

Little Things With Great Love Audrey Assad

In the garden of our Savior
No flower grows unseen
His kindness rains like water
On every humble seed
No simple act of mercy escapes His watchful eye
For there is One who sees me
His hand is over mine

In the kingdom of the heavens
No suffering is unknown
Each tear that falls is holy
Each breaking heart a throne
There is a song of beauty in every weeping eye
For there is One who loves me
His heart, it breaks with mine

O the deeds forgotten
O the works unseen
Every drink of water flowing graciously
Every tender mercy You're making glorious
This You have asked of us:
Do little things with great love
This You have asked of us:
Do little things with great love
Little things with great love

At the table of our Savior
No mouth will go unfed
And His children in the shadows
Stream in and raise their heads
O give us ears to hear them and give us eyes to see
For there is One who loves them
I am His hands and feet
There is One who loves them
I am His hands and feet

Prayer Leader:

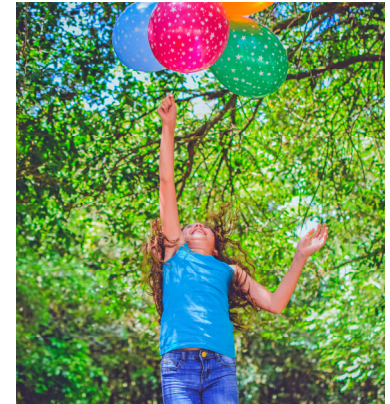
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"For what is
happiness
but growth
in peace..."

May Sarton



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.

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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Reading: Jenneth Graser

I thought of happiness, how it is woven
Out of the silence in the empty house each day
And how it is not sudden and it is not given
But is creation itself like the growth of a tree.
No one has seen it happen, but inside the bark
Another circle is growing in the expanding ring.
No one has heard the root go deeper in the dark,
But the tree is lifted by this inward work
And its plumes shine, and its leaves are glittering.

So happiness is woven out of the peace of hours
And strikes its roots deep in the house alone:
The old chest in the corner, cool waxed floors,
White curtains softly and continually blown
As the free air moves quietly about the room;
A shelf of books, a table, and the white-washed wall—
These are the dear familiar gods of home,
And here the work of faith can best be done,
The growing tree is green and musical.

For what is happiness but growth in peace,
The timeless sense of time when furniture
Has stood a life's span in a single place,
And as the air moves, so the old dreams stir
The shining leaves of present happiness?
No one has heard thought or listened to a mind,
But where people have lived in inwardness
The air is charged with blessing and does bless;
Windows look out on mountains and the walls are kind.

To Ponder: May Sarton *The Work of Happiness*

When the pressures of life become our main focus,
happiness can feel like a distant hope or memory.
The invitation today, is to think about everything that
causes you joy and give thanks, be it small or large.
The poem reveals happiness found in memories that
bring blessing. And what arises, is the journey of
inward invitation, where true happiness can be
nurtured in a lasting way. The "inwardness" of
spiritual life and love journeying helps frame our
perspective about everything we go through.
This is something I find to be a growing area of
invitation and awareness, as I draw my heart into
alignment with the hopeful thoughts of God, especially
on days when happiness is hard to come by. Let us
practice this awareness in the words of May Sarton
"For what is happiness but growth in peace..."



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...