

Grateful by Nimo Patel

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sO2o98Zpzg8>

GRATEFUL

Written and performed by Nimesh "
Nimo" Patel and Daniel Nahmod
Beat by Don Jarvis
Mixed by Daniel Nahmod

All that I am
All that I see
All that I've been and all that I'll ever be
Is a blessing

Its so amazing
And I'm grateful for it all, for it all

Prayer Leader:

Ginny May Drotar
11/23/2021

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To Be Grateful



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: Bridget Robinson, "Yet Still, I Trust"

And what do I know through all of this? Is God truly to be trusted?

When you find you can be happy, although your heart is broken
and yet still bear the sweetness of sorrow within your gut.

When you find that you can still rise like the phoenix amidst the
ashes of your life into each new day.

When you can once again feel your feet upon the earth of rough
and dirty paths, yet still be flexible enough to leap up out of the
brambles and over the water holes to a safe landing.

When you can continue to brave the turbulent waters of your ship
and still enjoy it, the serene waters, after experiencing a
shipwreck or two in your life and still know, once again, that God
is by your side.

Yes, still in all this, bear a living hope within you, a hope against
hope, to balance and herald a wholehearted knowing, to realize
that without an indwelling Presence of such an all-conquering
Love one could not go on. It is then, you are certain that He can
be trusted.

All this struggle comes in life, and yet still be able to laugh and
cry with God, as children young and old, with a heart full of praise
and gratitude.

Convinced, it is then, finally, that Love will be enthroned in your
heart now and forever.

Reading: Jonathan Star and Shahram Shiva, *The Mystical Poetry of Rumi*

A Garden Beyond Paradise

O friend, you came to see the Sun rise,
But instead you see us dancing, whirling in a celebration of atoms –
Who could be so lucky?

Who comes to a lake for water And sees the reflection of the moon?
Who, parched with thirst, lowers a bucket into a well
And comes up with an ocean of life-giving water?
Who could be so lucky?

Who, like Moses, approaches a desert bush
And beholds the fire of a hundred dawns?
Who, like Jesus, enters a garden to avoid capture,
And discovers a passage to the other world?

Who, like an oyster, opens his mouth for a drop of water,
And discovers a shining pearl within himself?
O friend, forget all your stories and fancy words.
Let friend and stranger look upon you And see a flood of light! –
The door of heaven opening! Let them be so lucky!

And what of those who walk toward the sun?
Their feet grow weary, they fall to the ground in utter exhaustion,
But then come the wings of His love, Lifting them, upward.
Who could be so lucky?

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