

To Ponder:

With Folded Wings *By Stewart Edward White*

Consider the man who, from ineptness of mechanical aptitude, or from the frustration of ill luck or fate, or from confinement of opportunity, fails in the production of that which his vision has seen and his imagination has molded. He has – what you call – failed. The work of his hands crumbles. He is alone and frustrated and discourteased and perhaps derided.

Nevertheless, in the substance of thought, he has had the genius and imagination to have made a pattern of gathered conditions heretofore non-existent. That thing he has visioned is in actual being. The notes of his music are imprisoned in a crystal stillness which needs but the touch for their release. The accomplishment of his spirit is in the cosmic Intention, awaiting embodiment, as definitely as are the cosmic Intentions of such old established things as a tree or a dog or a flower. The Intention of his is rounded and whole, needing for physical expression merely the gathering of the appropriate conditions, as fire awaits but the knowledged placing of fuel and chemical action.

Any real or sincere creative effort is never lost. It is built into the structure of the evolving universe. It carries onward into the way of progressing complexity as certainly as has the evolution of the bird from the reptile. There are no failures, save those failure to carry forward wholeheartedly one's work and one's destiny as they reveal themselves.

Therefore, the man in advance of his time is not a failure. If one desires to build anew that which has not existed before; without thought of self-aggrandizement beyond what is proper pride in function fulfilled; then one cannot go astray. Approach all work with a spirit of joyous fashioning, content to offer it upon the altar of the great Unseen, there to rest or to be handed back for employment as greater powers than yourselves deem wise.

Reading:

If Darwin Prayed: *Prayers for Evolutionary Mystics* *By Bruce Sanguin*

We open
To the patient presence of Spirit,
Waiting for willing souls —
Future fashioning artists —
To share with her a palette of possibilities.

Waiting for fourteen billion years,
For us to take up the brush
And daub and dab
New colors—our true colors—
Onto the unformed canvas of the future;

Spirit waiting
For this moment to arrive,
To plunge those with ears to hear
Into the waterfall of grace,
Shrieking with laughter and delight
Under thundering baptismal waters.

Baptize us once more in the Spirit,
So that our bold strokes
May draw a wider circle
And play a part in describing our universe.

Amen

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

The Generous Mr. Lovewell
By Mercy Me

He wakes up every day the same
Believin' he's gonna make a change
Never wonders "if" but "when"
I guarantee he can find a way
To reach out and make somebody's day
'Cause someone took the time with him

He believes it's the little things, that make a great big change

Hey, Mr. Lovewell, doin' today
What you do every day, no matter how small
Believin' that it's all the same
Come on, Mr. Lovewell, oh we could use
A few more just like you who care enough to give this life away
'Cause you've been changed
The generous Mr. Lovewell loves today!

It may be a simple "how do you do"
The kind of thing that could pull them through
A minute or two can mean so much
Or maybe it's the one across the street
He's asking if there's anything they need
'Cause they will know what's by our love

It may not be that much to him but it's the world to them
We all need more Mr. Lovewell...

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader
Syndie Eardly
10/0615

Centering Space
14812 Lake Ave | Lakewood
www.centeringspace.org
216.228.7451
centeringspace@srsfcharity.org



*No Vision, No Effort,
No Prayer Is Ever Lost*

**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.