

## Another Holy Morning – david m. bailey

To learn about the future, watch a child play  
To learn about the past, hear what the old man has to say  
To learn about the moment, stop and look around  
Every single second has its own amazing sound

You might hear a cricket, you might hear a car  
What you choose to listen to will tell you who you are.  
If you want to feel the sun, you gotta go to where it shines  
There's so much you can give, but you gotta take the time

Some say time will tell, well I think it often screams  
It cannot understand why we disregard our dreams  
If you were a bird, where do you think you'd fly?  
Out towards the horizon or high up in the sky?

I guess it all depends on where you want to go  
There are many ways to get there from the little that I know  
We all have a ghost in our past, a private curse  
And everybody seems to think that theirs must be the worst

But the skeleton in your closet is only made of bones  
And you are flesh and blood, full of life, and not alone

No one needs to walk even a single mile  
In someone else's shoes to know they face a trial  
That could be just as hard as the one that's facing you  
And you have no idea exactly what you'd do

I think we all deserve a little bit of slack  
As we work through our own demons and try to get on track  
Everybody's had their doubts, from the peasant to the Pope  
But the sun came up this morning, so I believe there's hope

Call me crazy, call me stupid, call me foolish or naïve  
But it's another holy morning and as for me, I believe.  
It's another holy morning and as for me, I believe.

Prayer Leader:

Subhana Cathy Graf

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Nothing  
ever  
disappears,  
nothing is lost.



Grandmother Grapevine Dragonheart  
by Tarana Wesley, used with permission



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.

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## To Ponder: Subhana Cathy Graf

There is a saying common enough that you may recognize it from its acronym, WYSIWYG, “What you see is what you get”. According to John O'Donohue in *Beauty, The Invisible* Embrace, *what* we see depends on *how* we are seeing. “When our eyes are graced with wonder, the world reveals its wonders to us... So much depends on how we look at things. The quality of our looking determines what we come to see.” Similarly david m. bailey sings that “what you choose to listen to will tell you who you are”. Choice and expectation affect our perception of the world around us. Seeing and listening with the eyes and ears of our heart opens us to the wonder of God’s creation. All our experiences combine to form us ever more fully in relationship with the Divine. O’Donohue goes on to tell us: “All through your life, the most precious experiences seem to vanish. Transience turns everything to air. You look behind and see no sign even of a yesterday that was so intense. Yet in truth, nothing ever disappears, nothing is lost. Everything that happens to us in the world passes into us. It all becomes part of the inner temple of the soul and it can never be lost. This is the art of the soul: to harvest your deeper life from all the seasons of your experience. This is probably why the soul never surfaces fully. The intimacy and tenderness of its light would blind us. We continue in our days to wander between the shadowing and the brightening, while all the time a more subtle brightness sustains us. If we could but realize the sureness around us, we would be much more courageous in our lives. The frames of anxiety that keep us caged would dissolve. We would live the life we love and in that way, day by day, free our future from the weight of regret.”

## Reading: Don V. Lax

Did you come here to dance for a while  
With the earth and sky loving each other  
Through that tender heart and open smile  
Until you’re so full of beauty that you overflow?

I know the secret words the angels whispered to your soul  
Before ever you dressed yourself in wondrous form  
And if we listen well we could hear that song  
When we’re dreaming deep at night.

Now the stars are calling us  
Out to breathe with the trees  
Where we gaze with amazement  
At a universe that’s our home and true nature.

In continuous emerging expressions of bliss  
This world gently holds and releases  
These bodies that visit and then  
Rise to sing again with divinity.



Waikanae Beach by Andrew Rashid, used with permission

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...