

Song

Quiet Heart

By Richard Warner

Instrumental

The Legend of the Dreamcatcher

The legend says that there was a spider woman named Asibikaashi who took care of the people of Earth. She watched over every creature in the world, bending over children's cribs and beds while she wove a thin, delicate, and strong web that was capable of trapping everything bad in its threads and making it vanish at dawn.

When her people dispersed throughout North America, it became very hard for her to care for all the children, so the mothers and grandmothers had to weave their own magical webs that would trap bad dreams and nightmares, protecting their children.

The ancient Ojibwe legend about dreamcatchers says that

Prayer Leader:

Syndie Eardly

11/5-6/2019

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I Seek Strength



Photo by Artem Beliaikin 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

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7415
centeringspace@srssofcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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To Ponder

A Hopi Creation Story

The Creator gathered all of Creation and said:

"I want to hide something from the humans until they are ready for it; It is the realization that they create their own reality."

The eagle said: "Give it to me. I will take it to the moon."
The Creator said: "No. One day they will go there and find it."

The salmon said: "I will bury it at the bottom of the ocean."
The Creator said: "No, they will go there too."

The buffalo said: "I will bury it on the Great Plains."
The Creator said: "They will cut into the skin of the earth and find it even there."

Grandmother Mole, who lives in the breast of Mother Earth and who has no physical eyes but sees with spiritual eyes, said:

"Put it inside of them."

And the Creator said: "It is done."

Reading

Traditional Native American Prayer

O Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me.

I come before you, one of your children.
I am small and weak.
I need your strength and wisdom.

Make my hands respect the things you have made, my ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise, so that I may know the things you have taught my people, the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength, not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy: myself.

Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes, so that when life fades as a fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.



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