

Healing Journey Ann Mortifee

This is a healing journey
This is a sacred path
A path that leads us inward
To dance the sacred dance

This is a healing journey
We walk it one by one
Each woman and each man alone
To the sound of the distant drum

This is a healing journey
It winds a stormy path
Through fear and joy and anger
Sorrows from the past

This is a healing journey
And when the heart is clear
You can hear the winds that rustle
As heaven's breath draws near

Breathe into the sorrow
Breathe into the fear
Breathe into the anger
Breathe into the tears
Breathe into the loneliness
Breathe into the joy
Breathe in with the breath of life
And let your heart take voice

This is a healing journey
From blindness into sight
Through the valley of uncertainty
Where darkness turns to light

This is a healing journey
It is the gift of nature's way
To open up our hearts
To see the scheme within the play

Prayer Leader:

Subhana Cathy Graf
5 / 7-8 / 2019

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Place everything... upon the altar of this moment...



Photo from Pexels



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

A Sponsored Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

To Ponder: Dorothy Hunt, *The Altar of This Moment*—a poem

Place everything you can perceive—
Everything you can
See,
Hear,
Smell,
Taste,
Or touch,
upon the altar of this moment
and give thanks.

It is over so soon—
this expression,
this single moment of your precious life,
this one heart
pounding itself open
with fear or wild joy,

This one breath rising
in the cold winter air
smoothly and gently
or coughing and sputtering.

Bow, while you can, before
this one taste
of afternoon tea
warming its way to your belly,
or the fragrant orange
exploding its sweet juice
in your grateful mouth.

You have to love
the antics of your mind,
imagining life should only be sweet.
The bitter makes the sweet; and life is both.
It is whole, like you,
before you think yourself to pieces.

Place this moment's pain and confusion on the altar, too,
and give special thanks for such grace
that wakes you up from sleeping through your life.
Pain is greatly under-rated as a pointer to Unknowing,
yet greatly over-rated when taken as identity.

Reading: Dorothy Hunt, *The Altar of This Moment*, continued

In this one moment,
your eyes meet mine and there is
a single looking.
What is peering from behind our masks?
Can it touch itself across the room?

Place your palms together;
touch your holy skin.
In another moment it will shed itself.
What will you be then?
What were you before you had two hands?
What are you now?

You cannot capture That
and place It on the altar of this moment.
It is the altar,
and this moment's infinite expressions,
and the Seeing,
and its own devotion to itself.

You are That.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...