

## Song of Blessing, Joe Wise

The Lord let his face shine down upon you,  
The sun rise up to meet you on your way,  
The spirit of His love invade the circle of your friends,  
Your vision keep you changing day by day.

Good times be the jingle in your pocket,  
Life's hearthstone there to warm you when you rise,  
Forgiving and for growing, be the way you know your soul,  
The heart be always open to surprise.

Your life find all its seasons, in the hollow of His hand,  
His heart will be the ocean storing all your foot prints in the sand.

Falling down be only London's bridges  
Down and out the only words for rhyme  
A suitcase full of dreams be all that weighs your body down,  
Your life poured out like sweet and good red wine,

And time will tell your story, we will listen once again  
Your song will have its moment, leave a sign on the forehead of a friend.

Your rest be peaceful sleep, a fond companion  
Wonder mark the road you need to roam  
If death should carve a canyon in between us for a while,  
Then sing this song for me till I come home,

Prayer Leader:

Ron Konkoly

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## A Place on the Road Home



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@srssofcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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## To Ponder: Joan Chittister,

*"The Gift of Years: Growing Older Gracefully"*

Can we smile at what we have not smiled at for years? Can we give ourselves away to those who need us? Can we speak our truth without needing to be right and accept the vagaries of life now -- Without needing the entire rest of the world to swaddle us beyond any human justification for expecting it? Can we talk to people decently and allow them to talk to us?

Now, this period, this aging process, is the last time we're given to be more than all the small things we have allowed ourselves to be over the years. But first we must face what the smallness is and rejoice in the time we have left to turn sweet instead of more sorrow than ever.

A burden of these years is the danger of giving in to our most selfish selves.

A blessing of these years is the opportunity to face what is in us that has been enslaving us and let the spirit fly free of whatever has been tying it to the earth all these years.

## Reading: Jack McGuane, *Hidden Pathway*

When you begin to give up whatever you know,  
you begin to see what you didn't see before.  
Even in that wilderness you will find your hidden path.

When you travel far enough you will come to a place  
where you have been before and recognize the God  
who has been there all along.

When you realize you have given up a little of yourself  
in the exchange for a little of the God who keeps trying  
to give Himself away.

Your hidden pathway will seem  
less like an infinite journey  
and more like a place you  
always knew but didn't know  
you knew... until now.

Jack McGuane, Poet Laureate, Lakewood, Ohio 2006 - 2007

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...