

When I was a boy each week  
On Sunday we would go to church  
Pay attention to the priest  
And he would read the holy word  
Consecrate the Holy Bread  
And everyone would kneel and bow  
Today the only difference is  
Everything is holy now  
Every thing...is holy now

When I was in Sunday School  
We would learn about the time  
Moses split the sea in two  
and Jesus made the water wine  
I remember feeling sad  
miracles don't happen still  
but now I can't keep track  
cause everything's a Miracle  
Everything, ...is a miracle

Wine from water is not so small  
but and even better magic trick  
is that anything is here at all  
so, the challenging thing becomes  
not to look for Miracles  
but finding where there isn't one

When holy water was rare at best  
It barely wet my fingertips  
but now I have to hold my breath  
like I'm swimming in a sea of it  
it used to be a world have there  
heaven's second rate hand me down  
but I walk it with a Reverent air  
cause everything is Holy now

Read a questioning child's face  
and say it's not a testament,  
that's be hard to say  
see another new morning come  
and say it's not a Sacrament  
I tell you that it can't be done

This morning outside I stood  
saw a little red wing bird  
shining like a burning bush  
and singing like a scripture verse  
it made me want to bow my head  
I remember when church let out  
how things have changed since then  
Everything is Holy Now

It used to be a world half there  
heaven's second rate hand me down  
but I walk it with a reverent air  
cause everything is Holy Now

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Prayer Leader: Mary Timko 4/26/2016

## Moses found the Holy on the Mountain Jesus, in the Desert The Apostles, in the Breaking of the Bread Where do you find the Holy?



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.

**Thank you for joining us!**

*To Ponder:*

*by Mary Timko*

Many things today are so different than when I was a child. There was an air of respect in society. There was also a reverence, a holiness that seems to have slipped away between then and now. Each day we hear news of violence between countries, between students in schools, between neighbors, between individuals in the same family. It has become an, "It's all about me" society. Instead of a respectful air, our society has become callous and closed off. We have walled ourselves off from others with the small device that is always at hand. There is no recognition of the "the other" either human or Holy. We have become obsessed with the care of Earth's resources. We can look at the night's sky, the blooming trees, and be amazed at the wonder of the cosmos and yet, seem to care more about our composts than those that live amongst us in need of food, companionship, a place to belong, to just be loved.

So it seems that maybe we pick and choose what is worth our time and care. So how do we feel about "holy"? Is it difficult to think of God as Holy? Would that make God less approachable? Can God be our friend and companion and still be Holy? Don't we find ourselves excusing our natural behavior if we find ourselves in the company of a priest? We assume they are holy? Yet, in personal experience, they are as human as we are. What is it that makes us shy away from being called holy? Perhaps it is our idea of what holy is? Perhaps we only find holiness in things that we find different than us. But what if we have a natural inclination toward the holy? Scripture says that God knew us before we were knitted in our mother's womb. God numbers the hair on our heads. God wants to be intimate with us. Scripture also says, "Be holy as I the Lord your God am holy." God wants to be a part of us.

St Teresa of Avila talks about this deep longing for God and her desire to be connected with Christ and the difficult time she had achieving her desire. She finally realized that she had to be guided in her desires through the practice of humility or what she calls self-awareness. Teresa believed life is a journey, a journey that is holy not because of the destination, but because of our attentiveness. Teresa says, "I was fundamentally aware that inside of me is a landscape, a unique creation of God's own design that longs to be attended to. We need a desire that leads to a purity of heart through a stripping away of our "idols." She also believed that we need other people who are on the same or similar journey. And lastly, Teresa believed that we may also need occasions for that interior experience that can only come from a prolonged, holy silence.

We share in a similar experience each week here at Centering Space. God knows that we can be holy. What if the search for our own holiness brings us all that we have longed for? What if we find wholeness? How do we answer that call to be holy?

*Reading:*

*by Lindsay Krinks*

**Tempted and Suffering God,  
Light In Us A Holy Fire  
Than Cannot Be Quenched.  
Feed Our Hunger  
With the Bread of Life  
That Comes in the Guise of  
Strangers and Silence  
and Stones. And Teach Us  
To Take and Use Our Life,  
Our Love, Our Longing  
And Pour It Out  
On One Another, On Our  
Groaning City, On Our  
Bruised and Blooming World  
Amen**

*Sharing...*

*a word...*

*A phrase...*

*a reflection...*