

I am light, I am light India.Arie

I am light, I am light

I am not the things my family did
I am not the voices in my head
I am not the pieces of the brokenness inside
I am light, I am light

I'm not the mistakes that I have made
Or any of the things that caused me pain
I am not the pieces of the dream I left behind
I am light, I am light

I am not the color of my eyes
I am not the skin on the outside
I am not my age, I am not my race
My soul inside is all light, all light
Oh light, all light

I am divinity defined
I am the God on the inside
I am a star, a piece of it all
I am light

Prayer Leader:

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Becoming by God's Grace



Photos from Summit Metroparks



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

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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To Ponder: *The Book of Awakening* by Mark Nepo

To the Core

We are so quick to condemn this or exile that, to ostracize the breaker of promises, when the truth is that nothing in nature arrives as imagined. In fact, because the space between what we intend and what we do is often great, we keep beginning. Because the gap between what we feel and what we say is often surprising, we keep trying. Because the field between what we experience and what we understand is so vast, we keep growing.

It is, despite our frustration, what makes life interesting and love hard. Each of us gets the chance, repeatedly, to announce, with all the certainty we can muster, our own version of “The world is flat,” only to live into the humility of what has always been true.

When I think of the beliefs I have declared over my lifetime and how they were broken like trees in a storm, or the vows I swore to keep at all cost only to deny knowing God like Peter, or the pride with which I would never kneel only to be brought to my knees by pain—when I accept the fragile way that the human journey unfolds, these become less mistakes and more the way that nature works.

We grow into truth, one self at a time: questioning, declaring, aiming, missing, questioning again. As fruits are all encased until ripe, light comes full term in the dark and truth ripens in the heart. The only way to know the truth is to live through its many casings.

Reading: *If Darwin Prayed* by Bruce Sanguin

The Light of Spirit

O Holy One, we long to open our hearts to you,
to love you with all that we are,
all that we have,
and all that we are becoming
by your grace.

Help us to be unafraid;
help us take refuge in your promises
rather than in rigid principles.
Help us to take solace in your mercy
and not in medicating our mistakes.
Help us to take courage in Christ-like vulnerability,
not in the arrogance of coercion.

In this sacred time,
by the tender encouragement of Spirit,
may the door of our hearts
open just enough
to remember what it's like to trust,
to allow Spirit light
to illumine
and lead us back to you.
Amen

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

