

## **I'm Letting Go** Francesca Battistelli

My heart beats, standing on the edge  
But my feet have finally left the ledge  
Like an acrobat  
There's no turning back

*I'm letting go  
Of the life I planned for me  
And my dreams  
I'm losing control  
Of my destiny  
It feels like I'm falling and that's what it's like to believe  
So I'm letting go  
This is a giant leap of faith  
Trusting and trying to embrace  
The fear of the unknown  
Beyond my comfort zone*

*I'm letting go  
Of the life I planned for me  
And my dreams  
I'm losing control  
Of my destiny  
It feels like I'm falling and that's what it's like to believe  
So I'm letting go*

Giving in to your gravity  
Knowing You are holding me  
I'm not afraid  
Feels like I'm falling and that's what it's like to believe  
Feels like I'm falling and this is the life for me

Prayer Leader:

**Betsy Nero**

**10/23/2018**

Printed on 100% recycled paper

## **It's the Little Things**



Photos from Betsy Nero



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**

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7415  
centeringspace@srs charity.org | www.centeringspace.org

A Sponsored Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

## To Ponder: Anne Lamott

Help-Thanks-Wow: The Three Essential Prayers

Amazing things appear in our lives, almost out of nowhere – landscapes, seascapes, forgiveness – and they keep happening; so many vistas and so much healing to give thanks for. Even when we don't cooperate, blessings return to our lives, even in the aftermath of tragedy.

Things get a little better when we ask for help. People help us. Most astonishing of all, people forgive us, and we eventually forgive them. Talk about miracles. The kids turn out to be okay after all. The widow finally gets back on her feet. If you're like me, you ask your higher power for help, and then cause further need for help by procrastinating, or refusing to cooperate with simple instructions that follow sincere petition. And yet even so, grace, progress, blessings continue to be given to you, because God gives. It's God's job. How can that be?

C.S. Lewis wrote: "I pray because I can't help myself. I pray because I'm helpless. I pray because the need flows out of me all the time, waking and sleeping. It doesn't change God. It changes me." I have heard this passage in a number of sermons in far-flung churches over the years. "It changes me." Hearing this makes me less afraid and more grateful, less critical and more trusting.

So I pray constantly between bouts of trying to live life on life's terms. Help. Thanks. Wow. I end most prayers with Amen, before my inevitable reentry into regular old so-called real life, because for thousands of years believers and prophets have said to. So I do. It's that simple.

You've heard it said that when all else fails, follow instructions. So we breathe, try to slow down and pay attention, try to love and help God's other children, and – hardest of all, at least to me – learn to love our depressing, hilarious, mostly decent selves. We get thirsty people water, read to the very young and old, and listen to the sad. We pick up litter and try to leave the world a slightly better place for our stay here. Those are the instructions, to which I can add only: Amen.

## Reading: Mary Oliver

Quotes To Inspire A Bold Life

"I held my breath as we do sometimes to stop time when something wonderful has touched us..."

"Love yourself. Then forget it. Then, love the world."

"I tell you this to break your heart, by which I mean only that it break open and never close again to the rest of the world."

"But I also say this: that light is an invitation to happiness, and that happiness, when it's done right, is a kind of holiness, palpable and redemptive."

"Someone I loved once gave me a box full of darkness. It took me years to understand that this too, was a gift."

"it is a serious thing just to be alive on this fresh morning in this broken world."



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...