

# When Will I Ever Learn to Live in God

Van Morrison

The sun was setting over Avalon  
The last time we stood in the west  
Suffering longtime angel enraptured like Blake  
Burn out the dross, innocence captured again  
Standing on the beach at sunset  
Yeah, and all the boats keep moving slow  
In the glory of the flashing light  
In the evenings glow

When will I ever learn to live in God?  
When will I ever learn?  
He gives me everything I need and more  
When will I ever learn?

You brought it to my attention  
That everything was made in God  
Down through centuries of great writings and paintings  
Everything was in God  
Seen through architecture of great cathedrals  
Down through the history of time  
Is and was in the beginning  
and evermore shall ever be

Whatever it takes to fulfill his mission  
That is the way we must go  
But you've got to do it in your own way  
Tear down the old, bring up the new

And up on the hillside it's quiet  
Where the shepherd is tending his sheep  
And over the mountains and the valleys  
And the countryside is so green  
Standing on the highest hill with a sense of wonder  
You can see everything is made in God  
Head back down the roadside  
And give thanks for it all

Prayer Leader:  
Ginny Schiros  
12/ 10 - 11 / 2019

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# When will I ever learn to live in God?



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: From *The Monk Within* by Beverly Lanzetta

The monastic heart symbolizes our fellowship and communion with each other and the entire universe. The heart is the organ of empathy, mercy, and compassion that participates in and identifies with what either elevates or violates sacred presence. The mystical heart within us cannot exploit others for its own purpose because it experiences all things as beloved. The mystic heart is in tune with what is going on in the world, for the deeper you enter into solitude, the more your heart intimately senses the subtle vibrations of all creation. Yet, there is no permanent transcendence of this world: the idea that once we become enlightened, we live ever after in bliss is a fallacy. We will never be beyond the travesties and simple joys of the world. Instead, the monastic heart sinks down into the world to engage in the daily moments that make up “now,” honoring all we have received. The solitude of the monastic heart is not a denouncement of the world, but a mystic presence in the world, whether you are in a monastery or in the middle of a bustling city. This way of living is an embodiment of the divine reality in everyday life for the monastic heart doesn’t take you away from the world. Rather, your monastic heart belongs to the world more than ever to integrate, embody and create a place for the divine that is conscious and tangible in human life.

## Reading: “Solitude” by Jan Phillips

It is a sacred act to cross the threshold into silence  
And turn one’s ear to the great Below.

It is a blessed gesture to enter Nature’s sanctuary,  
And place your attention on her holy altar.

This rite of passage into your own earthliness—  
your tree being, your river self, your mountain face—  
this is a sacrament of the highest order.  
A giving of grace from Mother to child.

It is not bread and wine that is transformed here,  
but mind and heart opened like an iris  
on a hot June day,  
altered like a dune made mighty by the wind.

It is a sacred act to cross that threshold  
and come home cleansed, empty, clear-eyed,  
able to see again the threads that bind us all.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...