

Every Breath is Yours The Waterboys

Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours
Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours

I give myself to you, beloved
The self that I thought I was
I give myself to you, beloved
The self that was mystified and lost

Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours
Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours

Who is it moves in me, beloved?
Whose hands and feet are these?
Who is it moves in me, beloved?
Whose heart beats? who breathes?

Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours
Every breath is yours, beloved
Every breath is yours
Every breath is yours



Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko, CSA
10 / 12 / 2021

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Willing to Begin Again



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

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

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

To Ponder: Joan Chittister, *There is a Season*

Death does more than snap the bonds of our past and deplete the starch of our souls. Every little death we die turns us into something new and washes us up on the sunlit shore of a different psyche, a person called by the old name but unknown even to ourselves.

Death is resurrection unwanted.

For those who are willing to peel the layers of the mind, to search for ideas that can shape the new even though they do not fit, the old freedom waits. The world begins to spin all over again, and everything is new. No idea is safe from probing, no rule is sacrosanct of its own declaration, no system merits emperor worship. In this world, lepers dance and women think and spittle cures. Anything is possible. God is in charge again. Death becomes life. The tomb becomes a paradise of new perfumes where life lies in wait for those who are willing to begin again.



Reading: Joyce Rupp, *Praying Our Goodbyes*

Light of Revelation, once again I find myself opening up to another life process, full of pain, full of mystery and a certain aching wonder. I hear you calling me to face new beginnings, to leave the old behind, to discover new and deeper parts of my total being. Let me look beyond my own small world and smile on the mysterious way that you allow each one of us to grow into the best of our own uniqueness. I want to live and to love the mystery.

Loving God, I offer you the struggle and the beauty of being human. I ask your blessing as my human growth continues to be revealed in the midst of my daily activities. I realize that my first birth was just a beginning, just a first step in the continuous series of births that have called me to constant dyings and risings, to a deeper and more meaningful life. I hear now another call to die and to live more deeply, to live more wholly, more fully, a call to be opened and freed.

Let me know the blessing of your presence in this ever-birthing life of mine. Amen

Sharing...
a word...
a phrase...
a reflection...