

The Blessing of the Bicycles

*Wherever two or three speeds are gathered in my name,
there shall I be also*



The Feast Day of Saint Mucious

Saturday May 13, 2017

Red Wing, Minnesota

The Blessing of the Bicycles

By the Quicker Vicar, Matthew Cole

Collect & Blessing

Vicar: Dearly beloved, I humbly pray and beseech you as many as are here present to accompany me with a glorious thirst and some ready cash unto the taverns of Wisconsin and grant further that we may hereafter lead a goodly, riotous and inebriate life to the glory of thy most perfect ride.

Congregation: Hear, hear!

Vicar: Remember Lord, that many of our bicycles have risen from the dead, much like yourself. Bless these our bikes, let not our hubs spew forth their gears, protect and shield our tyres from punctures, save our thighs from unquenchable fire on the Maiden Rock Hill, and though we are not worthy, in thy mercy protect us from undue headwinds. This we ask not for others' sake but for ourselves.

Congregation: Amen!

The Lenton Observance

Selected bicycles are brought forward and sprinkled from the holy water bottle

Vicar: Remember that thou art rust, and to rust thou shalt return.

The Cyclist's Lamentation

Vicar: O St. Rudge hear my prayer
And may my cry goeth up to thee.
For I am the most fortunate of Nutters.

Ladies: Lo, was not my disappointment manifest
When that Rudge Sports didst slippeth from my grasp
Even though I didst bid upon it most valiantly?

Men: In truth I didst keep faith with thee,
And also in St. Miller
who is like unto a lighthouse
To the bicyclist.
I did not pay heed to the fallen angel
Lucas, the Prince of Darkness,
But didst instead remain true of heart.

Ladies: Thou dost know that I in weakness
Was beguiled by the honeyed words
Of Shimano the Temptress;
Who didst promise me much,
But instead did gift me disappointment.

Men: Grant unto me the wisdom to know
When I hath strayed;
So that I might return unto the Joy that shall not Fade.

Ladies: O St. Rudge I hath lit unto thee
Many a candle.
And for Lo, many hath said in this hour,
'Is it the day, Or is it the night?'
For such were the numbers of the candles I didst light unto thee.

Men: Knowing in truth that I was good of Heart;
And honouring all that was wrought of British Steel;

Thou hast sent unto me a 'Wearwell' three-speed bicycle.
And for Lo, the work of it is good.

Ladies: Teach me in this hour the true path;
And guide my wheels upon it.
For many are the works of the Ungodly,
And those who hath made a hash of it.

Vicar: St. Williams pray for me,
and ever guide my chain upon thy sprockets.

Ladies: St. Miller pray for me,
and illumine my path all my days.

Men: St. Sturmey pray for me,
and ever may thy bearings turn freely within thy hub.

Noel: St. Brooks pray for me,
and may thee ever be a comfort to me as I ride upon my way.

Men: St. Dunlop pray for me,
and ever mayest thou keep me from punctures.

Ladies: St. Pawl pray for me,
And ever mayest thou engage my hub.

All: British Steel, forged for me,
Grant that I may always ride
A bike made from thee.

Amen

Vicar: Here endeth the reading

Congregation: Thank God!

The Hymn "I Sing a Song of the Chaps on Bikes"



I sing a song of the chaps on bikes; _____ pa - tient and brave and
 They loved their three speed tour so well, and _____ this love _____ made them
 They lived not on - ly in a - ges past, there are gen - tle - men cy - clists



true, who ate and drank and _____ rode real slow on the
 strong. They stayed well right for _____ safe - ty's sake for the
 still. The world is bright with the cy - cling chaps who _____



ride they _____ loved and knew. _____ One's name was Noel and an -
 whole of the two days long. And _____ one was a sai - lor and
 love to ride Bri - tish steel. You can meet them in pubs, or in



oth - er was Jon, and _____ then there was Dave and _____
 one was a priest and _____ one was _____ chased by a
 lanes, or at sea, or in church, or in trains, or in



don't for - get Ron! They are all of them Gen - tle - men and I mean, chaps,
 fierce, wild _____ beast! And there's not a - ny rea - son, no, not the least, why
 shops, or at tea. For those chaps on _____ bikes are Nut - ters like me, and



help me to be one, too.
 I should n't be one, too.
 I mean to be one, too!

The Psalm

Adapted from King James Bible, 23rd Psalm

Please read responsively

Vicar: The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Congregation: He maketh me to lie down at lunchtime:
 he leadeth me beside back waters.

Vicar: He restoreth my bike:

Congregation: he leadeth me in the bikepaths of righteousness for his
 name's sake.

Vicar: Yea, though I ride through the valley of the Mississippi,
 I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

Congregation: thy rod brakes and thy Dynohub™ they comfort me.

Vicar: Thou preparest a table before me in the Eagle's Nest Cof-
 feeshop:
 thou anointest my chain with oil;

Congregation: now my chaincase runneth over.

Vicar: Surely goodness and Sturmeiy
 shall follow me all the days of my life:

Congregation: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Dismissal

Vicar: Lord, teach thy ways unto the wicked:

Congregation: and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.
(Psalm 51 if you squint a bit)

Vicar: I lift up mine eyes unto the hills;

Congregation: from whence cometh my help?
(Psalm 121)

Vicar: Make straight roads for our feet,

Congregation: so that the feeble may not be turned out of the way, but
may be made strong.
(Hebrews 12:13)

Vicar: Remember that life is short and we do not have much time
to gladden the hearts of others, so be swift to love, make
haste to be kind and go forth and ride with joy.

All: RAmen

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Service adapted by Matthew Cole, the Quicker Vicar, 2017.

What Would Jesus Ride?

Notes on Today's Service



*A snippet of a medieval German woodcut (c. 1540) displayed in the
Martin Luther exhibit at the Minneapolis Institute of Art in early 2017.
Dogs haven't changed much. Men either*

Saint Mucious was reputed to be a priest martyr during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. He is said to have destroyed an altar of the pagan god Bacchus at Amphipodis, Macedonia. Bacchus, as this group well knows, was the Roman god of wine and fertility (also agriculture, yawn). Mucious was arrested for profanity by local Roman authorities, once they'd sobered up, and, perhaps out of boredom or maybe as a fraternity hazing ritual, he was set on fire and exposed to wild beasts. He miraculously escaped both these attempts at murdering him. In those days committing a bit of high-spirited vandalism and outlasting some inept execution attempts were enough to get you sainthood. No need to perform any pesky miracles or deal with those unsightly poor people! It proved to be a bit early to gloat, though, as in 304AD he was taken to the city of Byzantium and beheaded. Oh well. Maybe this ignoble ending is why you don't find Saint Mucious churches in your local diocese.