

Within All Things Carolyn McDade

As Earth bows in evening and opens to the night
we wander in the swing of stars beyond the bend of time.
O Ardent One, O Yield of Dreams
who call Earth's people home
to make of love a greater love
and pass the living flame.

You are the love within all things,
a widening embrace,
a flame that weeps and launches joy
to leap through realms of grace.
Are we not born to love this life,
to make the wounded whole,
to plunge the chasms of despair
and lift the singing bird.

O Ardent one, Be with us now
Go with us as we dare,
to make of love a greater love
and pass the living flame.

Reverence Carolyn McDade

Let ours be a time remembered for the awakening of a new
reverence for the mystery of being,
gratitude for the gift of life and

Prayer Leader:
Carol Kandiko, CSA
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There is a Presence in Us!



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: Coleman Barks *A Year with Rumi*

Imagine a man selling his donkey
to be with Jesus.

Now imagine him selling Jesus
to get a ride on a donkey.
This does happen.

Jesus can transform a drunk into gold.
If the drunk is already golden,
he can be changed to pure diamond.
If already that, he can become the circling
planets, Jupiter, Venus, the moon.

Never think that you are worthless.
God has paid an enormous amount for you,
and the gifts keep arriving.

There is something in us
that has nothing to do with night and day,
grapes that never saw a vineyard.

WE ARE ALL RETURNING.

says the Qur'an

Consider what honest people tell you.

Reading: Bruce Sanquin: *The Thin Filament Within*

Scatter us, O Holy One,
like seed into fertile soil.
Bury us in the loam
of what is yet to come.
Give us the wisdom, Sower of Life,
to learn the delicate art of dying,
again and again,
until we know the difference
between the shell and the seed,
the persona and the soul,
the role and the real.

Crack open our hard shells
and release the thin filament within
that knows to reach for the sun,
Soul's fragile ambassador,
heralding the universe of life,
waiting to emerge.

Draw our greening souls upward,
in love with light,
and dive our roots deep,
allured by sacred darkness.
Grow us.
We consent to your evolutionary grace.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...