

Beyond the Days (Ricky Manalo) Agnes Choo version

Beyond the days of hope and myst'ry
we see a light of faith renewed
And in our longing we thirst for guidance
to walk with you, day by day.

Forty days and night you guide the steps of our journey
May your presence be felt in the whisper of your voice.

Not on bread alone are we to walk this journey.
Speak the words that give life to the yearnings of our hearts

God, we feel the touch of your guidance.
Keep us safe in your care: may your gentleness be there.

On our Lenten path we see the path of a new day.
Be our vision of hope; be the promise of our lives.

Prayer Leader:
Cheryl Keehner, CSA
3 / 19-20 / 2019

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Love's gifts poured out into the 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: Jan Richardson, *Night Visions*

So many things disguise themselves as hope.
So much promise change
or relief from present circumstances,
that sometimes it becomes difficult
to tell the difference between a reasonable hope
and a misguided delusion.
Hope becomes easier to recognize
when we learn
that it rarely comes from outside of us.
More often it comes from within,
emerging from the place
where our deepest longings
meet our willingness to make them real.
In that place
hope sheds its disguises,
moving with grace and freedom
to point us beyond our delusions
toward the landscape of possibility.

Reading: Tracy Shaw, *A Blessing for the Inward Way*

May you learn to dwell below the surface of the days,
at home with the ebb and flow of your own heart's tides.

May you find the womb-space at the center of your life,
and there grow wise in the sacred rhythm
of filling and emptying, emptying and filling.

May you surrender to the unknown
as completely as the dark moon empties herself
into the secret embrace of the Beloved, the Sun.

May you cherish hope of renewal
as tenderly as the crescent moon cradles the dark
in the curve of her arm,
enfolding, quickening with life new born.

And may you always open to the flow of love
as voluptuously as the moon at full,
until filled, overwhelming,
you pour Love's gifts out into the world.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...