

Song

Earth Prayer by Snatam Kaur

Pavan Guru, Pani pita, Mata dharat mahat
(Repeats)

Let us hear once again
The song of the mountain
Let us know the Great Giver
By the journey of the river
Let us feel the vast ocean
And know God's devotion

To love with our love
For our love we shall rise above
(Repeats)

Pavan Guru, Pani pita, Mata dharat mahat
(Repeats)

To love with our love
For our love we shall rise above
(Repeats)



Photo by Kasuma from Pexels



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.

Prayer Leader:

Syndie Eardly
7/20-21/2021

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7451
centeringspace@srs ofcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

A Sponsored Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

To Ponder

The Universe Is Praying In Us

By Beverly Lanzetta

Prayer is my language, the way I speak when I say what I truly feel. It gives permission for passion — to prostrate on the Earth and ask for guidance, to kneel in front of an icon or a majestic mountain and allow grace to work in the soul, to cry out in anguish, and to plead for the ability to remember God’s gift. I believe that our prayers are heard, the cosmos listens to our vibrations, and God’s ears are receptive to our words.

Walking in the hills, I hear quail whispering peace prayers. I watch nature praying: the falcon making circles in the air, a heron strolling through a vineyard, and the song of the Blue Oak’s leaves rustling in the wind.

Prayer is everywhere. And I bring it everywhere with me.

Sometimes, I voice it; sometimes, I am content to watch it be. It is an energy that flows into and out of my soul with each breath, curling and somersaulting in spirals, until letters settle in my mind, and then, caught up in the torrential waters of spirit soon become a rain of words. I cling to these lofty sounds, riding the wave of awe, straight back into the Divine Heart.

So, lie down on the earth, feel the soul pulsing, the ants humming, the gophers digging. Are these not prayers? So, too, are the kettle on the stove, and the casserole in the oven, the dishes being washed, and the dog being fed.

Give us all your prayers, O Holy Life! We want to absorb them into our souls, to unite with creation’s extreme audacity of devotion. Even when we do not know we are praying, the universe is praying in us.

Reading

Native American Prayer

Now, Talking God,
With your feet I walk
I walk with your limbs
I carry forth your body
For me your mind thinks
Your voice speaks for me

Beauty is before me
And beauty is behind me
Above and below me hover the beautiful

I am surrounded by it
I am immersed in it
In my youth, I am aware of it
And in old age, I shall walk quietly
The beautiful trail.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

