

How Can I keep from Singing? Enya

My life goes on in endless song
above earth's lamentations.
I hear the real, though far off song
That hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear its music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it liveth.
And though the darkness round me grows
Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock, I'm clinging.
Since Love is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble in their fear
And hear their death knell ringing
When friends rejoice both far and near
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile
Our thoughts to them are winging,
When friends by shame are undefiled
How can I keep from singing?

(Quaker Hymn first published August, 1868 Text attributed to "Pauline T.")

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader:

Cheryl Keehner, CSA
12/1/15

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*Speak from the burnings
of your heart*



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:

First a poem:

“Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
the ceremony of innocence is drowned;
the best lack all conviction, while the worst
are full of passionate intensity.”

W.B. Yeats, “*The Second Coming*” 1919

and now a story:

“Tell me the weight of a snowflake,” a coal mouse asked a wild dove. “Nothing more than nothing was the answer. “In that case I must tell you a marvelous story,” the coal mouse said. “I sat on a branch of a fir tree, close to its trunk, when it began to snow – not heavily, not in a giant blizzard, no, just like in a dream, without any violence. Since I didn’t have anything better to do, I counted the snow-flakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952. When the next snowflake dropped onto the branch – nothing more than nothing – as you say – the branch broke off.” Having said that the coal mouse scurried away. The dove, since Noah’s time an authority on the matter, thought about the story for awhile and finally said to herself: “Perhaps there is only one person’s voice lacking for peace to come into the world.”

story quoted by Dennis, Shelia and Matthew Linn,
in *Healing the Purpose of your Life*

Reading: Psalm 11 (selected verses – Nan Merrill)

In the Beloved I will make my retreat.
How can you say to me: “Flee like a bird
into the mountains?” Lo, the unloving bend
the bow, fitting their arrow to the string
they aim to destroy what is good.

If the foundations of goodness are undermined,
what will remain?

Divine Love offers both the good
and the unloving opportunities to grow,
to become whole, enduring with Love
those who choose the way of darkness.

Our Creator is just, gifting all with free will.
Those who walk in Light will behold the
Beloved’s face in everyone they meet.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...