

Every Part of Me by Steve Earle

I love you with all my heart
All my soul and every part of me
It's all I can do to mark
Where you start and where I end you see

I've labored long in my travails
And left a trail of tears behind me
Been in love so many times
Didn't think this kind would ever find me

I love you with everything
All my weakness all my strength
I can't promise anything
Except that my last breath will bear your name

And when I'm gone they'll sing a song
About a lonely fool who wandered
Around the world and back again
But in the end he finally found her
I love you with all my heart
All my soul and every part of me

Across the universe I'll spin
Until the end and then I wonder
If we should get another chance
Could I have that dance forever under
Double moon and scarlet stars
Shining down on where you are

And I'll love you with all my heart
All my soul and every part of me

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bcj9WkDuYZE>
(start 1 minute in for why he wrote the song)

Prayer Leader:
Subhana Cathy Graf
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All my soul and every part of me



Photo by Scott Snyder Photography, used with permission



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: Scott Snyder

Sunday morning, I was working at Pats Peak at the top of one of the peak chairs. Early mornings are quiet, with easy time before lifts open. The sky was grey and soft with views up past Mount Kearsarge toward Vermont and northern New Hampshire. After getting my area clear and ready for skiers I settled into the lift shack.

Steve Earle's song *Every Part of Me* popped into my head. The sweet chorus "I love you with all my heart" became my American mantra for the morning. As the song settled into my heart and breathing and rhythm, the love and lovers slowly changed. I sang that song and my love to all my old lovers, to teachers and friends, to pets and parents, to old sheikhs and gurus. Eventually I worked my way all the way around the characters in my life, and ended up back home, with me.

I love you with all my heart
All my soul, every part of me.

It's all I can do to mark
Where you end and where I start, you see.

As I slowly, tentatively, sang my love back to myself, I heard my voice crack. The tears popped at the corner of my eyes. My voice softened and almost disappeared. Somehow, this sweet southern song opened that door of love and self-love and deep compassion. Soon the song was singing itself, belting out love to god and friends and to myself with no walls or barriers. No distinctions. As the lifts started running, I was singing to all who came up the mountain. Find that song that moves the heart. Settle in. Let it do its work to soften the heart.

Reading: Scott Snyder

I don't know that I'm a beacon any more than anyone else is. What I really am, I think, is ordinary. And human. We all share deep love and light and care. And wounds and insanity and often pain. All this ties us together. We are a community, and one family, and on another level just one. And then, nothing at all. A story and a breeze and dawn.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...