

Holy Now *Peter Mayer*

When I was a boy, each week
On Sunday, we would go to church
Pay attention to the priest
And he would read the holy word
And consecrate the holy bread
And everyone would kneel and bow
Today the only difference is
Everything is holy now
Everything, everything
Everything is holy now

When I was in Sunday school
We would learn about the time
Moses split the sea in two
Jesus made the water wine
And I remember feeling sad
That miracles don't happen still
But now I can't keep track
Cause everything's a miracle
Everything, everything
Everything's a miracle

Wine from water is not so small
But an even better magic trick
Is that anything is here at all
So the challenging thing becomes
Not to look for miracles
But finding where there isn't one

When holy water was rare at best
It barely wet my fingertips
But now I have to hold my breath
Like I'm swimming in a sea of it
It used to be a world half there
Heaven's second rate hand-me-down
But I walk it with a reverent air
Cause everything is holy now

Read a questioning child's face
And say it's not a testament
That'd be very hard to say
See another new morning come
And say it's not a sacrament
I tell you that it can't be done

This morning, outside I stood
And saw a little red-winged bird
Shining like a burning bush
Singing like a scripture verse
It made me want to bow my head
I remember when church let out
How things have changed since then
Everything is holy now
It used to be a world half-there
Heaven's second rate hand-me-down
But I walk it with a reverent air
Cause everything is holy now

Prayer Leader:

Peggy Gerovac
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Everything
is
holy
now!

Peter Mayer



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

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7415
centeringspace@srs ofcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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To Ponder:

“Believe me as one who has experience, you will find much more among the woods than ever you will among books. Woods and stones will teach you what you can never hear from any master.”

Bernard of Clairvaux

“How necessary it is for the monks to work in the fields, in the sun, in the mud, in the clay, in the wind: These are our spiritual directors and our novice masters.”

Thomas Merton

“The bass and trout hiding in the deep pools of the river are canonized by their beauty and their strength. The lakes hidden among the hills are saints, and the sea too is a saint who praises God without interruption in her majestic dance.”

Thomas Merton

This is the heart of contemplation, to remember our true nature, to free ourselves from the ways we refuse each day, to listen into the invitation to become who we really are. We might consider inviting in nature as an ally in this journey and invite in trees and companion animals as witness to what it means to live into the true self.

Christine Valters Paintner

Reading: Nan C. Merrill, *Psalms for Praying*

Psalm 118

This is the gate to Life;
those who know Love shall
enter through it.

I give thanks to You, O Beloved,
who answer our prayers
and invite us to new Life.
The stone which the builders rejected
has become the foundation
of our lives.

This, O Eternal Listener, is your work;
it is marvelous in our eyes.
This is the day which You have made;
let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Blessed are all who enter through your gates.
Blessed are all who dwell in the House of Love.
Your steadfast Love endures forever.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...