

From a Distance Bette Midler

From a distance the world looks blue and green
And the snow capped mountains white
From a distance the ocean meets the stream
And the eagle takes to flight

From a distance there is harmony
And it echoes through the land
It's the voice of hope
It's the voice of peace
It's the voice of every man

From a distance we all have enough
And no one is in need
And there are no guns, no bombs and no disease
No hungry mouths to feed

From a distance we are instruments
Marching in a common band
Playing songs of hope
Playing songs of peace
They are the songs of every man

*God is watching us
God is watching us
God is watching us from a distance*

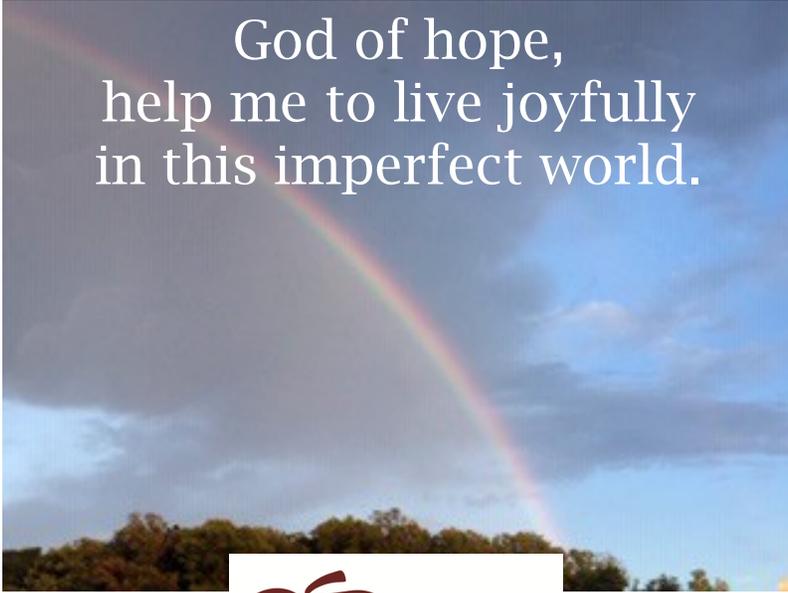
From a distance you look like my friend
Even though we are at war
From a distance I just cannot comprehend
What all this fighting is for

From a distance there is harmony
And it echoes through the land
And it's the hope of hopes
It's the love of loves
It's the heart of every man
It's the hope of hopes
It's the love of loves
This is the song of every man

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero
1/29/2019

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God of hope,
help me to live joyfully
in this imperfect world.



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: Elizabeth Berg *Night of Miracles*

Surely you've had this happen. You are seated by choice or misfortune in a window seat on an airplane. You look out as the plane takes off, rises up higher and higher, levels off. If you chance to glance down, you see a particular kind of order not realized on earth. You might feel a kind of hopefulness at the sight of houses clustered together in their various neighborhoods, at roads running straight or artfully curved, at what look like toy cars. You see the lakes and rivers, occasionally the wide stretch of ocean meeting horizon. You see natural quilts formed by the lay of fields and farmlands, you see the grouping of trees into parks and forests. Sometimes you see the splendor of autumn leaves or Fourth of July fireworks. Or sunsets. Or sunrises.

All of this can inspire something unnameable but nearly graspable, a kind of yearning toward a grand possibility.

And then you land.

But what if you landed differently?

Reading: Melanie Svoboda, SND *Hanging Onto Hope*

God of hope,
help me to live joyfully in the imperfect world,
the world of the good, the bad, and the ambiguous.

May I live in this real world with enthusiasm,
and not become disheartened by some of the negative things
I see and experience.

May I daily choose to have hope because I have a vision
that goes beyond the immediate or the readily visible.

May I bet with my whole life that a better world
is not only possible, she is on her way.

Give me the quiet grace to hear her breathing.
Amen.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...