Song *Earth Prayer by Snatam Kaur*

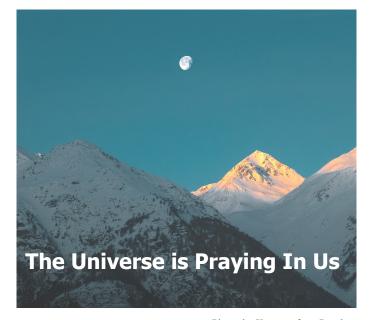
Pavan Guru, Pani pita, Mata dharat mahat (Repeats)

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)





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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Prayer Leader: Syndie Eardly

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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...

