

Labor Unto Glory Porters Gate

My God, my God, where e'er I go
Glory
Where I reap and where I sow
Glory
In my hand they grip the thorn
Glory
In the still and in the storm
Glory, Glory

*Oh, we labor unto glory
Till heaven and earth are one
Oh, we labor unto glory
Until God's kingdom comes*

The sun it shines and then goes down
Glory
Rain, it pours and beats the ground
Glory
Dust, it blows and ends my days
Glory
Hearts they burn beneath Your gaze
Glory, Glory

My heart, my hands, they're kingdom bound
Glory
Where thorns no longer curse the ground
Glory
Trim the wick, ignite the flame
Glory
My work, it will not be in vain
Glory, Glory

Prayer Leader:

*Ginny May Drotar
1/18/2022*

Printed on 100% recycled paper

Don't Give Up: Labor on In Glory



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

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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

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

To Ponder: Steven Charleston, Ladder to the Light

They are listening.
The poor are listening for a word of justice to give them hope.
The lonely are listening for the sound of a caring heart.
The abused and broken are listening for a healing sound of mercy.
The fearful are listening for a word of truth that can set them free.

Many people are listening but what are they hearing? Break the silence with the sound of the words the Spirit has given you. Speak hope and mercy, speak justice and truth, say what you believe that will heal and help. Now is not the time to be quiet, for there is an ocean of listening all around you, waiting for the word of life.

If they are listening, what are we saying? The first rung of the ladder (out of the kiva) is where we claim what we believe. We may still be in darkness, but we have one small light to follow. We know there is something greater than ourselves at work in the world, and we know we are part of it. We have a purpose. We can make a difference. When we begin to believe that about ourselves, we begin to see things more clearly. The darkness begins to recede.

What made my ancestors strong, what allowed them to survive, was faith. A faith practiced every day, recreating reality one step at a time.

Speak out the hope you feel, for the world around you is longing to hear it. Speak out the story of mercy and forgiveness, of justice and respect, of the simple decency of the human heart to reach out to others, for many around you have lost their way in the dim light of the troubled age.

Reading: Edwina Gately, Waiting God

This is the way
Strange and beautiful,
Full of wild hope
And quiet fear
At the vulnerability
Of it all.

For God is there
And God will watch,
Tirelessly wait
All my life
For me, for all
To come to Him.
And the way is there—
Though only dimly comprehended.

But God –this patient God,
Will never
Give up.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...