

*Maati Baani* had a ball creating music with some of the most incredible musicians at the Subways of New York! This song captures the spirit of musicians who offer the best of their music to strangers day in and day out brightening the most mundane of places with the joy they spread!

### **Lagan Lagi**

There is no end to my Longing,  
My heart knows no peace,  
why do you make me long,  
Now is the season for You to come!

My heart is a rebel, It's a call of Prayer,  
It keeps on humming and keeps moving ceaselessly!

Male Vocals: (Explanation)

There is no permanence of this body on Earth,  
like a swing it never stays at one place.  
Thereby walk with Awareness.  
If you walk on the path of life with Awareness  
you will cross the ocean of Birth.  
Walk with understanding and kindness.

Female Vocals:

We may fall sometimes, but we quickly get up;  
Life is a station in which  
each one strives to find one's identity,  
(Put aside all the philosophy)  
We are Nomads, O Starbringer, do know that,  
Each one of us is made of the same color (of Humanity)  
We will colour you as well!  
My dear Joyful, Loving Friend;  
Lets drink it, lets live it, this cup of Life!

Prayer Leader:

*Carol Kandiko, CSA*

*5 / 29 / 2020*

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## Walk on the Path of Life with Awareness



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: Rumi, Bewilderment

There are many guises for intelligence.  
One part of you is gliding in a high windstream,  
while your more ordinary notions  
take little steps and peck at the ground.

Conventional knowledge is death to our souls,  
and it is not really ours. It is laid on.  
Yet we keep saying we find "rest" in these "beliefs."

We must become ignorant  
of what we have been taught  
and be instead bewildered.

Run from what is profitable and comfortable.  
Distrust anyone who praises you.  
Give your investment money, and the interest  
on the capital, to those who are actually destitute.

Forget safety. Live where you fear to live.  
Destroy your reputation. Be notorious.

I have tried prudent planning long enough.  
From now on, I'll be mad.

## Reading: Ted Loder, Mountaintops

Are tears prayers, Lord?  
Are screams prayers, or groans  
or sighs or curses?

Can trembling hands be lifted to you,  
or clenched fists  
or the cold sweat that trickles down my back  
or the cramps that knot my stomach?

Will you accept my prayers, Lord,  
my real prayers,  
rooted in the muck and the mud and the rock of my life,  
and not just my pretty, cut-flower, gracefully arranged  
bouquet of words?

Will you accept me, Lord, as I really am,  
messed up mixture of glory and grime?  
Lord, help me!  
Help me to trust that you do accept me as I am,  
that I may be done with self-condemnation and self-pity  
and accept myself.

Help me to accept you as you are, Lord:  
mysterious, hidden, strange, unknowable;  
and yet to trust that your madness is wiser  
than my timid, self-seeking sanities,  
and that nothing you've ever done  
has really been possible,  
so I may dare to be a little mad, too."

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...