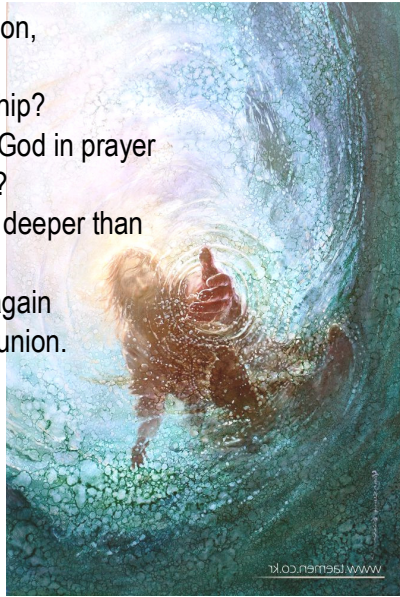


Music: Introit  
Illumination Peaceful Gregorian Chants  
Dan Gibson's Solitudes

And maybe nothing  
is where something can begin.  
After all the words that can be said,  
isn't it our presence to another person,  
or they to us,  
that forms the ground of a relationship?  
Isn't it the same when we speak to God in prayer  
and finally all the words pass away?  
By beginning to listen to something deeper than  
the words that divide us,  
maybe we can find our way home again  
to a place of connection and communion.



When talk leads to nothing...



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.

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader:

Ginny Schiros  
1/31/2017

Centering Space:  
14812 Lake Ave | Lakewood  
www.centeringspace.org  
216.228.7451  
centeringspace@srs ofcharity.org

## To Ponder: *Ginny May Schiros*

Words are doors that open us to relating, but they are not the relationship. We think words are all it takes for communication, but is it finally and really our relationship? If it were, we would have all been lost long before now, especially in this season of too many words that have hurt, or led us astray in some way. We might be wondering if when we can feel at home again with some family members, neighbors or others who think differently than we do. Given these divisions, we might consider that the word communication has communion in it-- connection on a much deeper level. **"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."** This ancient wisdom is telling us to listen to the Holy space between us that holds us together. Communion is what we are all seeking in our flood of words: so many hopeful, frightened, angry, searching, and loving words spilling out of us all day long. Though words matter, words aren't really the answer that we seek to solve our struggles in this world. We talk about everything until we are exhausted with our talking. What is the answer? In our hearts we know that what we hold onto and remember long after the words have been lost is the feeling behind the words—the relationship that remains after the words have gone. This is what heals us and what heals the world. Communion comes in the silence where no words can be spoken, to join together what has been separated or broken. It is your mother's touch after saying goodnight and she lingered just a little longer to soothe your brow. It is that feeling of being carried on your father's shoulders so that you could see above the crowd. It is the teacher who knew why you failed the test, but never shamed you in front of the class because she saw that your home life was so bad. It is the friend who comes in the house without a word when you don't answer the door and knows how much you need her there. It is the all-embracing hug you give to the homeless man who hasn't bathed in months. It is the quiet after yelling at someone and they don't retaliate. It is the stranger who glances your way and smiles. It is the daisy put in the end of a rifle. And what is this feeling in the spaces after words have opened the door? It is where Spirit has led us, to go through the door and follow the path of communion that is possible when words have lost their way. These moments are the times when the Word was God, and the Word gave us life. This is the Word that brings us to communion. May we pray for the gift of silence that comes before, between and after all the words have been said.

## Reading: Mark Nepo

Yes, We Can Talk  
Having loved enough and lost enough,  
I'm no longer searching,  
Just opening.

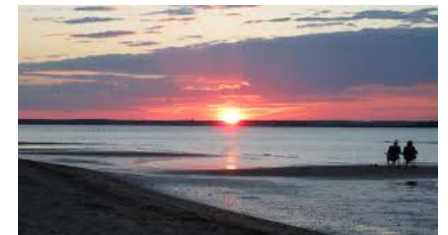
No longer trying to make sense of the pain  
But trying to be a soft and sturdy home  
To which real things land.

These are the irritations  
That rub into a pearl.

So we can talk for a while  
But then we must listen to the sea.

And we can churn at all that goes wrong  
But then we must lay all distractions  
Down and water every living seed.

And yes, on nights like tonight  
I too feel alone. But seldom do I  
Face it squarely enough  
To see it's a door  
Into endless breath  
That has no breather,  
Into the surf that human  
Shells call God.



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