

## Sacred Creation by Rufino Zaragoza

**Sacred the land, sacred the water,  
sacred the sky, holy and true.  
Sacred all life, sacred each other;  
all reflect God who is good.**

All praise be yours through Brother Sun,  
bearing a likeness of you, Most High One.  
Sister Moon and Stars who are precious,  
splendid, ride your glorious sky.

Brother Wind and Air that pervades,  
vary their moods to sustain all you've made.  
Sister Water, useful and pure,  
lowly, freely sharing her life.

Through Brother Fire you brighten the night,  
strong and robust yet playful and bright.  
Sister Earth, our mother who nurtures,  
feeding, yielding flower and herb.

**Sacred the land, sacred the water,  
sacred the sky, holy and true.  
Sacred all life, sacred each other;  
all reflect God who is good;  
all reflect God, all reflect God.**

Prayer Leader:

Cheryl Keehner, CSA  
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## Love is life believing in itself.



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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:** from the text of Chief Seattle's response of the U.S. government's offer to purchase the remaining land of Squamish & Duwamish tribes in 1854. The land referred to is now the State of Washington, and parts of Oregon & Idaho.

Your proposition seems fair and I believe our people will accept it and retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of sense darkness. However, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege of freely visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends and children. Every part of this soil is sacred ...every hillside, every valley and every plain and grove has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished...

Our braves, fond mothers, happy hearted maidens and even little children love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, upon a highway or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone...All night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.



**Reading:** from Earth Prayers from around the World

Life is the Sacred Mystery singing to itself, dancing  
To its drum, telling tales, improvising, playing  
And we are all that Spirit, our stories all  
But one cosmic story that we are loved indeed,  
That perfect love in me seeks the love in you,  
And if our eyes could ever meet without fear  
We would recognize each other and rejoice.  
For love is life believing in itself.

Manitongquat (elder of the Wampanoag Tribe)  
Professor of Indian Culture, University of Maine

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, governor of the French colony in what today is Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi wrote this about the Indians:

Their honesty is immaculate and their purity of purpose and faithful observance of the rituals of their religion is most remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...