

On the Road to Find out

by Cat Stevens

Well I left my happy home to see what I could find out
I left my folk and friends with the aim to clear my mind out
Well I hit the rowdy road and many kinds I met there
Many stories told me of the way to get there

So on and on I go, the seconds tick the time out
There's so much left to know, and I'm on the road to find out

Well in the end I'll know, but on the way I wonder
Through descending snow, and through the frost and thunder

I listen to the wind come howl, telling me I have to hurry
I listen to the robin's song saying not to worry

So on and on I go, the seconds tick the time out
There's so much left to know, and I'm on the road to find out

Then I found myself alone, hopin' someone would miss me
Thinking about my home, and the last woman to kiss me, kiss me

But sometimes you have to moan when nothing seems to suit ya
But nevertheless you know you're locked towards the future

So on and on you go, the seconds tick the time out
There's so much left to know, and I'm on the road to find out

Then I found my head one day when I wasn't even trying
And here I have to say, 'cause there is no use in lying, lying

Yes the answer lies within, so why not take a look now?
Kick out the devil's sin, pick up, pick up a good book now

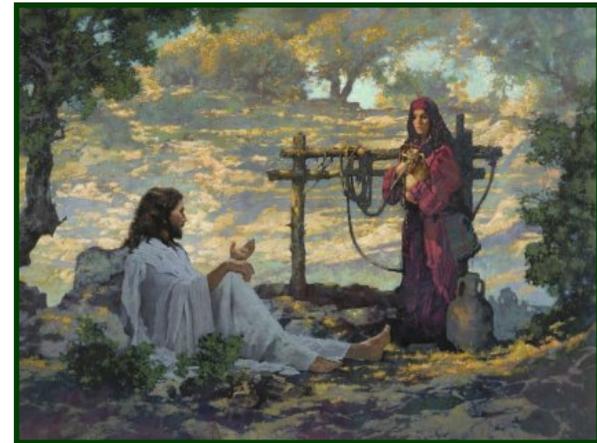
Thank You For Joining us!

Prayer by Mary Timko

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If You But Knew the Gift of God



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:

by Macrina Wiederkehr

One of the great lies of our day is that conversion is instant, like fast food. God can zap us and we're saved. It is all free. It costs nothing. Bonhoeffer called this "cheap grace." One of the great truths of our day is that conversion is on-going. Conversion is the process in which we are given the opportunity to accept the free gift of salvation. Salvation is a free gift, yes, but it's costly. It costs us our lives lived passionately.

Whether we believe that conversion is instant or ongoing, the Word will eventually get through to our hearts. God has such a yearning for our holiness to be rescued from the lies of this world that nothing will remain an obstacle forever unless we cling to it with such a tenacious grasp that we utterly refuse the divine embrace.

Conversion is what happens between birth and death. A deep and lasting conversion is a process, an unfolding, a slow turning and turning again. We are saved every day from our self-righteousness, our narrow minds, our own wills, our obstinate clinging. Salvation stands before us every moment. It meets us face to face. It asks us to make a choice. Do we have the courage to accept it? It is costly, yet it brings life.

Every time I say no to the birthing and dying that is set before us at the table of daily life, I seem to hear the echo of Jesus' words to the woman at the well, "If you but knew the gift of God." Whether God weeps at the beauty and potential of our lives at birth or the lost potential of graced moments along the way, I hear that voice urging us to claim our splendor and our glory. "If you but knew the gift of God..."

The gift of God is the Divine Indwelling. It comes quietly into our frailty at baptism. Our baptism calls us to be like God in Christ. If we want to be disciples and saints, we must claim and cherish our humanness. What is good enough for God to embrace must be good enough for us. Let us try to take seriously the call to be divinized and stop hiding behind the mask of our frailty.

You become a tabernacle for the Source of Life. When you come to understand this old yet often forgotten truth, you will know what is meant by the words *heaven on earth*. This is it! You are beginning to live heaven on earth in the Divine Indwelling. You, frail earth-creature, having given your frailty over to God, have created a place of splendor within the depths of your being, a holy and eternal space where you meet God face to face. Cherish this truth. It is costly grace.

The Word:

by Macrina Wiederkehr

O frail and glorious creature
Whoever you are,
Cherish this truth:
There are *hints of glory* in your being
seeds of splendor
traces of holiness.

To be divinized is your destiny
Your original union
yearns for a place in your life.

Walk gently, then with your frailty
Allow it to bless you.
It will not cripple you
unless you run from it
Embrace it instead.

Carry it as one carries
the cherished secret of a great wealth
hidden away in a holy, eternal space
like a treasure hidden in a field.

That's you!
You fragile, noble being
Little-Great-One.
Yes, there are whispers of greatness
In the frail envelope of your being

The heavens have heard
whispers of your splendor
and God still weeps at your birth.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection

