

Song: The Beatles
 In My Life

There are places I remember
All my life, though some have changed
Some forever not for better
Some have gone and some remain
All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life I've loved them all

But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new
Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more

Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more
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Prayer Leader:
Betsy Nero
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Is There a Lost Child in You?



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: Macrina Wiederkehr

My Love for Trees and Moments of Beauty

There is something about a tree with its roots thrust deeply down into the nurturing earth, its trunk growing up to the heights, and its branches reaching out in all directions that has been, for me, a life symbol. Every time I meet a tree, if I am truly awake, I stand in awe before it. I listen to its voice, a silent sermon moving me to the depths, touching my heart, and stirring up within my soul a yearning to give my all.

There is one tree from my childhood that lives on in my memory as the most nurturing tree of all. Molly the Maple was my first chapel. She was the holy stairway I climbed to shelter myself from the storms of childhood. Her branches supported and protected me as I struggled with hurt feelings, misunderstandings, doubts, angers, growing up. Her leafy sanctuary hid me from pursuing brothers and sisters and other unwanted intruders. Her arms held me as I wondered about life, as I cried and prayed and asked God questions that are only now beginning to be answered.

Trees are still sanctuaries for me, holy places where I can rest. I climb them less often today, but I still find as I lean my head against a tree that voices from within are calling my name.

Reading: Macrina Wiederkehr

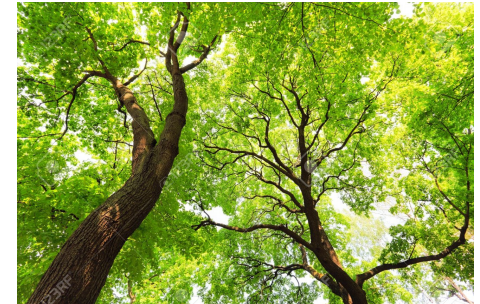
Is There a Lost Child in You?

What pains me most these days is my inability to reach back into my years and touch the child I was.

And yet, loving – living – stirring – deep within my soul that child lives on.

There are days when my adult ways
turn tasteless in my mouth and
the child of long ago
starts pressing on my soul.

On days like that I long to touch that child again
and let her take me by the hand and lead me down a path
that has a heart and show me all the things that
I've stopped seeing because I've grown too tall.



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