

Song of the Stable- David Haas

Chill of the nightfall,
lamps in the windows,
letting their light fall clear on the snow;
bitter December bids us remember
Christ in the stable long, long ago.

Silence of midnight,
voices of angels,
singing to bid night yield to the dawn;
darkness is ended, sinners befriended,
where in the stable Jesus is born.

Splendor of star light
high in the hillside,
faint is the far light burning below;
kneeling before him shepherds adore him,
Christ in the stable long, long ago.

Glory of daybreak!
Sorrows and shadows,
suddenly they break forth into morn;
sing out and tell now all shall be well now,
for in the stable Jesus is born!

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero

12 / 12 / 2017

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Centering Space:

14812 Lake Ave | Lakewood

www.centeringspace.org

216.228.7451

centeringspace@srssofccharity.org

The Stable of Our Love



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.

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7415

centeringspace@srssofccharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

A Sponsored Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

To Ponder: Joyce Rupp

"She wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn." Luke 2:7

No room for you in the city, Jesus.
So many doors were tried and closed to you.
So many places did not warm you with welcome.

There is still a coming.
There is still a Bethlehem.
It is the city of my heart
with no room to give you welcome.

It is the manger of my inner self
where your request is made,
searching for an entrance
to my poor and empty dwelling.

Advent is a time for waiting.
I will sit faithfully
for slow recognition
of the closed doors in my Bethlehem.

Advent is a time of yearning.
I will keep on longing for you.
I will try to do so patiently.

Advent is a time of hoping.
I will seek the strong stirring sureness
that is possible to open doors.

Advent is a time of coming.
I will pray with all the church:
Come. Come. Come, Lord Jesus.
Welcome into my home of love.

And Lord, when it is time to say:
this is the Christmas day,
I pray that you will warmly be welcome
in the Bethlehem of my heart,
giving birth in my newly opened places.

Reading: Joyce Rupp from *Prayer Seeds*

Child of Bethlehem, open the eyes of my heart.
Reveal your love in these Advent days as I
prepare to celebrate your birth into our world.
Child of Peace, open the tightly closed shades
of my mind. I want to dispel my skepticism
and doubt regarding the possibility of world
peace. Child of Wonder, uncover me from the
blankets of busyness that lay heavily upon my
days. Lift my gaze to rest upon the beauty that
is ready for me to behold in the most simple
and most elegant of faces and places. May I
look with the free gaze of a child newly born.
Let me see as you see. Amen.



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