

The Eternal Ecstasy of Being

Anahata Iradah and Prema Dasara
words of Ruth St. Denis

I sing, I dance
the Eternal Ecstasy of Being!

I pour forth my Spirit
into Joy!

My suffering and fears have departed.
My body is filled with Light!
With Light!
It's filled with Light!

Prayer Leader:
Peggy Gerovac
12/ 10 - 11 / 2019

Printed on 100% recycled paper

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World Spirit Day Poster 2013



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: Leonard Cohen, Beautiful Losers

“What is a saint? A saint is someone who has achieved a remote human possibility. It is impossible to say what that possibility is. I think it has something to do with the energy of love. Contact with this energy results in the exercise of a kind of balance in the chaos of existence. A saint does not dissolve the chaos; if he did the world would have changed long ago. I do not think that a saint dissolves the chaos even for himself, for there is something arrogant and warlike in the notion of a man setting the universe in order. It is a kind of balance that is his glory. He rides the drifts like an escaped ski. His course is the caress of the hill. His track is a drawing of the snow in a moment of its particular arrangement with wind and rock. Something in him so loves the world that he gives himself to the laws of gravity and chance. Far from flying with the angels, he traces with the fidelity of a seismograph needle the state of the solid bloody landscape. His house is dangerous and finite, but he is at home in the world. He can love the shape of human beings, the fine and twisted shapes of the heart. It is good to have among us such men, such balancing monsters of love.”

Reading: Iranian poet, Hooshang Ebtehaaj

Translation by Salvi Asefi and David Hunter

Today is neither the beginning
nor the end of the world,
much sadness and happiness
still wait behind the curtain.
If you are one on the Way,
do not lose heart if the distance
seems too far, or the time too long,
for you are the ancient wayfarer
whose real home is love,
and each step you take here
must be marked by your blood.
If water remains still
it is swallowed by the earth;
but if it keeps on moving
the river becomes the sea.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...