



First Unitarian
Society of
Westchester
Established 1856

“The Show Must Go On: Because the Show Will Go On”

Scheuneman-Alicea Program Group

May 24, 2026, at 10:30 a.m.

In Person at 210 North Central Ave., Hartsdale, and online via Zoom

Prelude	Assez modéré (fr. <i>Mouvements perpétuels</i>) by Francis Poulenc Diane Guernsey, pianist
Welcome & Announcements	Claudia Gisolfi, Board Member of the Week
Chalice Lighting	Marilee Scheuneman
Opening Words	Abbe Rosenberg
Gathering Song	My Life Flows On (#108)
A Story for All Ages	Lisa Alicea
Candles of Joy & Concern	Marilee Scheuneman <i>A time for a brief sharing of personal joys and concerns.</i>
Offertory & Offering	“Where the River Flows” by Paul Gross Paul Gross and Diane Guernsey
Sermon	“The Show Must Go On: Because the Show Will Go On” Scheuneman-Alicea Program Group Larry Greenberg Lisa Alicea Kevin Weber
Hymn	Just as Long as I Have Breath (#6)
Congregational Reflections	Ken Perry <i>A time for brief sharing about how today’s worship has made a difference for you.</i>
Closing Words & Chalice Extinguishing	Ken Perry

Thank you to those who brought this program to life.

Scheuneman-Alicea Program Group | Marietta Api, Coffee Hour | 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

My Life Flows On (#108)

My life flows on in endless song above earth's
lamentation.

I hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a
new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the
music ringing.

It sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep
from singing!

What though the tempest 'round me roars, I
know the truth, it liveth.

What though the darkness 'round me close,
songs in the night it giveth.

No storm can shake my inmost calm while to
that rock I'm clinging.

Since love prevails in heav'n and earth, how can
I keep from singing!

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of
freedom ringing,
when friends rejoice both far and near, how can
I keep from singing!

To prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to
them are winging;

when friends by shame are undefiled, how can I
keep from singing!

Just as Long as I Have Breath (#6)

Just as long as I have breath, I must answer,
"Yes," to life;

though with pain I made my way, still with hope
I meet each day. If they ask what I did well, tell
them I said, "Yes," to life.

Just as long as vision lasts, I must answer,
"Yes," to truth;

in my dream and in my dark, always that elusive
spark. If they ask what I did well, tell them I said,
"Yes," to truth.

Just as long as my heart beats, I must answer,
"Yes," to love;

disappointment pierced me through, still I kept
on loving you. If they ask what I did best, tell
them I said, "Yes," to love.