

# A Time for Listening

## Reverie

By Claude Debussy

### *I Dreamed in a Dream*

By Walt Whitman

I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the  
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;  
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends;  
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust  
Love — it led the rest;  
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of  
that city,  
And in all their looks and words.



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.

Prayer Leader:

**Syndie Eardly**  
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### **Renew · Refresh · Refocus**

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## **To Ponder**

### **Walking on Water**

by Madeleine L'Engle

Time is to be treasured, worked with, never ignored.

As the astrophysicists understand time now, it is not like a river, flowing in one direction, but more like a tree, with great branches, and smaller limbs and twigs which may make it possible for us to move from one branch to another, as did Jesus and Moses and Elijah, as did St. Andrew and St. Francis when they talked with each other in that light of love which transcends all restrictions of time.

Kairos. Real time. God's time. That time which breaks through chronos with a shock of joy; that time we do not recognize while we are experiencing it, but only afterwards because kairos has nothing to do with chronological time. In kairos, we are completely unselfconscious, and yet paradoxically far more real than we can ever be when we are constantly checking our watches for chronological time.

The saint in contemplation, lost to self in the mind of God, is in kairos. The artist at work is in kairos. The child at play, totally thrown outside himself in the game, be it building a sand castle or making a daisy chain, is in kairos.

In kairos, we become what we are called to be as human beings, co-creators with God, touching on the wonder of creation. This calling should not be limited to artists — or saints, but it is a fearful calling.

## **Reading**

### **Reflection on Time**

by Madeleine L'Engle

When I am constantly running down,  
There is no time for being.  
When there is no time for being,  
There is no time for listening

I will never understand  
the silent dying of the green pie apple tree,  
if I do not slow down  
and listen to what the Spirit is telling me;

Telling me of the death of trees  
the death of planets, of people.  
And what all these deaths mean,  
in the light of the love of the Creator  
who brought them all into being  
Who brought me into being, and you.

## **Sharing...**

**a word...**

**a phrase...**

**a reflection...**