

Great is Thy Faithfulness Chris Rice

Great is thy faithfulness
Oh God my father
There is no shadow of turning with thee
Thou changest not
Thy compassions they fail not
As thou hast been
Thou forever will be

Great is Thy faithfulness
Great is Thy faithfulness
Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness
Lord unto me

Summer and Winter
Springtime and harvest
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To thy great faithfulness
Mercy and love

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow
Blessings all mine with ten thousand aside

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader:

Peggy Gerovac
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“Surrender to
something that was
not in the ‘plans,’
receive it as gift.”

Christine Valters Paintner



Centering Space

A ministry of prayer,
listening & direction

Our prayer is characterized
by silence ~

Be still and know that I am God!

In that silence we listen for a new word.
God is present in all our lives.
God cares for us, and
our life experiences are a source
of deepening knowledge of God and self.

Inspired by God's Word in the silence
we share from our hearts.

To Ponder: Christine Valters Paintner

The story of Kevin and the Blackbird is perhaps one of my favorites of all the Celtic saints. He would pray every day in a small hut with arms outstretched. The hut was so small though that one arm reached out the window. One day, a blackbird landed in his palm, and slowly built a nest there. Kevin realized what was happening and knew that he could not pull his hand back with this new life being hatched there. So he spent however many days or weeks it took for the eggs to be laid, and the tiny birds to hatch, and for them to ready themselves to fly away.

I love this story because it is such an image of yielding, of surrendering to something that was not in the “plans,” but instead, receiving it as gift. Instead of sitting there in agony trying to figure out how to move the bird, he enters into this moment with great love and hospitality.

How many times in our lives do we reach out our hands for a particular purpose, and something else arrives? Something that may cause discomfort, something we may want to pull away from, but in our wiser moments we know that this is a holy gift we are invited to receive.



Reading: St. Kevin and the Blackbird Christine Valters Paintner

Imagine being like Kevin,
your grasping fist softens,
fingers uncurl and
palms open, rest upward,
and the blackbird
weaves twigs and straw and bits of string
in the begging bowl of your hand,
you feel the delicate weight of
speckled blue orbs descend,
and her feathered warmth
settling in for a while.

How many days can you stay,
open,
waiting
for the shell
to fissure and crack,
awaiting the slow emergence
of tiny gaping mouths
and slick wings
that need time to strengthen?

Are you willing to wait and watch?
To not withdraw your
affections too soon?
Can you fall in love with the
exquisite ache in your arms
knowing the hatching it holds?

Can you stay not knowing
how broad those wings will
become, or how they will fly
awkwardly at first,
then soar above you
until you have become the sky
and all that remains is
your tiny shadow
swooping across the earth.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...