you in eternal life.

Amen.

The liturgy for Morning Prayer begins on p. 75 in *The Book of Common Prayer (BCP)*.

THE INVITATORY & PSALTER

Invitatory

Lord, open our lips.

And our mouth shall proclaim your praise.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:

as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for ever. Amen.

Sung by all.

Canticle S-4 'Venite'



- 1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; *
let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, *
and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. [Ant.]
- 3 For the Lord is a great God, *
and a great King above all gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the corners of the earth, *
and the strength of the hills is his also.
- 5 The sea is his and he made it, *
and his hands prepared the dry land. [Ant.]
- 6 O come, let us worship and fall down *
and kneel before the Lord our Maker.
- 7 For he is the Lord our God, *
and we are the people of his pasture
and the sheep of his hand. [Ant.]
- 8 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; *
let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth, *
and with righteousness to judge the world
and the peoples with his truth. [Ant.]

(Gloria Patri may be added)

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *

and to the Holy Spirit:

As it was in the beginning, is now, *

and will be for ever. Amen. [Ant.]

Happy are they whose transgressions are forgiven, *
and whose sin is put away!

**Happy are they to whom the Lord imputes no guilt, *
and in whose spirit there is no guile!**

While I held my tongue, my bones withered away, *
because of my groaning all day long.

**For your hand was heavy upon me day and night; *
my moisture was dried up as in the heat of summer.**

Then I acknowledged my sin to you, *
and did not conceal my guilt.

**I said, "I will confess my transgressions to the Lord." *
Then you forgave me the guilt of my sin.**

THE LESSONS

Reading 2 Corinthians 5:16-21

From now on, we regard no one from a human point of view; even though we once knew Christ from a human point of view, we know him no longer in that way. If anyone is in Christ, there is a new creation: everything old has passed away; see, everything has become new! All this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ, and has given us the ministry of reconciliation; that is, in Christ God was reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and entrusting the message of reconciliation to us. So we are ambassadors for Christ, since God is making his appeal through us; we entreat you on behalf of Christ, be reconciled to God.

For our sake he made him to be sin who knew no sin, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God.

The Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

During this hymn at the 10am service, preschool and elementary-aged children may meet members of our Children's Ministries staff beneath the pulpit to travel to the Forum for an age-appropriate children's homily. Our Director of Children's Ministries, Cathy Portlock Pacitto, will then lead the children's return to the sanctuary during The Presentation.

Hymn 603 'When Christ was lifted from the earth'

1 When Christ was lift - ed from the earth, his
 2 Still east and west his love ex - tends and
 3 Where gen - er - a - tion, class, or race di -
 4 Thus free - ly loved, though ful - ly known, may

arms stretched out a - bove through ev - ery cul - ture,
 al - ways, near or far, he calls and claims us
 vide us to our shame, he sees not la - bels
 I in Christ be free to wel - come and ac -

ev - ery birth, to draw an an - swering love.
 as his friends and loves us as we are.
 but a face, a per - son, and a name.
 cept his own as Christ ac - cept - ed me.

Words: Brian A. Wren (b.1936) Copyright ©1980 by Hope Publishing Company. Music: *St. Botolph*, Gordon Slater (1896-1979) Copyright © by permission of Oxford University Press. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

Reading Luke 15:1-3, 11b-32

All the tax collectors and sinners were coming near to listen to Jesus. And the Pharisees and the scribes were grumbling and saying, "This fellow welcomes sinners and eats with them." So Jesus told them this parable:

"There was a man who had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of the property that will belong to me.' So he divided his property between them. A few days later the younger son gathered all he had and traveled to a distant country, and there he squandered his property in dissolute living. When he had spent everything, a severe famine took place throughout that country, and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed the pigs. He would gladly have filled himself with the pods that the pigs were eating; and no one gave him anything. But when he came to himself he said, 'How many of my father's hired hands have bread enough and to spare, but here I am dying of hunger! I will get up and go to my father, and I will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired hands."' So he set off and went to his father. But while he was still far off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion; he ran and put his arms around him and kissed him. Then the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son.' But the father said to his slaves, 'Quickly, bring out a robe--the best one--and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet.

And get the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and celebrate; for this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!' And they began to celebrate.

