

Creation Calls

by Brian Doerksen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F79Ck8rFles>

I have felt the wind blow
Whispering your name
I have seen your tears fall
When I watch the rain

And how could I say there is no
God
When all around creation calls
A singing bird, a mighty tree
The vast expanse of open sea

Gazing at a bird in flight
Soaring through the air
Lying down beneath the stars
I feel your presence there

Listen to a river run
Watering the earth
Fragrance of a rose in bloom
A newborn's cry at birth

And how could I say there is no
God
When all around creation calls
A singing bird, a mighty tree
The vast expanse of open sea

I love to stand at ocean's shore
and feel the thundering breakers
roar
To walk through golden fields
of grain
With endless booms horizons
fray

I believe
I believe
I believe

I believe
I believe
I believe Just like a child

I believe

Prayer Leader:

Syndie Eardly
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Creation is Love Dancing in Freedom



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

The Wisdom of Wilderness

by Gerald May

I have a sense now of the Creator of the Universe, full of exuberance, loving all things into being, bursting with cosmic delight in fashioning endlessly diverse and infinitely creative life. It is a splendor so vast that I chuckle at myself for any attempt to understand it.

And now I must laugh aloud, for I cannot help feeling I do understand something of it; I understand that all creation participates in creation. Created by and of the essence of an endlessly creative Creator, creation creates endlessly.

Sometimes I can actually feel this creation taking place as a kind of play: love dancing in freedom. Love is the pervading passion of all things that draws diversity into oneness, that knows and pleads for union, that aches for goodness and beauty, that suffers loss and destruction. Love is the Power that births and grieves, the laughter that fills the heavens, the tears that water the earth. Love is the energy that fuels, fills, and embraces everything, everywhere. And there is no end to it, ever.

Love dances in freedom, which is absolute spaciousness: the inner and outer and everywhere emptiness that provides limitless growing room for love's creating: infinite elbow room for love's play, complete openness for love's experimenting. Freedom is a playground with no fences, ever, anywhere.

What the Power of the Slowing taught me is what the Source of All constantly yearns for: that each one of us will know without doubt that we are loved, and that we are intimately, irrevocably part of the endless creation of love, and that we will join, with full freedom and consciousness, the joyous creativity that is Nature, that is Wildness, that is Wilderness that is Everything.

Reading

Song of the Builders

By Mary Oliver

On a summer morning
I sat down
on a hillside
to think about God —

a worthy pastime.
Near me, I saw
a single cricket;
It was moving the grains of the hillside.

this way and that way.
How great was its energy,
how humble its effort.
Let us hope

it will always be like this,
each of us going on
in our inexplicable ways
building the universe.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...