

This Land Is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie sung by Peter, Paul and Mary

*This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf Stream Waters
This land was made for you and me*

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me, a voice was singing
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me those golden valleys
This land was made for you and me

As the sun comes shining, and I was strolling
and the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was saying
This land was made for you and me

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero

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To Walk in the Sacred Way



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 Great Remembering:
Further Thoughts on Land, Soil and Society*
Peter Forbes

Those who believe that land conservation can build a new commons for land and people have a different story to tell Americans. In this story, we do not surrender fully to a culture defined by self-preservation, the abhorrence of limits, and the expectation of rewards. We create, instead, a new story of land conservation, one that breathes life into a community -based culture defined by mutual interdependence, a belief in limits, and a love of service. This story doesn't naively suggest that a relationship to land and nature is the whole answer to all our social pathologies, but it offers it as a first answer. Land is the foundation of our cultural house. Our relationship to the land and our ability to listen to its story – one infinitely larger than our own – are defining choices in who we will become.

The Trappist monk and writer Thomas Merton wrote one rainy night,

*"Think of it.
All that speech pouring down,
selling nothing, judging nobody...
what a thing it is to sit absolutely alone, in the
forest, at night, cherished by this wonderful,
unintelligible, perfectly innocent speech,
the most comforting speech in the world,
the talk that rain makes by itself all
over the ridges.
...Nobody started it,
nobody is going to stop it.
It will take as long as it wants, this rain.
As long as it talks I am going to listen."*

Reading:

Mediations from *Every Part of This Earth is Sacred:
Native American Voices in Praise of Nature*
Jana Stone, Mel Curtis, Bonnie Sharpe

Grandfather,
Look at our brokenness.

We know that in all creation
Only the human family
Has strayed from the Sacred Way.

We know that we are the ones
Who are divided
And we are the ones
Who must come back together
To walk in the Sacred Way.

Grandfather,
Sacred One,
Teach us love, compassion, and honor
That we may heal the earth
and heal each other.

Prayer / Ojibwa

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

