

Paint the Sky with Stars (Enya)

Suddenly before my eyes
Hues of indigo arise
With them how my spirit sighs
Paint the sky with stars

Only night will ever know
Why the heavens never show
All the dreams that are to know
Paint the sky with stars

Who has placed the midnight sky
So a spirit has to fly?
As the heavens seem so far now
Who will paint the midnight star?

Night has brought to those who sleep
Only dreams they cannot keep
I have legends in the deep
Paint the sky with stars

Place a name upon the night
One to set your heart alight
And to make the darkness bright
Paint the sky with stars.

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader:

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1/5/16

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What the Soul Wants



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: Parker Palmer, A Hidden Wholeness

All of us arrive on earth with souls in perfect form. But from the moment of birth onward, the soul or true self is assailed by forces from without and within: by racism, sexism, economic injustice and other social pressures; by jealousy, resentment, self-doubt, fear and other demons of the inner life. The soul persistently calls us back to our birthright form, back to lives that are grounded connected and whole.

- The soul wants to keep us rooted in the ground of our being, resisting the tendency of other faculties, like the intellect and ego, to uproot us from who we are.
- The soul wants to keep us connected to the community in which we find life, for it understands that relationships are necessary if we are to thrive.
- The soul wants to tell us the truth about ourselves, our world, and the relation between the two, whether that truth is easy or hard to hear.
- The soul wants to give us life and wants us to pass that gift along, to become life-givers in a world that deals too much death.



Reading: by Mary Oliver (2004)

Our eyes have never seen it,
nor can our hands ever catch it
lest we would sift down
into fractions, and facts
and certainties
and what the soul is,

also I believe I will
never quite know
though I play at the edges of knowing.

truly I know
our part is not knowing,
but looking, and touching, and loving,
which is the way I walked,
softly at dawn
through the pale-pink light.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...