

Hymn of Promise

By Natalie Sleeth

In the bulb there is a flower;
In the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise:
Butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter
There's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season,
Something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence,
Seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness
Bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future;
What it holds, a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season,
Something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning;
In our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing;
In our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection;
At the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season,
Something God alone can see.

Prayer Leader:
Subhana Cathy Graf
11 / 24 / 2020

Printed on 100% recycled paper



No Matter What!



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

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7451
centeringspace@srsfcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

A Sponsored Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

To Ponder: Thich Nhat Hanh

I asked the leaf whether it was frightened because it was autumn and the other leaves were falling. The leaf told me, "No. During the whole spring and summer I was completely alive. I worked hard to help nourish the tree, and now much of me is in the tree. I am not limited by this form. I am also the whole tree, and when I go back to the soil, I will continue to nourish the tree. So I don't worry at all. As I leave this branch and float to the ground, I will wave to the tree and tell her, 'I will see you again very soon'."

That day there was a wind blowing and, after a while, I saw the leaf leave the branch and float down to the soil, dancing joyfully, because as it floated it saw itself already there in the tree. It was so happy. I bowed my head, knowing that I have a lot to learn from the leaf.

Reading: Ram Dass

If this is the beginning of the new,
perfect Aquarian age,
my work is to quiet my mind,
open my heart and relieve suffering.

Or if this is Armageddon,
the end of the world,
my work is to quiet my mind
open my heart and relieve suffering.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...