

## Called by a Presence Jan Novatka

Called by a Presence with no name;  
Called to walk an unknown road;  
Called to say yes to the Emptiness  
And to leave all behind;

Called by a Presence with no name



Prayer Leader:  
*Carol Kandiko, CSA*  
*4 / 27 / 2021*

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## The Mystery of Emergence



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.

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## To Ponder: Ted Dunn, Graced Crossroads

Every new beginning is always some other beginning's end. This mystery is so ubiquitous, though, we can lose sight of the miracle it truly is: the diurnal movement from dusk into darkness, and from darkness to dawn; seeds that bud, bloom, die and return to life again next spring; the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into a butterfly or an embryo into an infant; the loss of someone or something we loved, opening a doorway to someone or something new.

We have lived through transformative experiences repeatedly over the course of our lives. We know of this mystery, and we know of the inner work of transformation when we move through our own dark night experiences. We know of it when we suffered an emotional or spiritual crisis, lost who or what we could never imagine losing, only to emerge again as new, more compassionate, wiser and more alive than before. We know it when we have been called by a deep love that lures us out of our dull existence into one with meaning, purpose and passion. Throughout our lifetime we have countless experiences of endings (large and small) leading to new life.



## Reading: Bruce Sanguin, If Darwin Prayed

### The Silence of the Seed

We are scattered now, like seeds,  
in the rich soil of becoming.

This breaking open— of atoms, galaxies,  
and bacteria into the next novel moment—  
is beyond our comprehension.

Yet we know in our depths that we are most ourselves  
when we are in the breaking though,  
in the sprouting life,  
in the death giving way to new life,  
in the holy mystery of unceasing yearning to manifest.

We are this mystery of growth,  
beyond comprehension,  
and yet as intimate and personal as our breath—  
this incessant sigh for completion.

And so we keep the expectant silence of the seed  
before the mystery of emergence,  
knowing that You , Source and Silence, are the One  
who makes all things new. Amen

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...