

Stolen Hands, Stolen Lands: From 1619 to a Just Future

October 20, 2019

6:00pm

The Riverside Church, New York City



THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK



UNION

Order of Service

Procession of Clergy.....led by Rev. Melvin Miller
Drumming.....Hasan Bakr, Victor See Yuen,
Chioneso Bakr

Wade In the Water.....Rev. Ken Alston

Convocation

Welcome.....Rev. Michael Livingston

Opening Prayer.....Rev. Fred Davie

Framing of the 400 Years.....Dr. Mindy Fullilove

400 Years of Inequality Statement of Observance

Enslavement to Pan-African Solidarity*

Invocation.....Dr. Aliou Niang

Readers.....Dr. Aliou Niang, Robin Reese,
Dr. Robert E. Fullilove, Molly Kaufman

Bassoonist.....Joey Guidry

Occupation to Decolonization*

Invocation.....Chief Dwaine Perry of the
Ramapough Lenape

Readers....Dr. Sandra Montes, Michael Roberson,
Robin Reese, Destyn Martin

Seven Generations Meditation.....led by Angel Acosta

Flautist/Composer.....Margaux Simmons

We are the History of a Just Future*

Readers.....Michael Roberson, Robin Reese,
Dr. Sandra Montes, Molly Kaufman,
Gia Love, Destyn Martin

Prayers of Freedom.....Dr. Debbie Almontaser,
Hon. Ruth Messinger, Rev. Kevin VanHook

Kora.....Salieu Suso

Song.....Yara Allen, Rev. Shyrl Uzzell

Homily.....Rev. Dr. William J. Barber, II

Lift Every Voice and Sing.....Rev. Ken Alston

Organist.....Christopher Johnson

Closing Prayer.....Rev. Fred Davie

Solemn Recession

**Selections from historic speeches, appeals, poems, and other sources.*

A bibliography, with copies of or links to the full texts, can be found on the 400 Years of Inequality website at:
www.400yearsofinequality.org/stolen-hands-resources

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Lyrics by James Weldon Johnson, Music by J. Rosamond Johnson

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the
slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God,
True to our native land.