

To Ponder

On Pain

By Kahlil Gibran

Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.

Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy;

And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.

And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

Much of your pain is self-chosen.
It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquility:

For his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,

And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears.

Reading

A Poem for My Daughter

By Teddy Macker

It seems we have made pain some kind of mistake,
Like having it is somehow wrong.

Don't let them fool you.
Pain is a part of things.

But remember, dear Ellie,
the compost down in the field:
If the rank and dank and dark
are handled well, not merely discarded,
but turned and known and honored,
they one day come to beds of rich earth
home even to the most delicate rose.

~

To love everything, not just parts...
To love all of yourself, not just certain traits...
To rest in not knowing...
To carry the cross
and to lay your burden down...

To savor the medicine blue of moon,
the fierce sugar of tangerine...
To be a Christ unto others,
a Christ unto one's self.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...



Song

The Purpose in the Pain by Matt Hybarger

Some days are warm with sunshine, some are cold with clouds and rain
Some nights are filled with singing, others crying out your name

No matter what the circumstance, your faithfulness remains
Even when its dark and I can't see *the purpose in the pain*

Sometimes I'm walking on the water, before I sink in unbelief
Start the morning on the mountaintop, then I'm buried underneath
But when I feel forsaken or I hang my head in shame
Sitting here alone still trying to see *the purpose in the pain*

There's a peace that passes all understanding
Though at times it's hardly "peace be still"
Calm assurance that only comes from knowing
That the one who made the heavens still reigns and always will

So I will trust in you Lord, with all my heart and soul and mind
Though the answers to my questions are still few and hard to find

I take my strength from knowing, you will always be the same
And standing on your word I finally see, *the purpose in the pain*

The purpose in the pain
I can see *The purpose in the pain*



Pain Breaks Us Open



Centering Space

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Thank You For Joining Us!

Your Prayer Leader

Syndie Eardly
5/22-23/18

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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.