

# Simple Gifts

Yoyo Ma And Alison Krauss

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'Tis the gift to be free,  
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,  
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,  
To bow and to bend, we will not be ashamed,  
To turn, turn, will be our delight,  
Till by turning, turning we come round right

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To bow and to bend, we will not be ashamed,  
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## “It’s a gift to be simple”



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.

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**Thank You For Joining Us!**

**Prayer Leader:**

Betsy Nero  
10/27/15

**Centering Space:**  
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**To Ponder:** “Turning Toward the Source”  
from Gerald May’s *The Awakened Heart*

When desire for love is felt, owned, and intended, some kind of prayer happens. In one form or another, prayer is the beginning and the way of being in love. If we are to say yes to love’s invitation, to whom do we say it? In part, we say it to ourselves when we claim our desire and intention. But we are also committing ourselves to receiving a gift, and thus must address the giver. Prayer is the only way we can integrate our intention with our dependence on grace.

Desire in itself can be prayer when it turns us toward the source of love, turns our attention there, aligns our concern in that direction. Of course there is no geographical direction in which God exists in relation to us. It is an attitudinal direction, determined by our intent. Sometimes it may seem we turn toward the interior, toward the divine within us. At other times we see the divine in other people, in nature, somewhere outside ourselves. And in moments of pure being, it is clear that the source of love is everywhere; our very life becomes a prayer.

Prayer can be anything from reciting words by rote, to pleading for help in desperation, to simple appreciation in the present moment. Some people have very clear-cut ideas about who God is when they pray. Others do not have a clue; their prayer is simple expression of their feelings in the hope that someone or something might hear and respond. It really does not matter. Our understandings of prayer are probably just as inaccurate as our understandings of love and of God. It is all right.

**Reading:** “Mindful” by Mary Oliver  
from *Why I Wake Early*

Every day I see or hear  
something that more or less  
kills me with delight,  
that leaves me like a needle

in the haystack of light.  
It was what I was born for – to look, to listen,  
to lose myself inside this soft world –  
to instruct myself over and over

in joy, and acclamation.  
Nor am I talking about the exceptional,  
the fearful, the dreadful, the very extravagant –  
but of the ordinary, the common, the very drab,

the daily presentations. Oh, good scholar,  
I say to myself, how can you help  
but grow wise with such teachings  
as these – the untrimmable light  
of the world, the ocean’s shine,  
the prayers that are made of grass?

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