

God is a Surprise

Moses tended sheep upon a mountain top
He hardly noticed when a burning bush said Stop!
Set my people free. Take them to my land
That couldn't be my God, he said, he'd have a better plan.

Well, surprise, surprise, God is a surprise
Right before your eyes, it's baffling to the wise
Surprise, surprise, God is a surprise
Open up your eyes and see.

People of Israel, were looking for a king
If God could save that way, then freedom bells would ring
Along came Jesus, a man who's poor and weak
He couldn't be our God, they said, he's nothing but a fake.

Peter and the rest of that scraggly little band
They all ran away when darkness hit the land
Whoever heard of a humble bungling boss
That couldn't be our God, they said, he's hanging on a cross.

Seek our God in hope, moving as he goes
With justice, grace and love in anything that grows
In anything at all, he suddenly may be
Cause everything is his, you know, especially you and me.

Prayer Leader:

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What is Spiritual Experience?



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: Frederick Franck *Fingers Pointing Toward the Sacred*

I was five and lying in high grass. A bee hummed close to my eye and frightened me. Then the bee started to suck honey and at that very moment I became sun, bee, flower and grass. 'Me' had evaporated with my fear. Then, when I was eleven, on a country road, I saw a snow flurry approach from afar. The first few snowflakes fell around my feet from the dark wintry sky. I saw how some of the flakes melted immediately on impact, others stayed. Again, Me disappeared, melted with snowflakes, became one with road and sky and snowstorm. It has happened often, always when least expected. A few hours before leaving on this journey, driving somewhere in New Jersey, I lost my way back to the parkway. At last at a traffic light stood a pedestrian, a very fat man in a battered homburg hat. A greasy cigar stump stuck out straight from what looked more like a snout than a face. 'How do I get to Route 4?' I called out. 'Route 4,' he repeated, chewing on his cigar. 'Nothing to it!' His little eyes twinkled with kindness. 'Take a left at the second light, can't miss it!' He had put his fat hand on my sleeve and given a friendly squeeze. I looked at him and saw. I tried to thank him, but no sound came. I made a kind of bow. The jelly had become Man. What is spiritual experience? A snow flake melting, a bee sucking honey, a fat man at a traffic light.



Reading: Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Love all Creation.
The whole of it and every grain of sand
Love every leaf
Every ray of God's light
Love the animals
Love the plants
Love everything
You will perceive
The divine mystery in things
And once you have perceived it
You will begin to comprehend it ceaselessly
More and more every day
And you will at last come to love the whole world
With an abiding universal love



Sharing...
a word...
a phrase...
a reflection...