"Now his elder son was in the field; and when he came and approached the house, he heard music and dancing. He called one of the slaves and asked what was going on. He replied, 'Your brother has come, and your father has killed the fatted calf, because he has got him back safe and sound.' Then he became angry and refused to go in. His father came out and began to plead with him. But he answered his father, 'Listen! For all these years I have been working like a slave for you, and I have never disobeyed your command; yet you have never given me even a young goat so that I might celebrate with my friends. But when this son of yours came back, who has devoured your property with prostitutes, you killed the fatted calf for him!' Then the father said to him, 'Son, you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. But we had to celebrate and rejoice, because this brother of yours was dead and has come to life; he was lost and has been found.'"

The Gospel of the Lord.

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God,

the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth;

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.

**He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.**

**He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.**

He descended to the dead.

On the third day he rose again.

**He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.**

He will come again to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,

the holy catholic Church,

the communion of saints,

the forgiveness of sins

the resurrection of the body,

and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE PRAYERS

The Lord be with you.

And also with you.

Let us pray together in the words our Savior Christ has taught us.

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, and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Suffrages B

Save your people, Lord, and bless your inheritance;

Govern and uphold them, now and always.

Day by day we bless you;

We praise your name for ever.

Lord, keep us from all sin today;

Have mercy upon us, Lord, have mercy.

Lord, show us your love and mercy;

For we put our trust in you.

In you, Lord, is our hope;

And we shall never hope in vain.

Prayer for Ukraine

God of peace and justice,

we pray for the people of Ukraine today.

We pray for peace and the laying down of weapons.

We pray for all those who fear for tomorrow,
that your Spirit of comfort would draw near to them.

We pray for those with power over war or peace,
for wisdom, discernment and compassion to guide their decisions.

Above all, we pray for all your precious children, at risk and in fear,
that you would hold and protect them.

We pray in the name of Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

Amen.

Prayer for Peace

Eternal God, in whose perfect kingdom no sword is drawn
but the sword of righteousness, no strength known but the
strength of love: So mightily spread abroad your Spirit, that
all peoples may be gathered under the banner of the Prince of
Peace, as children of one Father; to whom be dominion and
glory, now and for ever.

Amen.

Collect of the Day

Gracious Father, whose blessed Son Jesus Christ came down from heaven to be the true bread which gives life to the world: Evermore give us this bread, that he may live in us, and we in him; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

Amen.

The Peace

The Peace of the Lord be always with you.

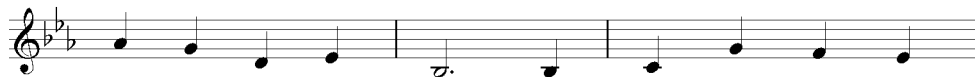
And also with you.

Welcome & Announcements

Hymn 653 'Dear Lord and Father of mankind'



1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, for -
2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, be -
3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O
4 Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, till
5 Breathe through the heats of our de - sire thy



1 give our fool - ish ways! Re - clothe us in our
2 side the Syr - ian sea, the gra - cious call - ing
3 calm of hills a - bove, where Je - sus knelt to
4 all our striv - ings cease; take from our souls the
5 cool - ness and thy balm; let sense be dumb, let



1 right - ful mind, in pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, in
2 of the Lord, let us, like them, with - out a word, rise
3 share with thee the si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty in -
4 strain and stress, and let our or - dered lives con - fess the
5 flesh re - tire; speak through the earth - quake, wind, and fire, O



1 deep - er rev - erence, praise, in deep - er rev - erence, praise.
2 up and fol - low thee, rise up and fol - low thee.
3 ter - pret - ed by love! in - ter - pret - ed by love!
4 beau - ty of thy peace, the beau - ty of thy peace.
5 still, small voice of calm, O still, small voice of calm.

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), alt. Music: *Repton*, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918), alt.

Collects are prayers that "collect" our intentions for any given occasion. In addition to the "Collect of the Day," the Officiant will pray additional collects appropriate for this Sunday.

A slight bow with hands crossed over the chest or joined in a prayerful gesture are healthy, loving ways for one to pass the Peace in these times.

Complete the short Welcome Form at trinitychurchboston.org/welcome so we can get



to know you better. You can also scan the QR code to reach the form.

Sermon The Rev. Kit Lonergan, *Priest for Welcome and Care*

OFFERTORY

Invitation

All we have and all we are is of God, and everyone has a faithful offering to make. All gifts received today will support Trinity's ministry, empower our service to the community, and sustain our historic buildings.

