

## BORN TO LIVE: Ann Mortiffee

We were born to live, not just survive  
Though the road be long and the river wide  
Though the seasons change and the willows bend  
Though some dreams break, some others mend

We were born to give and born to take  
To win and lose and to celebrate  
We were born to know and born to muse  
To unfold our hearts, take a chance and choose

We were born to love though we feel the thorn  
When a ship sets sail to return no more  
Though a door be closed and we feel the pain  
To chance it all and to love again

We were born to reach, to seek what's true  
To surrender all to make each day new  
We were born to laugh and born to cry  
To rejoice and grieve, just to be alive

We were born to hope and to know despair  
And to stand alone when there's no one there  
We were born to trust and to understand  
That in every heart there's an outstretched hand

We were born to love, to be right and wrong  
To be false and true, to be weak and strong  
We were born to live, to break down the wall  
And to know that life is to taste it all

Prayer Leader:  
**Subhana Graf**  
**10/ 8 - 9 /2019**

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## A Celebration of This World



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: Small Kindnesses by Danusha Laméris

I've been thinking about the way, when you walk  
down a crowded aisle, people pull in their legs  
to let you by. Or how strangers still say "bless you"  
when someone sneezes, a leftover  
from the Bubonic plague. "Don't die," we are saying.  
And sometimes, when you spill lemons  
from your grocery bag, someone else will help you  
pick them up. Mostly, we don't want to harm each other.  
We want to be handed our cup of coffee hot,  
and to say thank you to the person handing it. To smile  
at them and for them to smile back. For the waitress  
to call us honey when she sets down the bowl of clam chowder,  
and for the driver in the red pick-up truck to let us pass.  
We have so little of each other, now. So far  
from tribe and fire. Only these brief moments of exchange.  
What if they are the true dwelling of the holy, these  
fleeting temples we make together when we say, "Here,  
have my seat," "Go ahead — you first," "I like your hat."

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

## Reading: From Which It All Began - Bernadette Miller

Tell me, what  
would you do today  
if you knew your life  
to be a celebration  
of this world?

Would you stop  
to gather sunlight  
dropping soundlessly  
upon pines  
beyond your window pane?

Would you court  
dreams too wide  
for the container  
of consciousness?

Would you linger  
in the terrible beauty  
of uncertainty  
as if the fullness of the world  
depended upon your presence?

Would you cast your hopes  
upon possibilities that abide  
only in departure?

Would you become the motion  
of your song,  
losing itself in overtones  
of delight  
or despair  
and returning, finally,  
to the stillness  
from which it all began?