

# The Summons

John L. Bell & Graham Maule

Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?  
Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?  
Will you let my love be shown? Will you let my name be known,  
will you let my life be grown in you and you in me?

Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?  
Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?  
Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?  
Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?  
Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?  
Will you kiss the leper clean and do such as this unseen,  
and admit to what I mean in you and you in me?

Will you love the "you" you hide if I but call your name?  
Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?  
Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around,  
through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?

Lord your summons echoes true when you but call my name.  
Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.  
In Your company I'll go where Your love and footsteps show.  
Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero  
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photo Betsy Nero

## Awaken to the mystery of being here.



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: Sara Miles *City of God*

Like most converts, I had an annoying tendency to talk about Jesus just a little bit more than anybody else wanted to hear. But sin: that was different. I preached about sin because I believed in mercy. And I believed in mercy because I knew how quickly even my stupidest, most ordinary sins could drag me into a spiral of misery. I'd be mean, or lazy, or selfish, and feel bad about it, and so I'd become meaner, less able to get up, less interested in thinking about anybody else. That inward-driving force, which takes the mind prisoner and locks the soul in solitary confinement, nourishes even the smallest sin and makes living with it, essentially, hell.

And the only way out of it, on Ash Wednesday as on any day, is repentance. Not feeling bad, but changing. Not pouring ashes on your head in a fit of self-loathing, but allowing Jesus to gently spit into a handkerchief and scrub off your face.

And so I'd experienced Jesus' unexpected lifting of a burden; the freedom that could flood into my sorry heart from a larger, sacred heart. It was calling me to get out of myself and into the holy city, into actual relationships with other people and with God. Because out there on the streets, as those crazy preachers shout, startling the pigeons, is the Revelation: *"Behold, I am making all things new!"*



## Reading: John O'Donohue

### For Presence

Awaken to the mystery of being here  
and enter the quiet immensity of your own presence.

Have joy and peace in the temple of your senses.

Receive encouragement when new frontiers beckon.

Respond to the call of your gift and the courage to follow its path.

Let the flame of anger free you of all falsity.

May warmth of heart keep your presence aflame.

May anxiety never linger about you.

May your outer dignity mirror and inner dignity of soul.

Take time to celebrate the quiet miracles that seek no attention.

Be consoled in the secret symmetry of your soul.

May you experience each day as a sacred gift woven around the heart of wonder.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...