First Unitarian Society of Westchester
Established 1856

"Peace"

~ Rev. Arlin Roy

January 11, 2026, at 10:30 a.m.
In Person at 210 North Central Ave, Hartsdale, and online via Zoom

Prelude	*Peace River* by Carol Matz Diane Guernsey, pianist
Welcome & Announcements	Lisa deMauro, Board Member of the Week
Chalice Lighting	Rev. Arlin Roy
Opening Words	*excerpt from Theodore Parker's letters*
Hymn	Gather the Spirit #347
Story for All Ages	Craig Butler
Candles of Joy & Concern	Rev. Arlin Roy *A time for a brief sharing of personal joys and concerns.*
Offertory & Offering	Dona Nobis Pacem Traditional Canon FUSW Choir
Sermon	"Peace" ~ Rev. Arlin Roy
Hymn	When Windows That Are Black and Cold #165
Congregational Reflection	Rev. Arlin Roy *A time for brief sharing about how today's worship has made a difference for you.*
Hymn	We Would Be One #318
Closing Words & Chalice Extinguishing	Rev. Arlin Roy

Many thanks to those who participated in today's service!

Rev. Arlin Roy | FUSW Choir | Diane Guernsey, Pianist |Matthew Clowney, Remote Tech
Ken Perry, Eric Kemperman, Kevin Weber, Paul Gross, On-Site Tech Team

We respectfully acknowledge that Hartsdale stands on the unceded territory of the Weckquaesgeek and other peoples of the Wappinger Confederacy.

Our Sunday Service is a Time to Share

Our UU Faith, Our Common Values, Ourselves, and Our Resources

We invite you to donate and support the FUSW Community by scanning the QR Code below:

HYMNS

Gather the Spirit #347

Gather the spirit, harvest the power.
Our sep'rate fires will kindle one flame.
Witness the mystery of this hour.
Our trials in this light appear all the same.

(Chorus)
Gather in peace, gather in thanks.
Gather in sympathy now and then.
Gather in hope, compassion and strength.
Gather to celebrate once again.

Gather the spirit of heart and mind.
Seeds for the sowing are laid in store.
Nurtured in love, and conscience refined,
with body and spirit united once more.

(Chorus)

Gather the spirit growing in all,
drawn by the moon and fed by the sun.
Winter to spring, and summer to fall,
the chorus of life resounding as one.

(Chorus)

When Windows That Are Black and Cold#165

When windows that are black and cold are lit
anew with fires of gold;
when dusk in quiet shall descend and darkness
come once more a friend;

When wings pursue their proper flight and bring
not terror but delight;
when clouds are innocent again and hide no
storms of deadly rain;

And when the sky is swept of wars and keeps but
gentle moon and stars,
that peaceful sky, harmless air, how sweet, how
sweet, the darkness there.

We Would Be One #318

We would be one as now we join in singing
our hymn of love, to pledge ourselves anew
to that high cause of greater understanding
of who we are, and what in us is true.
We would be one in living for each other
to show to all a new community.

We would be one in building for tomorrow
a nobler world than we have known today.
We would be one in searching for that meaning
which bends our hearts and points us on our way.
As one, we pledge ourselves to greater service,
with love and justice, strive to make us free.