

## The Love of God TheNCrew EliEli

The love of God is greater far  
Than tongue or pen can ever tell  
It goes beyond the highest star  
And reaches to the lowest hell  
The guilty pair, bowed down with care  
God gave His Son to win  
His erring child He reconciled  
And pardoned from his sin

When hoary time shall pass away  
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall  
When men who here refuse to pray  
On rocks and hills and mountains call  
God's love so sure, shall still endure  
All measureless and strong  
Redeeming grace to Adam's race  
The saints' and angels' song

Could we with ink the ocean fill  
And were the skies of parchment made  
Were every stalk on earth a quill  
And every man a scribe by trade  
To write the love of God above  
Would drain the ocean dry  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole  
Though stretched from sky to sky

Oh, love of God, how rich and pure  
How measureless and strong  
It shall forevermore endure  
The saints' and angels' song

Prayer Leader:

Peggy Gerovac

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We are matter, kindred with ocean and tree and sky.  
We are flesh and blood and bone.  
To sink into that is a relief, a homecoming.



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

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## To Ponder: *Our Yearning for Wholeness* by Krista Tippett

We are matter, kindred with ocean and tree and sky.  
We are flesh and blood and bone. To sink into that is a relief, a homecoming.

Mind and spirit are as physical as they are mental. The line we'd drawn between them was whimsy, borne of the limits of our understanding. Emotions and memories, from despair to gladness, root in our bodies. Bone-deep love, heartbreak, the "hardened heart" of Pharaoh — we've used language like this forever and now we grasp its sense. Our brains lay physical pathways and take bodily direction. Our bodies are longing and joy and fear and a life-long desire to be safe and loved, incarnate.

I taste, touch, smell, see, and hear, and my mind entwines with my senses and experiences. I live and move and have my being, as the Book of Common Prayer more lyrically describes it. Therein, I become.

Philosophers and physicians didn't mean to divide us up. It's what we do instinctively with great truths — we take them to extremes. We try to control this messy reality we are, tugged and torn by desires and needs and holes we fill with excess. Now, we're bringing our sense of ourselves back to earth. We're tethering our yearning for wholeness to the physiology we've known about for a while, the neurons we're just learning to see. Physical, emotional, and spiritual are more entangled than we guessed, more interactive in every direction, and this knowledge is a form of power.

For most of history, religion was a full-body experience, a primary space in common life where we danced and sang and laughed and cried and ritualized the passages of our lives. Rituals are sophisticated ancient intelligence about the body. Kneeling, folding hands in prayer, and breaking bread; liturgies of grieving, gathering, and celebration — such actions create visceral containers of time and posture. They are like physical corollaries to poetry — condensed, economical gestures that carry inordinate meaning and import. Rituals tether emotion in flesh and blood and bone and help release it. They embody memory in communal time.

And all of the traditions that give us meaning and morality have an incarnational, fully human heart.

## Reading: Gerard Manley Hopkins

It is not only prayer that gives God glory but work.

Smiting an anvil, sawing a beam, white-washing  
a wall, driving horses, sweeping, scouring,  
everything gives God some glory  
if being in His grace you do it as your duty.

"To go to communion worthily  
gives God great glory,  
but to take food in thankfulness and temperance  
gives Him glory too.

To lift up the hands in prayer gives God glory,  
but a man with a dungfork in his hand,  
a woman with a slop pail,  
give Him glory too.

God is so great that all things give Him glory  
if you mean that they should."

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...