

## Love Beyond All Telling – Marty Haugen

Praise to you who made creation,  
You who shaped the skies and Earth;  
You named us as your children  
and carried us to birth.  
You are near to all who suffer,  
You are one with every fear;  
You know our every sorrow  
and share our every tear.

You are love beyond all telling  
You are life beyond all death;  
formed to be your children from the start –  
You carry us forever  
in the space beneath your heart

To the ones who walk in shadow,  
to the ones who live in fear,  
we sing a God of mercy,  
a God who holds us near;  
who is rest for all the weary,  
who is hope when hope is gone;  
new freedom for the captive,  
our story and our song.

Prayer Leader:

Carol Kandiko, CSA  
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## Unfolding into Ever New Ways of Being



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: Diarmuid O'Murchu

### Paschal Paradox

Stability has never featured strongly in my life the older I become the more I encounter daily challenges to integrate change and new perspectives. Observing the natural world we inhabit, the plant, the tree, and the animal never remain the same. Everything grows, unfolds into ever new ways of being. We can't control such change; indeed, the only authentic response we can make is to learn to flow with it.

In the change we experience around and within us, there is another inescapable dimension: decay, decline, and death. Such disintegration is not an evil, nor is it the consequence of sin stated in Romans 6:23, but it is a God-given dimension of all creation. Without the disintegration and death of the old there can be no true novelty. The ability to let go of that which previously sustained us is a prerequisite for embracing the new that morphs into further growth and development.



## Reading: Ted Loder

### Wrestling the Light

O God,  
everywhere present, but nowhere obvious,  
here I am where I always seem to be:  
betwixt dreams and disappointments,  
flaws and gifts,  
growing up and growing old;  
betwixt isolation and intimacy,  
weariness and renewal,  
despair and hope,  
confidence and fear,  
life and death.

O God,  
you must know how hard it is  
to be in this between  
where nothing is certain,  
everything's in flux,  
this relentless churning  
from something I can't quite grasp  
to something I can't quite see,  
and it's all up for grabs,  
and — please God — for grace.

Deepen into me  
the liberating assurance  
that I am where you are with me...

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