

Secret Garden -  
Song At The End Of The Day  
(Winter Poem)



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

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**Prayer Leader:**

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Rejoice,  
rejoice,  
Emmanuel,  
God's Son,  
God's Self,  
with us  
to dwell.



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**

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## To Ponder: Ron Rolheiser, OMI Daybreaks

God has not promised us a life free from pain, sickness, loneliness, oppression, and death. What God has promised in the incarnation is that he will be with us in that pain. That is something quite different. That is why our Savior's name is Emmanuel, a name which means God-is-with-us.

Cardinal Avery Dulles aptly put it this way:

“Jesus enables us to believe that human life, with all its contradictions, is the place where God is preeminently found. Unlike every other mythology, the myth of the Incarnation gives us strength to face up to the harsh realities of our fragmented world, to feel and to transmit the touch of God's reconciling love. The Incarnation does not provide us with a ladder by which to escape from the ambiguities of this life and scale the heights of heaven. Rather it enables us to burrow deep into the heart of the planet earth and find it shimmering with divinity.”

As a Christian, I do not ask God to exempt me from the human condition. My life is meaningful precisely when I sense God's presence in the midst of my suffering, sicknesses, loneliness and pain. My faith allows me to stand inside of every reality in my life, positive and negative, and to see some meaning in it.

In the end, to have faith in God is to have faith that God is with us.

## Readings: O Oriens ~ Madeleine L'Engle

Come, O come Emmanuel  
within this fragile vessel here to dwell.  
O Child conceived by heaven's power  
give me thy strength: it is the hour.

O come, thou Wisdom from on high;  
like any babe at life you cry;  
for me, like any mother, birth  
was hard, O light of earth.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might,  
whose birth came hastily at night,  
born in a stable, in blood and pain  
is this the king who comes to reign?

O come, thou Rod of Jesse's stem,  
the stars will be thy diadem.  
How can the infinite finite be?  
Why choose, child, to be born of me?

O come, thou key of David, come,  
open the door to my heart-home.  
I cannot love thee as a king—  
so fragile and so small a thing.

O come, thou Day-spring from on high:  
I saw the signs that marked the sky.  
I heard the beat of angels' wings  
I saw the shepherds and the kings.

O come, Desire of nations, be  
simply a human child to me.  
Let me not weep that you are born.  
The night is gone. Now gleams the morn.

Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel,  
God's Son, God's Self, with us to dwell.