

He never thought that much about it
 He saw his patients one by one
 The fear in their eyes was always a surprise
 He could hardly wait 'til he was done
 But friends and family round the bedside
 Would cry and scream when they heard the news
 He'd look down and say that he was sorry
 There were no other words to use
 That's how it was until the morning
 He woke up with a pain in his side
 X-rays came back in the evening
 Nine parts gray, one part white

Wounded Healer david m bailey

Now he's a wounded healer
 He's got the scars to prove it
 He's found a new life and will never lose it
 He's a wounded healer, he's got a wounded heart
 But now his words are softer and his life is an art.

She never thought that much about it
 She preached her sermon every Sunday morn
 She felt her congregation was like a hostile nation
 So her message always had a touch of scorn
 The people came to seek her counsel
 They'd cry and scream with problems of their own
 She'd look down and say that she was sorry
 Then close the door and hurry home
 That's how it was until the morning
 A phone call got her out of bed
 This time she did not plan the funeral
 She just attended it instead

Now she's a wounded healer
 She's got the scars to prove it
 She's found a new life and she can never lose it
 She's a wounded healer, she's got a wounded heart
 But now her words are wiser and her life is an art.

I suppose he thought a lot about it
 Knew just when the hour would come to pass
 Probably wondered how much it would hurt
 He knew how long it would last
 First came the long hours in the garden
 Then came the kiss and then the cross
 He looked down and asked for our forgiveness
 Wept for all the ways that we are lost
 That's how it was until the morning
 The angel told us not to be afraid
 We looked to where He should be lying
 Then turned around when He called our name

He's a wounded healer,
 He's got the scars to prove it
 He's given us new life and we can never chose it
 He's a wounded healer; He's got a wounded heart
 He is light and his life is an art

You don't have to think a lot about it
 Just trust there is a reason for your pain
 Somebody somewhere really needs you
 And it's true the more you give, the more you gain
 'Cause you're a wounded healer
 You've got the scars to prove it
 New life is waiting but you've gotta' choose it

You're a wounded healer,
 you got a wounded heart
 Sometime it takes a wound before you make a start
 Before you can be whole, you must be torn apart
 So let your scars be songs and let your life be an art

Through acts of sacrificial love
God takes what is broken
 And creates something beautiful



Created by the people and ministries of
 Bethany Presbyterian Church 2018.
 Words and photo by The Reverend
 Sharon Grace Sherwin Budin



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: Thoughts on brokenness

"God uses broken things. It takes broken soil to produce a crop, broken clouds to give rain, broken grains to give bread, broken bread to give strength." Vance Havner

"When the bud breaks, it becomes a flower. When the heart breaks, it becomes divine." Sri Sri Ravi Shankar

"Voice of the Day" from Sojourners, 8/7/18: "Bittersweet is the idea that in all things there is both something broken and something beautiful, that there is a sliver of lightness on even the darkest of nights, a shadow of hope in every heartbreak, and that rejoicing is no less rich when it contains a splinter of sadness. ... a life of nothing but sweetness rots both your teeth and your soul. Bitter is what makes us strong, what forces us to push through, what helps us earn the lines on our faces and the calluses on our hands." - Shauna Niequist

The universe
is not trying
to break you,
my dear,
it's trying
to find a way
to wake you up,
so that you
will see
what is real,
and worth
fighting for.

It takes time
to heal,
but it also
takes courage.

Unknown

Gmorning.
I don't know how to tell you this,
but
you're not perfect.
You never will be.
You keep growing and messing up
and learning,
and your quirks become strengths.
You are SO much better than
perfect, love.

Lin-Manuel Miranda

Prayer Leader:

Subhana Cathy Graf

1/15/2019

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Reading: For Suffering by John O'Donohue

May you be blessed in the holy names of those
Who, without you knowing it,
Help to carry and lighten your pain.

May you know serenity
When you are called
To enter the house of suffering.

May a window of light always surprise you.

May you be granted the wisdom
To avoid false resistance;
When suffering knocks on the door of your life,
May you glimpse its eventual gifts.

May you be able to receive the fruits of suffering.

May memory bless and protect you
With the hard-earned light of past travail;
To remind you that you have survived before
And though the darkness now is deep,
You will soon see the approaching light.

May the grace of time heal your wounds.

May you know that though the storm might rage,
Not a hair of your head will be harmed.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...