Anthem 'Deep River' at 8am
arr. Harry T. Burleigh

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promis'd land where all is peace? Oh, deep river.

TEXT: TRADITIONAL SPIRITUAL

'O Lord, look down from heaven' at 10am
Jonathan Battishill (1738-1801)

O Lord, look down from heaven,
and behold from the habitation of Thy holiness and of Thy glory:
Where is Thy zeal and Thy strength, the yearning of Thy bowels,
Thy mercies towards me? are they restrained?

TEXT: ISAIAH 63:15

To make a gift online, please click here or use the QR code below to be taken to the secure form on our website.



Alternatively, you may also give in-person via the basket passed during the Offertory.

The Presentation



Grant, O thou bless - ed Trin - i - ty; grant, O un -
chang - ing Un - i - ty; that this our fast of
for - ty days may work our pro - fit and thy praise!

Words: Att. Gregory the Great (540-604); ver. *Hymnal 1940*, alt. Copyright © The Church Pension Fund. All rights reserved. Used with permission.
Music: *A la venue de Noël*, melody from *Fleurs des noëls*, 1535

General Thanksgiving

Almighty God,
Father of all mercies,
we your unworthy servants give you humble thanks
for all your goodness and loving-kindness
to us and to all whom you have made.
We bless you for our creation, preservation,
and all the blessings of this life;
but above all for your immeasurable love
in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ;
for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.
And, we pray, give us such an awareness of your mercies,
that with truly thankful hearts we may show forth your praise,
not only with our lips, but in our lives,
by giving up our selves to your service,
and by walking before you
in holiness and righteousness all our days;
through Jesus Christ our Lord,
to whom, with you and the Holy Spirit,
be honor and glory throughout all ages.
Amen.

Blessing

Hymn 690 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah'

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, whence the heal - ing
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y;
 stream doth flow; let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar
 fears sub - side; death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion,

hold me with thy power - ful hand; bread of hea - ven,
 lead me all my jour - ney through; strong de - liv - erer,
 land me safe on Ca - naan's side; songs of prais - es,

bread of hea - ven, feed me now and ev - er -
 strong de - liv - erer, be thou still my strength and
 songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to

more, feed me now and ev - er - more.
 shield, be thou still my strength and shield.
 thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

Words: William Williams (1717-1791); tr. Peter Williams (1722-1796), alt. Music: *Cwm Rhondda*, John Hughes (1873-1932)

The Dismissal

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Postlude 'Fugue sur le theme du Carillon des Heures de la Cathédral de Soissons, Op. 12'

Durufilé

Each week of our Lenten series, a popular song will transition us from our 10 am worship to our Formation program. This week, Jason Isbell & The 400 Unit (from The Nashville Sound, 2017) sing of mortality's gifts in "If We Were Vampires"



It's not the long, flowing dress that you're in
or the light coming off of your skin.
It's not the fragile heart you protected for so long
or the mercy in your sense of right and wrong.

It's not your hands searching slow in the dark
or your nails leaving love's watermark.
It's not the way you talk me off the roof
or your questions like directions to the truth.

It's knowing that this can't go on forever,
that likely one of us will have to spend some days alone.
Maybe we'll get forty years together,
but one day I'll be gone,
or one day you'll be gone.

If we were vampires and death was a joke,
we'd go out on the sidewalk and smoke
and laugh at all the lovers and their plans.
I wouldn't feel the need to hold your hand.

Maybe time running out is a gift;
I'll work hard 'til the end of my shift,
and give you every second I can find
and hope it isn't me who's left behind.

It's knowing that this can't go on forever,
that likely one of us will have to spend some days alone.
Maybe we'll get forty years together,
but one day I'll be gone,
or one day you'll be gone.

It's knowing that this can't go on forever,
that likely one of us will have to spend some days alone.
Maybe we'll get forty years together,
but one day I'll be gone,
or one day you'll be gone.

"The Beheading of John the Baptist," from Mark 6:14-29 in the Mark As Story translation.

And King Herod heard about Jesus, for his name was becoming known. And people were saying, 'John the baptizer has been raised from the dead, and that's why the works of power are working in him.' Others were saying, 'He's Elijah.' And others were saying, 'A prophet like one of the prophets.' But when Herod heard, he said, 'The one I beheaded, John, he was raised.'

For Herod himself had sent out and seized John and bound him in prison on account of Herodias, the wife of Philip his brother, because Herod had married her. For John had been saying to Herod, 'It's not legal for you to have the wife of your brother.'

