

You Are Mine David Haas

I will come to you in the silence
I will lift you from all your fear
You will hear My voice
I claim you as My choice
Be still, and know I am near

I am hope for all who are hopeless
I am eyes for all who long to see
In the shadows of the night,
I will be your light
Come and rest in Me

*Do not be afraid, I am with you
I have called you each by name
Come and follow Me
I will bring you home
I love you and you are mine*

I am strength for all the despairing
Healing for the ones who dwell in shame
All the blind will see, the lame will all run free
And all will know My name

I am the Word that leads all to freedom
I am the peace the world cannot give
I will call your name, embracing all your pain
Stand up, now, walk, and live

Prayer Leader:
Betsy Nero
3 / 29 / 2022

Printed on 100% recycled paper

*We are Easter People
Living in a Good Friday World*



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: Anne Lamott,
Beyond Bunnies: The Real Meaning Of Easter Season

The great writer Barbara Johnson said that we are Easter people living in a Good Friday world. And I think that every year the world seems more of a Good Friday world. And it's excruciating, whether it's Japan, or Libya, (**or right now in Ukraine**) or whether it's your own best friends and their children who are sick, which is something that makes no sense when you think about a loving God. But it's a time when we get to remember that all the stuff that we think makes us of such value, all the time we spend burnishing our surfaces, is really not what God sees. God, he or she, loves us absolutely unconditionally, as is. It's a come as you are party.

Ash Wednesday, to me, is about as plain as it gets — we come from ashes and return to ashes, and yet there is something, as the poets have often said, that remains standing when we're gone. So in Easter - and Passover too - something that happens is that we **stop**. This is the 'dark night of the soul' stuff that John the Divine writes about; that in that stopping we may fall into an abyss that we have been trying to outrun since we were little children ... and the American way, I think, is to trick out the abyss so it's a little bit nicer. Maybe go to Ikea and get a more festive throw rug. But in Lent, if you are a person of committed spiritual growth, you do stop.

When I was 38, my best friend, Pammy, died, and we went shopping about two weeks before she died, and she was in a wig and a wheelchair. I was buying a dress for this boyfriend I was trying to impress, and I bought a tighter, shorter dress than I was used to. And I said to her, 'Do you think this makes my hips look big?' and she said to me, so calmly, 'Anne, you don't have that kind of time.' And I think Easter has been about the resonance of that simple statement; and that when I stop, when I go into contemplation and meditation, when I breathe again and do the sacred action of plopping and hanging my head and being done with my own agenda, I hear that, 'You don't have that kind of time,' you have time only to cultivate presence and authenticity and service, praying against all odds to get your sense of humor back. That was the day my life changed, when she said that to me.

So for Easter...I'm going to go to my little church, and we will have a huge crowd of about 60 people. And I will cry a little bit ... out of joy, and then I will go home, and I will have 25 people — 15 relatives and about 10 riffraff, i.e., my closest friends — and we will sit down and we will eat, the most sacred thing we do.

Reading: Adapted from Ted Loder, *Guerrillas of Grace*

God, calm us into a quietness that heals and molds our longings and passions, our wounds and our wonderings into a more holy and human place.

Keep me in touch with myself, with my needs, my anxieties, with my angers, with my pains, with my brokenness - that I may claim them as my own rather than blame them on someone else.

O Lord, deepen my wounds into wisdom;
shape my weaknesses into compassion;
gentle my envy into enjoyment, my fear into trust,
my guilt into honesty.

O God, gather me to be with you as you are with me.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...