

Be Born in Me by Francesca Battiselli

Everything inside me cries for order
Everything inside me wants to hide
Is this shadow, an angel or a warrior?
If God is pleased with me, why am I so terrified?

Someone tell me I am only dreaming
Somehow help me see with Heaven's eyes
And before my head agrees, my heart is on it's knees
Holy is He, blessed am I

Be born in me, be born in me
Trembling heart, somehow I believe that You chose me
I'll hold you in the beginning You will hold me in the end
Every moment in the middle
Make my heart your Bethlehem
Be born in me

All this time we've waited for the promise
All this time You've waited for my arms
Did You wrap yourself inside the unexpected
So we might know that love would go that far?

I am not brave I'll never be
The only thing my heart can offer is a vacancy
I'm just a girl nothing more
I am willing I am Yours

Prayer Leader:

Ginny May Drotar
12 / 22 /2020

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Becoming Love: Blessed Am I



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

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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

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

To Ponder: Memoir by Jan Phillips

The experience of oneness is incremental. It grows in intensity. One's relationship to Divinity, to the Invisible Force deepens and expands interiorly. It grows from the inside out. What *you* bring to the table—your level of commitment— is quintessential to the outcome. It's like the difference between a New Year's resolution and a wedding vow. You commit and you do not waver in that commitment. Each day you grow more familiar with the quiet; you begin to crave it; you may even sit for longer periods, just for the lusciousness of it—and as you lean in to that cavern of darkness, something inside you changes.

Another thing to release is the idea that you're a seeker trying to find something or Someone. Be a finder. Sit there long enough to feel Light making its way into your bones and marrow. A fish doesn't seek water. A bird doesn't seek air. A mystic doesn't seek God. There is no longing. Just the union. Different each day, like love itself. Sometimes subtle, barely there. Sometimes all riled up, full of fury. Sometimes a stream of loveliness, quiet and pulsating. The silence feels fuller, the emptiness more fertile. The dance becomes more animated. The connection is complete. Nothing to achieve. What was always true is true forevermore. *I am one with the Beloved.*

Every person who knows this relationship comprehends it as *connectedness*. I am not separate—not from the Earth, not from the multitudes of people, not from the stars, not even from the Divine. As Jesus once described it, "*I and the Father are one.*"

Reading: O Antiphon for Christmas Emptiness by Ginny May Drotar

O Gift of Doubt, O Light in the Darkness

Let us turn to you.

Emptiness opens before us—

In fear, we fill ourselves up.

But Emptiness is where it begins,
where it began in Her.

Our lives unknown to us,

This is Your opening, our path.

Surrendering perfection,

Every moment pregnant,

As You, the Christ to come

For all, in all.

Let us offer your abundance in this illusion of desolation

O Wonder of the lowly, O Heart, broken on earth.

You come to us.

O Love in us Now.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...