

Memories | One Voice Children's Choir Cover

Here's to the ones that we got
Cheers to the wish you were here, but you're not
'Cause the dreams bring back all the memories
Of everything we've been through
Close to the ones here today
Close to the ones that we lost on the way
'Cause the dreams bring back all the memories
And the memories bring back, memories bring back you

There's a time that I remember, when I did not know no pain
When I believed in forever, and everything would stay the same
Now my heart feel like December when somebody say your name
'Cause I can't reach out to call you, but I know I will one day, yeah

Everybody hurts sometimes
Everybody hurts someday, ayy ayy
But everything gon' be alright
Go and raise your voice and say, ayy

There's a time that I remember when I never felt so lost
When I felt all of the hatred was too powerful to stop
Now my heart feel like an ember and it's lighting up the dark
I'll carry these torches for ya that you know I'll never drop, yeah



Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko, CSA
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Sacred Hospitality



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: Mark Nepo, The Book of Awakening.

...spiritual hospitality [is] helping kindred spirits further into their living.

Truly, the most we can ask of others is for their guidance and comfort on the way - without imposition, design, or thought of reward. This is the hospitality of relationship: for family to help us manifest who we are in the world, for friends to bring us to thresholds of realness, for loved ones to encourage us to cross barriers of our own making into moments of full aliveness

This is the honest welcoming to table, without judgement of what we eat. Often the purpose of love is for others to guide us, without expectation or interference, as far as they can go, so that we might begin.

This speaks to one of our deepest callings of love — that special hospitality for the injured, the strong action of compassion that makes it possible for those in pain to heal themselves. It calls mysteriously and arduously for the clearing of confusion and the comfort of what is real. It is the way that we who have suffered can take our turn, lifting the head of whoever has fallen, bracing their exhausted neck to drink, knowing we can never drink for them.

*At heart, hospitality is
a helping across a threshold.*

Ivan Illich

Reading: Coleman Barks: A year with Rumi

Is there love,
a drawing together of any kind,
that is not sacred?

Look inside your mind.
Do you hear the crowd gathering?
Help coming, every second.
Still you cover your eyes with mud.

Wash your face.
Anyone who steps into an orchard,
walks inside the orchard keeper.

Millions of love-tents bloom on the plain.
A star in your chest says,
None of this is outside you.

Close your lips and let the maker of mouths
talk, the one who says, *things*.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...