Now Herodias was holding a grudge against John and wanted to put him to death, but she was not able to, for Herod was afraid of John, knowing him to be a just and holy man, and was carefully protecting him. And when he heard him, he was greatly puzzled, but he was glad to hear him.

And an opportune day came when Herod on his birthday held a banquet for his greatest leaders and the military officers and the most important people of Galilee. And when Herodias's own daughter entered and danced, she delighted Herod and those reclining to eat with him. The king said to the little girl, 'Ask of me whatever you want, and I'll give it to you.' And he swore an oath to her, 'Whatever you ask of me I'll give you, up to half of my kingdom!'

And she went out and said to her mother, 'What should I ask for?'

[Herodias replied,] 'The head of John the baptist.'

And entering immediately with haste before the king, she asked, saying, 'I want you to give me right now on a plate the head of John the baptizer.'

And the king became profoundly sad, but because of the oaths and those reclining to eat

he did not want to refuse her. And immediately sending for an executioner, the king ordered him to bring John's head. And going off, he beheaded [John] in the prison and brought [John's] head on a plate and gave it to the little girl, and the little girl gave it to her mother. And when John's disciples heard, they came and took his corpse and placed it in a grave.

From "The Marsten House," Chapter One of 'Salem's Lot:

[Ben and Susan] fell silent [as he drove her home], both thinking of the Marsten House. This particular reminiscence did not have the pastel nostalgia of the others. The scandal and violence connected with the house had occurred before their births, but small towns have long memories and pass their horrors down ceremonially from generation to generation.

The story of Hubert Marsten and his wife, Birdie, was the closest thing the town had to a skeleton in its closet. Hubie had been the president of a large New England trucking company in the 1920s – a trucking company which, some said, conducted its most profitable business after midnight, running Canadian whisky into Massachusetts.

He and his wife had retired wealthy to 'Salem's Lot in 1928, and had lost a good part of that wealth (no one, not even [town busybody] Mabel Werts, knew exactly how much) in the stock market crash of 1929.

In the ten years between the fall of the market and the rise of Hitler, Marsten and his wife lived in their house like hermits. The only time they were seen was on Wednesday afternoons when they came to town to do their shopping. Larry McLeod, who was the mailman during those years, reported that Marsten got four daily papers, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The New Yorker*, and a pulp magazine called *Amazing Stories*. He also got a check once a month from the trucking company, which was based in Fall River, Massachusetts. Larry said he could tell it was a check by bending the envelope and peeking into the address window.

Larry was the one who found them in the summer of 1939. The papers and magazines – five days' worth – had piled up in the mailbox until it was impossible to cram in more. Larry took them all up the walk with the

intention of putting them in between the screen door and the main door. It was August and high summer, the beginning of dog days, and the grass in the Marsten front yard was calf-high green and rank. Honeysuckle ran wild over the trellis on the west side of the house, and fat bees buzzed indolently around the wax-white redolent blossoms. In those days the house was still a fine-looking place in spite of the high grass, and it was generally agreed that Hubie had built the nicest house in 'Salem's Lot before going soft in the attic.

Halfway up the walk, according to the story that was eventually told with breathless horror to each new Ladies' Auxiliary member, Larry had smell something bad, like spoiled meat. He knocked on the front door and got no answer. he looked through the door but could see nothing in the thick gloom. He went around to the back instead of walking in, which was lucky for him. The smell was worse in back. Larry tried the back door, found it unlocked, and stepped into the kitchen. Birdie Marsten was sprawled in a corner, [dead by] a close shot from a thirty-ought-six.

('Flies,' Audrey Hersey always said at this point, speaking with calm authority. 'Larry said the kitchen was full of 'em. Buzzing around, lighting on the ... you know, and taking off again. Flies.')

Evil & Temptation

Mark 6-8 and Stephen King's 'Salem's Lot

Larry McLeod turned around and went straight back to town. He fetched Norris Varney, who was constable at the time, and three or four of the hangers-on from Crossen's Store – Milt's father was still running the place in those days. Audrey's eldest brother, Jackson, had been among them. They drove back up in Norris's Chevrolet and Larry's mail truck.

