

WEAVE ME THE SUNSHINE
Peter, Paul and Mary

Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine
Out of the falling rain.
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow,
And fill my cup again.
Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine
Out of the falling rain.
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow,
And fill my cup again.

Well I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble,
Shine on me again.
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled,
Shine on me again.

They say that the tree of loving,
Shine on me again,
Grows on the bank of the river of suffering,
Shine on me again.

If only I could heal your sorrow,
Shine on me again,
I'd help you to find your new tomorrow,
Shine on me again.

Only you can climb that mountain,
Shine on me again,
If you want to drink at that golden fountain,
Shine on me again.

Prayer Leader:
Betsy Nero
6/8/2021

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Draw us with an
irresistible beauty!



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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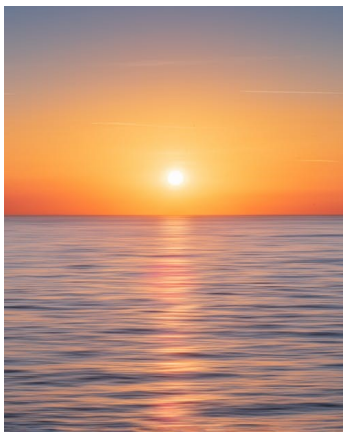
To Ponder:

The Saints Guide to Happiness

Robert Ellsberg

“...saints may seem close to God but not exactly human. In fact, as Thomas Merton observed, sanctity is really a matter of being more human: ‘This implies a greater capacity for concern for suffering, for understanding, for sympathy, and also for humor, for joy, for appreciation for the good and beautiful things of life.’ ... And it makes one wonder if a similar quality or aura did not surround the great saints of the past – whether St. Francis of Assisi, who built the first Christmas crèche, or St. Teresa of Ávila, who prayed to God to ‘deliver us from sour-faced saints,’ or St. Francis de Sales, who said that a ‘sad saint is a sad sort of saint.’ Real saints have no distinguishing marks (halos). But the aura is real. It is the presence of life, life in abundance.

In 1845 Henry David Thoreau withdrew to a hermitage on Walden Pond, near Concord, seeking to escape a world in which ‘the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.’ He decried the condition of everyday life, which seemed to him no better than a kind of sleepwalking. ‘To be awake is to be alive,’ he wrote. ‘I have not yet met a man who was quite awake.’ And so he retreated for a while to the New England equivalent of the desert, hoping ‘to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life and see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when it came to die, discover that I had not lived.’



Reading:

From *Prayers for a Thousand Years*

Rabia Terri Harris

Creator of the Universe
preserve us from our own presumption.
Do not let us close ourselves into ourselves
but open us continually into you.

Let us be more in love with You
than with our notions of You.
Let us stop claiming to know everything
so that we may understand something.

Increase in us kindness,
make us people who care
and who take care
who venerate the truth
and recognize each other.

Draw us with an irresistible beauty!

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...