

How Can I Keep From Singing?

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation
I hear the real though far off hymn
That hails a new creation

No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest round me roars
I know the truth, it liveth
What though the darkness round me close
Songs in the night it giveth

No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin
I see the blue above it
And day by day this pathway smoothes
Since first I learned to love it

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart
A fountain ever springing
All things are mine since I am his
How can I keep from singing, singing, singing?



God invites us to be
Wild



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

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader

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To Ponder:

Tapping into the Wild

by Syndie Eardly

We walk daily in a dream, believing in what we see, buying into the structures that have been put in place by previous generations as if they were TRUTH and REALITY. Intellectually we have forgotten who we are in the illusion of all that is around us.

But soul knows. Soul is wild. It is not contained. Soul knows what mind does not. Soul remains connected to the infinite Source, no matter what games mind plays with what it sees and hears and tastes.

Soul rides serenely on calm seas, unconcerned with the vagaries of form, the disturbance of mind, the addiction to wanting.

God creates soul to be wild; to connect to soul's wildest existence — one with starlight, and rushing water, and trilling bird song, and the sweetness of peaches, and the touch of friend's hand.

God invites soul to be wild. To love with wild abandon the richness of experience. To embrace with enthusiasm the infinite variety of the many humans who walk with us on our journey. To sit in awe of the wealth of creativity that emerges as we care for one another and our world.

God reminds us always that form, though beautiful and creative, is impermanent. Our treasure does not reside in the impermanence but in the wildness of spirit, in the journey itself and ultimately, in the place beyond form from which all form and creativity emerges.

Tap into the wild. Quiet the chatter of your mind that complains and judges the circumstances of the world and of your life. Instead raise your thoughts and your heart and your will to that wild place that allows for all possibilities of healing and love and potential in every moment.

Reading:

Soul Spring

By Rumi

Everything visible has an invisible archetype
Forms wear down and die. No matter.
The original and the origin do not.

Every fragile beauty, every perfect forgotten sentence,
you grieve their going away, but that is not how it is.
Where they come from never goes dry.
It is an always flowing spring.

Imagine soul as a fountain, a source,
and these visible forms as rivers that build
from an aquifer that is an infinite water.

The moment you come into being here
a ladder, a means of escape, is set up.

First you are mineral, then plant, then animal.
This much is obvious, surely, You go on
to be a human developing reason and subtle intuitions.

Look at your body, what an intricate beauty
it has grown to be in this dustpit.

And you have more traveling to do — the move into spirit,
where eventually you will be done with this earthplace.
There is an ocean where your drop becomes a hundred Indian
Oceans.

Where Son becomes One. Be sure of two things
the body grows old and your soul stays fresh and young.

Sharing a word ...

a phrase ...

a reflection ...