No one from town had ever been in the house, and it was a nine days' wonder. After the excitement died down, the *Portland Telegram* had done a feature on it. Hubert Marsten's house was a piled, jumbled, bewildering rat's nest of junk, scavenged items, and narrow, winding passageways which led through

yellowing stacks of newspapers and magazines and piles of moldering white-elephant books. The complete sets of Dickens, Scott, and Maryatt had been scavenged for the Jerusalem's Lot Public Library by [Librarian] Loretta Starcher's predecessor and still remained in the stacks.

Jackson Hersey picked up a *Saturday Evening Post*, began to flip through, and did a double-take. A dollar bill had been taped neatly to each page.

Norris Varney discovered how luck Larry had been when he went around to the back door. The murder weapon had been lashed to a chair with its barrel pointing directly at the front door, aimed chest-high. The gun was cocked, and a string attached to the trigger ran down the hall to the door-knob.

(‘Gun was loaded, too,’ Audrey would say at this point. ‘One tug and Larry McLeod would have gone straight up to the pearly gates.’)

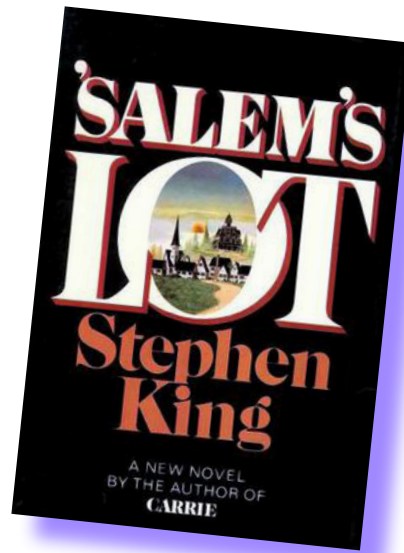
There were other, less lethal booby traps. A forty-pound bundle of newspapers had been rigged over the dining room door. One of the stair risers leading to the second floor had been hinged and could have cost someone a broken ankle. It quickly became apparent that Hubie Marsten had been something more than Soft; he had been a full-fledged Loony.

The found him in the bedroom at the end of the upstairs hall, dangling from a rafter ...

‘Tell me about when you went in,’ [Susan asked Ben.]

He laughed humorlessly and flicked up his high beams. The two-lane blacktop ran straight ahead through an alley of pine and spruce, deserted. ‘It started out as kid’s stuff. Maybe that’s all it ever was ... [I looked up to some boys, older than I was] by a year or two. They had a club. Exclusive, you know. Only Bloody Pirates with at least three references need apply.’ He had meant it to be light, but there as a jag of old bitterness buried in the words. ‘But I was persistent. The one thing in the world I wanted was to be a Blood Pirate ... that summer, at least. ‘They finally weakened and told me I could come

in if I passed the initiation, which Davie [Barclay] thought up on the spot. We were all going up to the Marsten House, and I was supposed to go in and bring something out. As booty.’ He chuckled, but his mouth had gone dry.



‘What happened?’

‘I got in through a window. The house was still full of junk, even after twelve years. They must have taken the newspapers during the war, but they just left the rest of it. There was a table in the front hall with one of those snow globes on it – do you know what I mean? There’s a little house inside, and when you shake it, there’s snow. I put it in my pocket, but I didn’t leave. I really wanted to prove myself. So I went upstairs to where he hung himself.

‘Oh my God,’ she said.

‘Reach in the glove box and get me a cigarette, would you? I’m trying to quit, but I need one for this.’

She got him one and he punched the dashboard lighter.

‘The house smelled. You wouldn’t believe how it smelled. Mildew and upholstery rot and a kind of rancid smell like butter that had gone over. And living things – rats or woodchucks or whatever else that had been nesting in the walls or hibernating in the cellar. A yellow, wet smell.

‘I crept up the stairs, a little kid nine years old, scared [out of my mind]. The house was creaking and settling around me and I could hear things scuttling away from me on the other side of the plaster. I kept thinking I heard footsteps behind me. I was afraid to turn around because I might see Hubie Marsten shambling after me with a hangman’s noose ...’

He was gripping the steering wheel very hard. The levity had gone out of his voice. The intensity of his remembering frightened her a little. His face, in the glow of the instrument panel, was set in the long lines of a man who was traveling a hated country he could not completely leave.

