

**Song:**

From the film Bab'Aziz: The Prince That Contemplated His Soul -  
Poem of the Atoms by Rumi

O Day Arise, the atoms are dancing.  
Thanks to Him, the Universe is dancing.  
The souls are dancing, overcome with ecstasy.  
I'll whisper in your ear where the dance is taking them.  
All the atoms in the desert and the air seem to know well,  
they seem insane.  
Every single atom, happy or miserable,  
Becomes enamored of the sun, of which nothing can be said.



Ginny May-Schiros

Prayer Leader:

Ginny May-Schiros  
7/23 - 24/2019

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# Peace within us, peace reflected out to others.



Rebecca Zahl



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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Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin. Mathew 6:28.

**To Ponder:** From the Diaries of Ety Hillesum September 22, 29, 1942

I would love to be like the lilies of the field. Someone who managed to read this age correctly would surely have learned just this: to be a lily of the field....I once thought, I would like to feel the contours of these times with my fingertips. And then I was suddenly flung into one of the many flashpoints of human suffering. And there, in the faces of the people, in a thousand gestures, small changes of expressions, life stories, I was suddenly able to read our age—and much more than our age alone. It was then in the suffering that I was able to feel the contours of these times with my fingertips. How is it that this stretch of heathland surrounded by barbed wire, through which so much human misery has flooded, nevertheless remains inscribed in my mind as something almost lovely? How is it that my spirit, far from being oppressed, seemed to grow lighter and brighter there? It is because I read the signs of the times and they were not meaningless to me. Surrounded by my writers and poets and flowers on my desk I loved life. And there among the barracks, full of hunted and persecuted people, I found confirmation of my love of life. Life in those draughty barracks was no other than life in this protected, peaceful room. Not for one moment was I cut off from the life I was said to have left behind. There was simply one great meaningful whole....For this reason, we have to fight them, like fleas, those many worries about the morrow, for they sap our energies. We make mental provisions for the days to come and everything turns out differently, quite differently. Sufficient unto the day. The things that have to be done must be done, and for the rest we must not allow ourselves to become infested with thousands of petty fears and worries, so many motions of no confidence in God. Everything will turn out all right...Ultimately, we have one moral duty: to reclaim large areas of peace in ourselves, more and more peace and to reflect it to others. And the more peace there is in us, the more peace there is in our troubled world....We must turn our backs on all the pointless rumors, which spread like an infectious disease. Now and then I get an inkling of what goes on in all these unhappy people. Their lives are so impoverished and so empty. ...Can they be taught to work on themselves, to find peace in themselves? To live a productive life despite all the fears and rumors? To know that one can fling oneself down on one's knees in the farthest and quietest corner of one's inner life and stay there kneeling until the sky above looks sunny and clear again? I have felt it once more in the flesh, last night, what human beings have to suffer these days. It is good to be reminded of that from time to time, if only to learn how to fight it. And to continue undisturbed through the wide and open landscape that is one's own heart..

**Reading:** Rainer Maria Rilke: Gott spricht zu jedem nur, eh er ihn macht

God speaks to each of us as he makes us,  
Then walks with us silently out of the night.

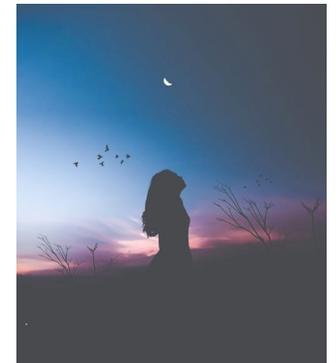
These are the words we dimly hear:  
You, sent out to the limits of your recall,  
Go to the limits of your longing.  
Embody me.

Flare up like flame  
And make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror.  
Just keep going. No feeling is final.  
Don't let yourself lose me.

Nearby is the country they call life.  
You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.



**Sharing...**  
**a word...**  
**a phrase...**  
**a reflection...**