

All I ever have to be is what you made me
Amy Grant

When the weight of all my dreams
Is resting heavy on my head
And the thoughtful words of help and hope
Have all been nicely said
But I'm still hurting,
wondering if I'll ever be the one
I think I am--I think I am.
Then you gently re-remind me
That You've made me from the first
And the more I try to be the best
The more I get the worst.
And I realize the good in me
is only there because of who
You are, who You are.
And all I ever have to be is what
You've made me
Any more or less would be a step out of Your plan
As you daily recreate me
help me always keep in mind
That I only have to do what I can find
And all I ever have to be
All I have to be
All I ever have to be is what You've made me

Thank You For Joining Us!
Mary Timko

216-228-7451
www.centeringspace.org

*Frail dust,
Remember, you are Splendor!*



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: by Macrina Wiederkehr

Moving through the heart of every person is a silent cry that yearns for understanding. This silent cry is an ache for God searching to be named. It is everybody's ache and immensely deep. We can ache for God tremendously yet find ourselves getting nervous if God gets too close. It is both frightening and exciting to think of ourselves getting closer the call of our Baptism; priest, prophet, king. We prefer to keep the comfortable masks we know rather than go through the purifying process of becoming like unto God,

The great gift we have to bring to this ache is our frailty and our splendor. Everything that crosses our path in life can be nourishing as we try to feed our ache for God. Everything can bless us. For this blessing to occur we need to be truly present. We need to slow our life down. We need to be present to each type of encounter which can be a kind of salvation for us.

Our real presence can also feed the ache for God in others. Our challenge is to see the holy in the ordinary. Harvesting angels out of crumbs! There are burning bushes all around you. Hidden beauty is waiting in every crumb.

I came to a realization of what helped name this ache we all have. With this knowledge I began to wonder how others before me have come to understand this ache. I began to read the great mystics and other spiritual guides. And yet, the ache lived on. What came about through this reading was hearing God say, "Put your books away and just be with me. Trust your experiences. There are no experts in prayer, only people who have been faithful to the ache"

I reflect on this with both anxiety and joy. Why shouldn't our experiences be filled with God? We are a dwelling place for the Source of All Life. If the One who gave us birth lives within us, surely we can find some resources in our sacred Center. Are you able to be still enough to become more intimate with the One who lives within? Your life is entwined with the God who gave you birth. Frail dust, remember, *you are splendor!*

The Word: A Tree Full of Angels

by Macrina Wiederkehr

The waters of baptism flowed over me
And no original sin was seen
Rather, the Eye of God beheld
a tiny mass of bones and flesh
Soul and spirit, infinite possibility, pure process
new, empty, and free.

Free to choose: Good or evil, light or darkness, life or death, grace or sin

It was my original union
I was passing through the baptismal waters
being filled with power like unto God's
and God wept at the possibility of me,

Then somewhere in between my baptism and my daily life my power like unto God's became scattered. I forgot my original union with God.

And as I grew I chose: good and evil, light and darkness, life and death, grace and sin.

With my baptism lost I began to live my life fragmented, standing on the edge of my baptismal powers blind to their presence in the depths of my soul.

Yet all fragments are finally gathered up and God does in us wonders that others are not able to do.

So on a day that felt like baptism, God gave me a glimpse of my hidden splendor, made me aware of that original union and my powers that had become scattered.

Now my life is ever spent in calling home my scattered powers.

Sharing...a word...a phrase...a reflection