‘At the top of the stairs I got all my courage and ran down the hall to that room. My idea was to run in,

grab something from there, too, and then get the hell out of there. The door at the end of the hall was closed. I could see it getting closer and closer and I could see that the hinges had settled and the bottom edge was resting on the doorjamb. I could see the doorknob, silvery and a little tarnished in the place where palms had gripped it. When I pulled on it, the bottom edge of the door gave a scream against the wood like a woman in pain. If I had been straight, I think I would have turned around and gotten the hell out right then. But I was pumped full of adrenaline, and I grabbed it in both hands and pulled for all I was worth. It flew open. And there was Hubie, hanging from the beam with his body silhouetted against the light from the window.'

'Oh, Ben, don't -' she said nervously.

'No, I'm telling you the truth,' he insisted. 'The truth of what a nine-year-old boy saw and what the man remembers twenty-four years later, anyway. Hubie was hanging there, and his face [was green]. The eyes were puffed shut. His hands were livid ... ghastly. And then he opened his eyes.'

Ben took a huge drag on his cigarette and pitched it out his window into the dark.

'I let out a scream that probably could have been heard for two miles. And then I ran. I fell halfway downstairs, got up, and ran out the front door and straight down the road. The kids were waiting for me about half a mile down. That's when I noticed I still had the glass snow globe in my hand. And I've still got it.'

From "The Deserted Village," Chapter Fourteen of 'Salem's Lot:

Father Donald Callahan stood on one side of the spacious Petrie kitchen, holding his mother's cross high above his head, and it spilled its ghostly effulgence across the room. Barlow stood on the other side, near the sink, [a white, grinning face like something out of a Frazetta painting, which split to reveal long, sharp fangs - and red, lurid eyes like furnace doors to hell. Barlow's hands flew out (Callahan had just time to see how long and sensitive those livid fingers were, like a concert pianist's) ... [and gripped Mark,'] one hand pinning Mark's hands behind his back, the other slung around [the boy's] neck ...

Callahan moved forward, holding his cross up.

Barlow's grin of triumph was instantly transformed into a rictus of agony. He fell back toward the sink, dragging the boy in front of him. Their feet crunched in the broken glass.

'In God's name -' Callahan began.

At the name of the Deity, Barlow screamed aloud as if he had been struck by a whip, his mouth open in a downward grimace, the needle fangs glimmering within. The cords of muscle on his neck stood out in stark, etched relief. 'No closer!' he said. 'No closer, shaman! Or I [will hurt the boy] before you can draw

a breath!' As he spoke, his upper lip lifted from those long, needle like teeth, and as he finished, his head made a predatory downward pass with adder's speed, missing Mark's flesh by a quarter-inch.

Callahan stopped.

'Back up,' Barlow commanded, now grinning again. 'You on your side of the board and I on mine, eh?'

This supplement is part of our

LENTEN FORUM SERIES MARCH 13 - APRIL 26*

Sundays at 11:15 am

(in-person & via livestream to

trinitychurchboston.org/live-worship

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and **Tuesdays 7-8:15 pm via Zoom,**

following a **6 pm** rebroadcast

of Sunday's lecture

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* No classes during Easter Week, April 17-23.

Callahan backed up slowly, still holding the cross before him at eye level, so that he looked over its arms. The cross seemed to thrum with chained fire, and its power coursed up his forearm until the muscles bunched and trembled.

They faced each other.

‘Together at last!’ Barlow said, smiling. His face was strong and intelligent and handsome, in a sharp, forbidding sort of way – yet, as the light shifted, it seemed almost effeminate. Where had he seen a face like that before?

And it came to him, in this moment of the most extreme terror he had ever known. It was the face of Mr. Flip,

his own personal bogeyman, the thing that hid in the closet during the days and came out after his mother closed the bedroom door. He was not allowed the night light – both his mother and his father had agreed that the way to conquer these childish fears was to face them, not toady to them – and every night, when the door snicked shut and his mother’s footsteps padded off down the hall, the closed door slid open a crack and he could sense (or actually *see*?) the thin white face and burning eyes of Mr. Flip. And here he was again, out of the closet, staring over Mark’s shoulder with his clown-white face and glowing eyes and red, sensual lips.

‘What now?’ Callahan said, and his voice was not his own at all. He was looking at Barlow’s fingers, those long, sensitive fingers, which lay against the boy’s throat. There were small blue blotches on them.

‘That depends. What will you give for this miserable wretch?’ He suddenly jerked Mark’s wrists high behind his back, obviously hoping to punctuate his question with a scream, but Mark would not oblige. Except for the sudden whistle of air between his set teeth, he was silent.

