

## One of Us, Joan Osborn

If God had a name what would it be?  
And would you call it to his face?  
If you were faced with Him in all His glory  
What would you ask if you had just one question?

*And yeah, yeah, God is great  
Yeah, yeah, God is good  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah  
What if God was one of us?  
Just a slob like one of us  
Just a stranger on the bus  
Tryin' to make his way home?*

If God had a face what would it look like?  
And would you want to see  
If seeing meant that you would have to believe  
In things like heaven and in Jesus and the Saints  
And all the prophets?

Just tryin' to make his way home  
Back up to heaven all alone  
Nobody callin' on the phone  
'Cept for the Pope maybe in Rome

Just tryin' to make his way home  
Like a holy rolling stone?  
Back up to heaven all alone  
Just tryin' to make his way home  
Nobody callin' on the phone  
'Cept for the Pope maybe in Rome

Prayer Leader:

*Naja Yazbek  
8 / 9 / 2022*

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## God in the Street



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

## To Ponder:

*we, the ordinary people of the streets*  
Madeleine Delbrel

We, the ordinary people of the streets, do not see solitude as the absence of the world but as the presence of God. Encountering him in all places is what creates our solitude. For us, being truly alone means sharing in God's solitude. God is so great that nothing can find room anywhere else but within him. For us, the whole world is like a face-to-face meeting with the one whom we cannot escape. We encounter his living causality right there on the busy street corners.

We encounter his imprint on the earth. We encounter his Providence in the laws of science. We encounter Christ in all these "little ones who are his." We, the ordinary people of the streets are the ones who suffer in body, the ones who are bored, the ones who are troubled, the ones who are in need. We encounter Christ rejected in the sin that wears a thousand faces. How could we possibly have the heart to mock these people or to hate them, this multitude of sinners with whom we rub shoulders? The solitude of God is fraternal charity; it is Christ serving Christ, Christ in the one who is serving and Christ in the one who is being served. How could apostolate be a waste of energy or a distraction?

## Reading:

*EXPANDS HIS BEING*  
Meister Eckhart

All beings are words of God,  
His music,  
His art.  
Sacred books we are, for the infinite camps in our souls.  
Every act reveals God and expands His Being.  
I know that may be hard to comprehend.  
All creatures are doing their best to help God in His birth of Himself.  
Enough talk for the night.  
He is laboring in me;  
I need to be silent for a while, worlds are forming in my heart.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...