



A SERVICE
IN JOYFUL MEMORY OF
RICHARD VOGT
BORN APRIL 10, 1930
DIED MAY 28, 1995

Jerusalem

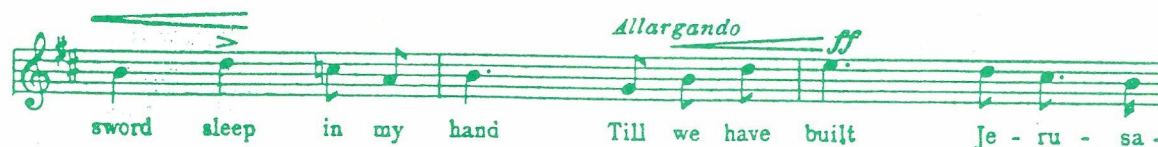
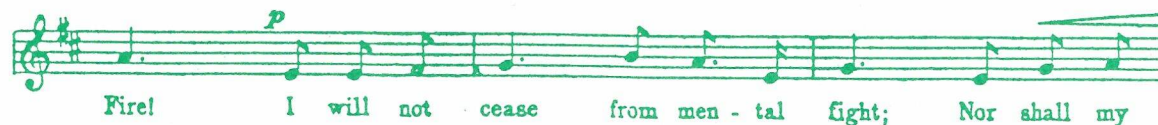
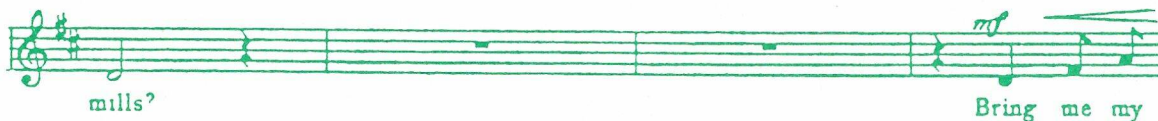
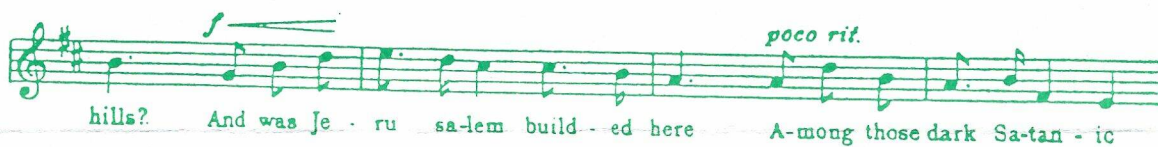
And did those feet in ancient time

There is a legend in Cornwall and Somerset that Christ came to these countries as a youth with his uncle Joseph of Arimathea, who was engaged in the tin trade which then existed between Phoenicia and Cornwall.

It may very well be that Blake had this legend in mind when he wrote JERUSALEM.

Stanzas from
BLAKE'S "PROPHETIC BOOKS."

Set to Music by
C. HUBERT H. PARRY



Music at First Church is the sound of voices, organ, handbells, recorders, trumpets, guitars and drums. Music is worship. It is hundreds of children and adults singing and playing in Britten's *Noye's Fludde*, Handel's *Messiah*, or the Christmastide *Boar's Head and Yule Log Festival*. It's a little boy hitting a big bass drum or a little girl discovering the sound of finger cymbals. Music is the sight of bell ringers in the snow on Christmas Eve. It's candles and carols and coloring Easter eggs, and all those children singing by the water in Binney Park or rushing to a rehearsal with a costume over one arm. Music is banners and balloons and men moving scenery and women making sandwiches. Music is the sight and sound of life in this very special place.

—1971



Years ago, in grammar and high school days, I made the Good Friday afternoon performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* at the old Met an annual ritual, particularly when the cast included the Swedish mezzo-soprano Kerstin Thorborg, who was a friend. One year, after the five-hour production, I wandered uptown from 39th & Broadway and across 50th to St. Patrick's. The weather was mild and hundreds stood outside, attentive to a voice coming over loudspeakers. After twenty minutes or so I managed to weave my way through the crowd to find a shoulder-to-shoulder spot near the doors at the rear of the Cathedral. It was very quiet. The congregation was riveted on the speaker, a voice that rang clearly through that great space. It was after seven o'clock, and I discovered that the three-hour service was composed of seven 15-minute sermons on the seven last words of Christ, interspersed with hymns and other music. The preacher was Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. I stood there for more than two hours, through the final sermon. Bishop Sheen's words had a profound effect on me, probably made more powerful with Wagner's music-drama still in my ears and eyes.

Late that Friday night, thousands of worshippers slowly and quietly left the Cathedral. I was able to walk toward the altar, suddenly overwhelmed with the fragrance of flowers, but there were none in sight. I circled back behind the altar, and there they were: hundreds of Easter lilies banked on the floor, ready for careful arrangement on the high altar and in several chapels. Crosses were still draped in black. The cleaning women were on their hands and knees, scrubbing the aisles and altar steps. Holy Saturday was an hour away. Good Friday had been observed. Easter would come.

—1994

RICHARD VOGT

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.

sung to the tune Tallis Canon
as used by *Benjamin Britten*
in *Noye's Fludde*

Memorial Service for Richard Vogt

Call to Worship

95 *In unison* *Psalm 100*

Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all
the lands!

Serve the LORD with gladness! Come
into his presence with singing!

Know that the LORD is God! It is he
that made us, and we are his;

We are his people, and the sheep of
his pasture.

Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and
his courts with praise!

Give thanks to him, bless his name!

For the LORD is good; his steadfast
love endures for ever, and his faith-
fulness to all generations.

ANTHEM

Hallelujah
from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel

Chancel Choir ~ Greenwich Choral Society

BENEDICTION

RINGING *the* BELLS

POSTLUDE

Toccata from Symphony V

Charles-Marie Widor



*You are cordially invited to a reception
on the church lawn
following the service.*

