

Before You Judge My Actions, Lord

Before you judge my actions,
Lord, I pray you will forgive.
Before my heart has broken,
Will you help my soul to live?
Before my eyes are covered,
Will you let me see your face?
Before my feet are tired,
May I reach your dwelling place?

Before I wake from slumber,
You will watch me, Lord, I hold.
Before I throw my mantle,
Will you take me in your fold?
Before my work is over,
You, my Lord, will right the wrong.
Before you play your music,
Will you let me sing my song?

Words by Hazrat Pir-O-Murshid Inayat Khan,
Music by Shaikh-ul-Mashaikh Maheboob Khan,
Performed by Wahhab Sheets

Prayer Leader:
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*Let Us Pick Up
the Stones...*



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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: Jeff Foster, Talking to a Dying Friend

I was talking to a dying friend.

He was having trouble breathing and was in a lot of pain.

He was telling me how, despite the pain, it was all perfect somehow, in a way he couldn't explain.

That in the midst of the blood and the sleepless nights and the immobility, he had found a place of serenity.

A place of freedom from his story of himself as 'the dying one.'
A place of freedom from all dreams and hopes for the future, and a deep acceptance of things as they were.

Life had radically simplified itself – the moment was all that mattered now, and all that had ever mattered.

He told me, "Despite all this, I wouldn't swap this life for any other."

This was the kind of love they don't teach in books.

This wasn't the conceptual love of the mind, not the fluffy happy love that comes and goes and depends on things going 'my way,' but an unconditional love, a blood and shit and piss love, a fierce and unyielding grace without a name, indestructible, forever renewing itself in the furnace of presence, blowing anything unreal before it to smithereens.

This was his final guru, whose lessons were brutal and unexpected, but ultimately pointed to nothing less than total freedom.

My friend, I love you.

Reading: Pádraig Ó Tuama

PRAY

So let us pick up the stones
over which we stumble, friends,
and build altars.

Let us listen to the sound of breath in our bodies.
Let us listen to the sounds of our own voices,
of our own names, of our own fears.

Let's claw ourselves out from the graves we've dug.
Let's lick the earth from our fingers.

Let us look up and out and around.
The world is big and wide and wild
and wonderful and wicked,
and our lives are murky, magnificent,
malleable, and full of meaning.

Oremus.
Let us pray.

Sharing

a word,

a phrase

a reflection