

Shepherd Me, O God Marty Haugen

Shepherd me, O God,
beyond my wants,
beyond my fears,
from death into life.

God is my shepherd so nothing shall I want.
I rest in the meadows of faithfulness and love.
I walk by the quiet waters of peace.

Gently you raise me and heal my weary soul.
You lead me by pathways of righteousness and truth.
My spirit shall sing the music of your name.

Though I should wander the valley of death,
I fear no evil for you are at my side.
Your rod and your staff my comfort and my hope.

Your have set me a banquet of love
In the face of hatred,
Crowning me with love beyond my power to hold.

Surely your kindness and mercy follow me
All the days of my life.
I will dwell in the house of my God forevermore.



Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko, CSA
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A Mystery Holy and Profound



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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To Ponder: Diarmuid O'Murchu
The Meaning and Practice of Faith

Adult faith in the twenty-first century is not merely a pursuit of clarification. It is much more about a new cultural awakening seeking to honor complexity, diversity, and mystery. Simplistic answers aimed at religious or moral compliance may have some relevance for children and younger people, but they are not appropriate for adults and most likely will generate cynicism and negative reaction rather than an awakening of authentic faith. And there is no subject that cannot be questioned—even the mystery of God itself. The awakening of an adult quality of faith nearly always involves—to one degree or another—a break with inherited beliefs.

Adults believe that we live within a mystery that is holy and profound, one that encapsulates the entire web of life, planetary and cosmic.



Reading: Bruce Sanquin *The Silence of the Seed*

We are scattered now,
like seeds,
in the rich soil of becoming.

This breaking open—
of atoms, galaxies, and bacteria
into the next novel moment—
is beyond our comprehension.

Yet we know in our depths
that we are most ourselves
when we are in the breaking through,
in the sprouting life,
in the death giving way to new life,
in the holy mystery
of unceasing yearning to manifest.

We are this mystery of growth,
beyond comprehension,
and yet as intimate and personal
as our breath—
this incessant sigh for completion.

And so we keep the expectant silence of the seed
before the mystery of emergence,
knowing that you are the one
who makes all things new.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...