

Song: by Marty Haugen Canticle of the Sun

The heavens are telling the glory of God
and all creation is shouting for joy.
Come dance in the forest come play in the fields
and sing, sing to the glory of the Lord.

Praise for the sun, the bringer of day,
he carries the light of the Lord in his rays;
the moon and the stars who light up the way
unto your throne.

Praise for the wind that blows through the trees,
the seas' mighty storms, the gentlest breeze;
they blow where they will, they blow where they please
to please the Lord.

Praise for the rain that waters our fields,
and blesses our crops so all the earth yields
from death unto life her mystery revealed
springs forth in joy.

Praise for the earth who makes life to grow,
the creatures you make to let your life show;
the flowers and trees that help us to know
the heart of love.

Thank You For Joining Us!

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Today's Prayer Leader: Cheryl Keehner, CSA
July 18, 2017

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Life in boxes



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: Nancy Sylvester, IHM

(Institute for Communal Communication & Dialogue)

Incredibly, the geologist said, “All my life rocks came in boxes.” He was reflecting on his life-long career teaching at a local college. Evidently the rocks he needed for class were delivered by UPS. As he approached retirement he decided it was time for the real thing. He booked a two week hiking trip with others through the mountains of France. He hasn’t stopped talking about it since. More than ever it is time for the real thing on our world today---real encounters with the divine, with other people, with the natural world and with ourselves... We need a deeper passion for life to pass on to our children, students, neighbors and friends.



The Word: a poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

How surely gravity's law,
strong as an ocean current,
takes hold of even the strongest thing
and pulls it toward the heart of the world.

Each thing---
each stone, blossom, child---
is held in place.
Only we, in our arrogance,
push out beyond what we belong to
for some empty freedom.

If we surrendered
to earth's intelligence,
we could rise up rooted, like trees.

Instead we entangle ourselves
in knots of our own making
and struggle, lonely and confused.
So, like children, we begin again
to learn from the things,
because they are in God's heart;
they have never left Him.

This is what the things can teach us:
to fall,
patiently to trust our heaviness.
Even a bird has to do that
before he can fly.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...