

Peace by Norah Jones

There's a place that I know
where the sycamores grow
And daffodils have their fun
Where the cares of the day
seems to slowly fade away
And the glow of the evening sun
Peace when the day is done

If I go there real late,
let my mind meditate
on everything to be done
If I search deep inside,
let my conscience be my guide
Then the answers are sure to come
Don't have to worry none

When you find peace of mind
Leave your worries behind
Don't say that it can't be done
With a new point of view
Life's true meaning comes to you
And the freedom you seek is one
Peace is for everyone
Peace is for everyone
Peace is for everyone

Prayer Leader:

Peggy Gerovac
1/8/2019

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No one is spared
both
the wondrous mystery
and
the confusing pathos
of life's complexity.

Ron Rohlheiser

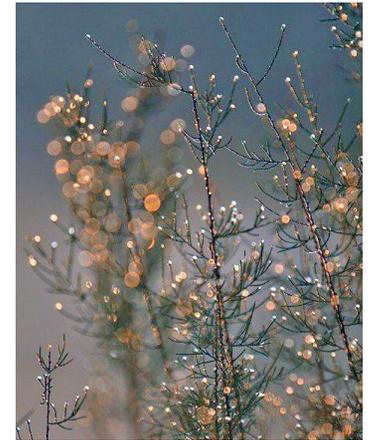


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Our prayer is characterized by silence ~
Be still and know that I am God!

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: Ronald Rohlheiser

Perhaps the most popular spiritual writer in the last half century has been Henri Nouwen, and the great gift of his writings is that they introduce us to the complexity of our own lives and give us permission to understand that such complexity is normal. We aren't necessarily overgreedy, oversexed, or overrestless. We are just normal, complicated human beings walking around in human skin. That's what real life feels like! This is also a clear truth inside the scriptures and the Gospels. The scriptures are filled with stories of persons finding God and helping bring about God's kingdom, even as their own lives are often fraught with mess, confusion, frustration, betrayal, infidelity and sin. There are no simple human beings immune to the spiritual, psychological, sexual, and relational complexities that beset us all.

And in the end, that's a good thing: our complex nature among other things keeps us forever aware, despite our own fear and sloth, that the mystery of life is infinitely bigger than what we are comfortable with most of the time. Our pathological complexity presses us toward even greater light.

Ronald Rohlheiser, *Wrestling with God: Finding Hope and Meaning in our Daily Struggles to be Human*

Reading: David John Mowers, *Tales of Phoenicia*,

Well it's a thing about wood,
a sea-cret about stone
a tension in the heavens;
has left earth all alone...

You'll find it in your heart,
see it in your mind
hear it in the sounds;
repeating over time...

That's the thing about stone,
the difference in the wood
all the loneliness of earth;
out of a darkness came good...

A secret in a song
a music in the wood
a message in stone,
from the heavens;
as it should.

Secrets in song
music from wood
messenger-stone
a feeling of good...

Love of your heart
found in your mind
beauty of the heavens;
and it's repeated over time.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...