

Better Life from Fearless Soul

Soon as I've got it figured out, life has other plans
The sun fades into the night sky, only for stars to shine bright again
Seasons change and so must I, go with what comes naturally
There's beauty in the autumn leaves bein' carried away by winter wind

And I'm feelin' free
Not holdin' on too tightly
But lovin' everything so dearly
And I'm livin' true
To what is the best for me
But that doesn't mean it's easy
To let go when it's time, but I know
I'm makin' room for a better life

I appreciate the stormy days for preparin' me
Sweet new blossoms in the spring couldn't grow without a little rain
Now I see it as a gift when life doesn't go my way
The warm breeze in summertime feels so good against my skin

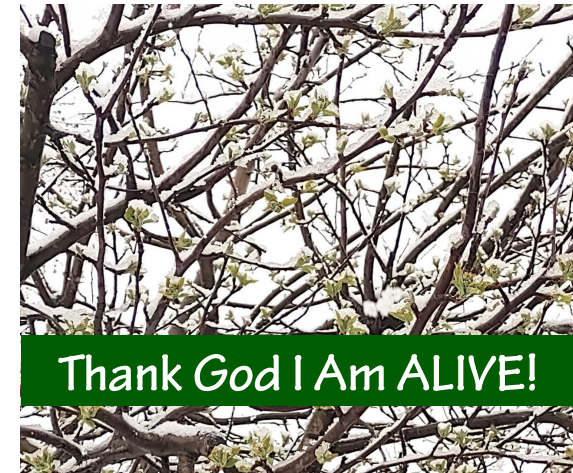
Every new season brings new possibilities
Changin' my perspective, opens up my world entirely
The only thing for certain
Life's changin' 'round me everyday
So I live with the intention
Of embracin' the bad and good of everyday

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5UyDgigm6SU>

Prayer Leader:

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1 / 24 / 2023

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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.

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

To Ponder: Oliver Sacks, *Gratitude*

My father, who lived to ninety-four, often said that the eighties had been one of the most enjoyable decades of his life. He felt, as I begin to feel, not a shrinking but an enlargement of mental life and perspective. One has had a long experience of life, not only one's own life, but others' too. One has seen triumphs and tragedies, booms and busts, revolutions and wars, great achievements and deep ambiguities. One has seen grand theories rise, only to be toppled by stubborn facts. One is more conscious of transience and, perhaps, of beauty. At eighty, one can take a long view and have a vivid, lived sense of history not possible at an earlier age. I can imagine, feel in my bones, what a century is like, which I could not do when I was forty or sixty. I do not think of old age as an ever grimmer time that one must somehow endure and make the best of, but as a time of leisure and freedom, freed from the factitious urgencies of earlier days, free to explore whatever I wish, and to bind the thoughts and feelings of a lifetime together. I am looking forward to being eighty.

Reminders:

- Come on time
- Honor the silence
- Share briefly from personal experience
- Listen to each other
- Discussion (cross talk) is for after the hour of prayer

Reading: Kabir, *Friend* (trans. Robert Bly)

Friend, hope for the Guest while you are alive.
Jump into experience while you are alive!
Think ... and think ... while you are alive.
What you call "salvation" belongs to the time before death.

If you don't break your ropes while you're alive,
do you think ghosts will do it after?
The idea that the soul will join with the ecstatic just
because the body is rotten— that is all fantasy.

What is found now is found then.
If you find nothing now, you will simply end up
with an apartment in the City of Death.

If you make love with the divine now, in the next life
you will have the face of satisfied desire.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

