

Ô Soul where art Thou?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aIH7U6H74YE>

Arabic Song:

Bird's Requiem: Blending Souls & Shades (to Shiraz)

Dhafer Youssef ; a mystical composer and singer,
born in Téboulba (a small village of coastal Tunisia);
his grandfather was a muezzin.

Lyrics translated:

“Your soul and my soul have mixed,
like the mixture of wine and pure water.
And if something hurts you, it hurts me.
And therefore I, I am you all the time.”



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

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An Interfaith Ministry of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine

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To Ponder:

Ronald Rolheiser, What is the soul

“What is a soul? It would be interesting to record impressions of what comes to mind spontaneously when one hears the word soul. For many of us, I suspect, the word, to the extent that it conjures up anything at all, produces an image, a very vague one, of some white, semi-invisible, spiritual tissue paper that floats somewhere deep inside of us and which takes on stains when we sin and that will separate from the body at the moment of death and go off to be judged by God. Whatever the inadequacy of that picture, it is not without merit. We are after all trying to conceive of something inconceivable and we need to form some picture of it.

What is wrong with that conception, though, is that it separates the soul too much from the core of our persons, from our self-conscious identity. Our soul is not something that we have, it is more something we are. It is the very life-pulse within us, that which makes us alive. Thus, we speak of someone as dying precisely when the soul leaves the body. That is accurate. The soul is the life principle within a human person, as indeed it is the life-pulse within anything that is living.”

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

Reading:

Rabia al-Adawiyyah, In My Soul

In
my soul
there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque, a church
where I kneel.

Prayer should bring us to an altar where no walls or names exist.

Is there not a region of love where the sovereignty is
illuminated nothing,

where ecstasy gets poured into itself
and becomes
lost,

where the wing is fully alive
but has no mind or
body?

In
my soul
there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque
a church

that dissolve, that
dissolve in
God.

Rabia of Basra (c. 717-801) is without doubt the most popular and influential of female Islamic saints and a central figure in the Sufi tradition. She was born nearly five hundred years before Rumi, and although it is rarely said, she, perhaps more than any other poet, influenced his writings.