

## SO WILL I (A 100 Billion X)- Hillside United

God of Creation, there at the start before the beginning of time  
With no point of reference  
You spoke to the dark and fleshed out the wonder of light  
An as you speak a hundred billion galaxies are born  
In the vapor of your breath the planets form  
If the stars were made to worship SO WILL I  
I can see your heart in everything You've made  
Every burning star a signal fire of grace  
If creation sings Your praises SO WILL I

God of Your promise You don't speak in vain, no syllable empty or void  
For once You have spoken  
All nature and science follow the sound of Your voice  
And as You speak a hundred billion creatures catch your breath  
Evolving in pursuit of what You said  
If it all reveals Your nature SO WILL I  
I can see Your heart in everything you say  
Every painted sky a canvas of Your grace  
If creation still obeys You SO WILL I  
If the stars are made to worship SO WILL I  
If the mountains bow in reverence SO WILL I  
If the oceans roar Your greatness SO WILL I

For if everything exists to lift You high SO WILL I  
If the wind goes where you send it SO WILL I  
If the rocks cry out in silence SO WILL I  
If the sum of all our praises still falls shy  
Then we'll sing again a hundred billion times  
God of salvation you chased down my heart through all of my failure & pride  
On a hill You created the Light of the world abandoned in darkness to die  
And as You speak, a hundred billion failures disappear  
Where you lost Your life so I could find it here  
If You left the grave behind You SO WILL I

I can see Your heart in everything You've done  
Every part designed in a work of art called love  
If You gladly chose surrender SO WILL I  
I can see Your heart eight billion different ways  
Every precious one a child you died to save  
If you gave your life to love them SO WILL I  
Like You would again a hundred billion times  
But what measures could amount to Your desire  
You're the One who never leaves the one behind

Prayer Leader:

Ron Konkoly  
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## THE FOREVER COMING OF CHRIST



PIXABAY- Ajar Kumar Singh



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: Richard Rohr, OFM, Seeing Christ Everywhere

We need to look at Jesus until we can see the world with His eyes. In Jesus Christ, God's own broad, deep and all inclusive world view is made available to us.

Too often we have substituted the messenger for the message. As a result, we spent a great deal of time worshiping the messenger and trying to get other people to do the same. Too often this obsession became a pious substitute for actually *following* what Jesus taught – He did ask us numerous times to follow Him and never once to worship Him.

Incarnation did not just happen two thousand years ago. It has been working throughout the entire arc of time and will continue. This is expressed in the common phrase the “Second coming of Christ.” Unfortunately, this was often heard as a threat (wait till your dad gets home!). It could more accurately be spoken of the “forever coming of Christ,” the *ongoing promise of eternal resurrection* and the evolution of consciousness into the mind of Christ.

Christ is the light that allows people to see things in their fullness. The precise and intended effect of such a light is to see Christ everywhere else. In fact, that is my only definition of a true Christian. *A mature Christian sees Christ in every thing and every one else.* That is a definition that will never fail you, always demand more of you, and give you no reasons to fight, exclude, or reject anyone

Sharing...  
a word...  
a phrase...  
a reflection...

## Reading: Chelan Harkin, The Worst Thing We Ever Did

The worst thing we've ever did was to put God in the sky  
out of reach  
pulling the Divinity from the leaf,  
sifting out the Holy from our bones,  
insisting God isn't bursting dazzlement,  
through everything we've made a hard commitment to  
see as ordinary,  
stripping the Sacred from everywhere  
to put in a cloud man elsewhere,  
prying closeness from your heart.

The worst thing we ever did  
was to take the dance and the song our of prayer  
make it sit up straight and cross its legs  
removed it of rejoicing  
wiped clean its hip sway,  
its questions,  
its ecstatic yowl,  
its tears.

The worst thing we ever did is pretend  
God isn't the easiest thing in this Universe  
available to every soul in every breath.



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