‘You’ll scream,’ Barlow whispered, and his lips had twisted into a grimace of animal hate. ‘You’ll scream until your throat *bursts*!’

‘Stop that!’ Callahan cried.

‘And should I?’ The hate wiped from his face. A darkly charming smile shone forth in its place. ‘Should I relieve the boy, save him for another night?’

‘Yes!’

Softly, almost purring, Barlow said, ‘Then will you throw away your cross and face me on even terms, black against white? Your faith against my own?’

‘Yes,’ Callahan said, but a trifle less firmly.

Softly, almost purring, Barlow said, ‘Then will you throw away your cross and face me on even terms, black against white? Your faith against my own?’

‘Then do it!’ Those full lips became pursed, anticipatory. The high forehead gleamed in the weird fairy light that filled the room.

‘And trust you to let him go? I would be wiser to put a rattlesnake in my shirt and trust it not to bite me.’

‘But I trust you ... look!’

He let Mark go and stood back, both hands in the air, empty ...

‘Run, Mark!’ Callahan cried. ‘Run!’ ...

‘Get back!’ Callahan screamed, and thrust the cross forward.

Barlow cried out and threw his hands in front of his face. The cross flared with preternatural, dazzling brilliance, and it was at that moment that Callahan might have banished him if he had dare press forward ... [but, as it was] Barlow seemed to grow taller. His hair, swept back from his brow in the European manner, seemed to float around his skull. He was wearing a dark suit and a wine-colored tie, impeccably knotted, and to Callahan he seemed part and parcel of the darkness that surrounded him. His eyes glared out of their sockets like sly and sullen embers.

‘Then fulfill your part of the bargain, shaman.’

‘I’m a *priest*!’ Callahan flung at him.

Barlow made a small, mocking bow. ‘*Priest*,’ he said, and the word sounded like a dead haddock in his mouth.

Callahan stood indecisive. Why throw it down? Drive him off, settle for a draw tonight, and tomorrow –

But a deeper part of his mind warned. To deny the vampire's challenge was to risk possibilities far graver than any he had considered. If he dared not throw the cross aside, it would be as much as admitting ... admitting ... what? If only things weren't going so fast, if one only had time to think, to reason it out –

The cross's glow was dying.

He looked at it, eyes widening. Fear leaped into his belly like a confusion of hot wires. His head jerked up and he stared at Barlow. He was walking toward him across the kitchen and his smile was wide, almost voluptuous.

'Stay back,' Callahan said hoarsely, retreating a step. 'I command it, in the name of God.'

Barlow laughed at him. The glow in the cross was only a thin and guttering light in a cruciform shape. The shadows had crept across the vampire's face again, masking his features in strangely barbaric lines and triangles under the sharp cheekbones.

Callahan took another step backward, and [he] bumped the kitchen table, which was set against the wall. 'Nowhere left to go,' Barlow murmured sadly. His dark eyes bubbled with infernal mirth. 'Sad to see a man's faith fail. Ah, well ...'

The cross trembled in Callahan's hand and suddenly the last of its light vanished. It was only a piece of plaster that his mother had bought in a Dublin souvenir shop, probably at a scalper's price. The power it had sent ramming

up his arm, enough power to smash down walls and shatter stone, was gone. The muscles remembered the thrumming but could not duplicate it.

Barlow reached from the darkness and plucked the cross from his fingers. Callahan cried out miserably ... And the next sound would haunt him for the rest of his life: two dry snaps as Barlow broke the arms of the cross, and a meaningless thump as he threw it on the floor.

'God *damn* you!' he cried out.

'It's too late for such melodrama,' Barlow said from the darkness. His voice was almost sorrowful. 'There is no need of it. You have forgotten the doctrine of your own church, is it not so? The cross ... the bread and wine ... the confessional ... only symbols. Without faith, the cross is only wood, the bread baked wheat, the wine sour grapes. If you had cast the cross away, you should have beaten me another night. In a way, I hoped it might be so. It has been long since I have met an opponent of any real worth. The boy makes ten of you, false priest.'

Suddenly, out of the darkness, hands of amazing strength gripped Callahan's shoulders. 'You would welcome the oblivion of my death now, I think ... There is, perhaps, a more fitting punishment for you ... Come, false priest. Learn of a true religion. Take *my* communion.'



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