



## *“Nurturing”*

Rev. Arlin Roy

May 11, 2025, at 10:30 a.m.

*In Person at 210 North Central Ave, Hartsdale  
and virtually via Zoom*

|                                                    |                                                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Prelude</b>                                     | fr. Concerto in F, by George Gershwin                                                              |
| <b>Welcome and Announcements</b>                   | Denise Woodin, Board Member of the Week                                                            |
| <b>Chalice Lighting and Opening Words</b>          | <i>excerpt from “The Second Bear: Reflections on Motherhood”<br/>by Lynn Ungar, Rev. Arlin Roy</i> |
| <b>Gathering Song</b>                              | Break Not the Circle #323                                                                          |
| <b>Candles of Joy and Concern</b>                  | <i>A time for a brief sharing of personal joys and<br/>concerns.</i>                               |
| <b>Hymn</b>                                        | Now I Recall My Childhood #191                                                                     |
| <b>Offertory and Offering</b>                      | “Blumenstück (Flower Piece),” Op. 19 by Robert Schumann                                            |
| <b>Reading</b>                                     | <i>excerpt from “After the flowers Fade,” by Leslie Takahashi<br/>Morris</i>                       |
| <b>Sermon</b>                                      | “Nurturing” ~ Rev. Arlin Roy                                                                       |
| <b>Congregational Reflection</b>                   | <i>A time for brief sharing about how today’s worship has made a<br/>difference for you.</i>       |
| <b>Musical Interlude</b>                           |                                                                                                    |
| <b>Closing Hymn</b>                                | Life Has Loveliness to Sell #329                                                                   |
| <b>Closing Words and<br/>Chalice Extinguishing</b> | Rev. Arlin Roy                                                                                     |

*Thank you to everyone who helped with this service!*

Rev. Arlin Roy

Alan Murray, Musician | Matthew Clowney, Remote Tech

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*We respectfully acknowledge that the Rivertowns stand on the unceded territory of the Munsee, Lenape, and Wappinger peoples.*



## Hymns

### Break Not the Circle #323

Break not the circle of enabling love  
where people grow, forgiven and forgiving;  
break not that circle, make it wider still,  
till it includes, embraces all the living.

Come, wonder at this love that comes to life,  
where words of freedom are with humor  
spoken,  
and people keep no score of wrong and guilt,  
but will that human bonds remain unbroken.

Join then the movement of the love that frees,  
till people of whatever race or nation  
will truly be themselves, stand on their feet,  
see eye to eye with laughter and elation.

### Now I Recall My Childhood #191

Now I recall my childhood when the sun  
burst to my bedside with the day's surprise;  
faith in the marvelous bloomed anew each  
dawn,  
flowers bursting fresh within my heart each day.

Then looking on the world with simple joy,  
on insects, birds, and beasts, and common  
weeds,  
the grass and clouds had fullest wealth of awe;  
my mother's voice gave meaning to the stars.

Now when I turn to think of coming death,  
I find life's song in starsongs of the night,  
in rise of curtains and new morning light,  
in life reborn in fresh surprise of love.

### Life Has Loveliness to Sell #329

Life has loveliness to sell, all beautiful and  
splendid things,  
blue waves whitened on a cliff, soaring fire that  
sways and sings,  
and children's faces looking up, holding wonder  
like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell, as music, like a curve  
of gold,  
scent of pine trees in the rain, eyes that love  
you, arms that hold,  
and for your spirit's still delight, holy thoughts  
that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness, to buy and  
never count the cost:  
for one singing hour of peace count a year of  
strife well lost,  
and for a breath of ecstasy give all you have  
been, or could be.