

The Summons *John L. Bell & Graham Maule*

Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown? Will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown in you and you in me?

Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean in you and you in me?

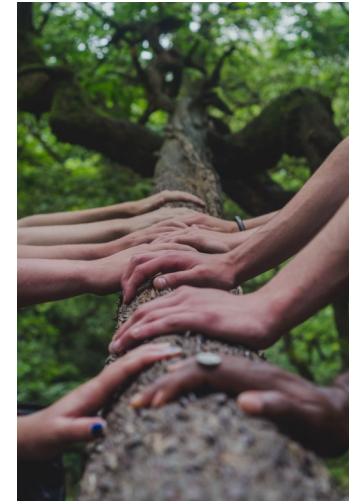
Will you love the "you" you hide if I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around,
through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?

Lord your summons echoes true when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.
In Your company I'll go where Your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

Prayer Leader:
Mary Beth Marquard, HM
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Summoned
to the Heart
of God and to
Community



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: Jan Richardson
When We Breathe Together

This is the blessing we cannot speak by ourselves.

This is the blessing
we cannot summon by our own devices,
cannot shape to our own purposes,
cannot bend to our own will.

This is the blessing that comes
when we leave behind our aloneness,
when we gather together,
when we turn toward one another.

This is the blessing that blazes among us
when we speak the words strange to our ears,
when we finally listen into the chaos,
when we breathe together at last.



READING: Beverly Lanzetta
Canticle of Desire

In the stillness of noon prayer
I long for you
Inflame my soul with love's desire
I am your disciple.

In the silence of meditation,
I long for you
Take my life for your own
I am your disciple.

In the busyness of the day,
I long for you
Harness my heart for your work
I am your disciple.

In the warmth of family and friends,
I long for you
Use my joy for the world's awakening
I am your disciple.

Do not abandon me Great Silence
I am your disciple.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...