

Song at the Empty Tomb Marty Haugen

Once you brought the dead into life,
Your hands were healing and peace,
your words were fire and light,
your life was promise and feast.

Now you leave us trembling and weak,
No more the sureness of death,
No more the world that I knew,
Life that is new with each breath.

Where now is the body you wore?
What is this dark empty hole?
Where is the One that I love?
Where is the fire of my soul?

You who were the truth of my life,
You now my fear and my hope,
Who shatters death and the grave,
Who goes before me alone.

You who shake the earth and the stars,
who opens tombs in my soul,
Who knows my weakness and pain,
You tear and rend and make whole.

Here beyond the shadow of death,
Here where the day breaks anew,
There is no future but faith,
There is no promise but you.

*Here in the midst death, we shall see the birth of life.
Now in the darkest hour, we shall know the face of God.
Here in the midst of life, here within each fearful heart,
Now in each human form, you shall be the risen one.*

Grant to us this day of your life,
When all your people shall see,
When death itself shall have died,
when we your kingdom shall be.

We your kingdom shall be.

Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko, CSA
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the mystery of emergence



Photo from Summit Metro Parks



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: Richard Rohr with Mike Morrell, *The Divine Dance*

When you allow yourself to be led into awe and wonder, when you find yourself in an *aha!* moment and you savor it *consciously* (remember that joy and happiness take a minimum of fifteen conscious seconds to imprint on your neurons), then you can have a genuinely new experience; otherwise, you will fit everything back into your old paradigm, and it won't really be an *experience* at all. It will at best be a passing diversion, a momentary distraction from your common "cruise control" of thoughts and feelings. That's all. ...

Awe and wonder are terms that are often correlative with mystery. All fundamentalist religion is terribly uncomfortable with mystery; it likes to take full control of the data, and mystery by definition leaves you out of control. Such moments of vulnerability are the very space where God can most easily break in with fresh experience; in fact, I doubt if God can break through in any other way. Again, in the spiritual world, you can never say with finality, "I know it," or "I've got it all wrapped up." ...

Everything you have ever seen with your eyes is the self-emptying of God into multitudinous physical and visible forms.

Having little patience with (or appreciation for) mystery, as well as so little humility or basic love for groups other than our own (never mind nonhuman creation), maybe our Christian religion in its present formulation *has* to die for a truly cosmic and love-centered spiritual path to be born. I sincerely wonder if this might be true.

Reading: Bruce Sanguin, *If Darwin Prayed*

The Silence of the Seed

We are scattered now, like seeds,
in the rich soil of becoming.

This breaking open—
of atoms, galaxies, and bacteria
into the next novel moment—
is beyond our comprehension.

Yet we know in our depths
that we are most ourselves
when we are in the breaking through,
in the sprouting life,
in the death giving way to new life,
in the holy mystery
of unceasing yearning to manifest.

We are this mystery of growth,
beyond comprehension,
and yet as intimate and personal
as our breath—
this incessant sigh for completion.

And so we keep the expectant silence of the seed
before the mystery of emergence,
knowing that you are the one
who makes all things new.
Amen

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...