

*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.")

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*Thank You For Joining Us!*

**Prayer Leader:**

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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...*