

# أعطني الكلام

Give me words, Salwa Alkatrib, Lebanese Diva.

*Give me words to sing my love for you. Love that begins with offering  
and give me life and faith in my heart, life is given only once.*

*Give me words to sing my love for you. Love that begins with offering  
and give me life and faith in my heart, life is given only once.*

Give me prayer to find you in my heart and kneel on the stairs of heaven  
and give me faithfulness to consecrate myself to you,  
and give me loyalty as a gift.

And Give me faithfulness to consecrate myself to you  
And Give me loyalty as a gift.



*And give me life and faith in my heart Life is given only once.*

O thou the highest light to human hearts

## Give childhood tenderness

And give peace to my beloved country and eternal rest to our defunct.



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*Give me words to sing my love for you. Love that begins with offering*

*And give me life and faith in my heart, life is given only once.*

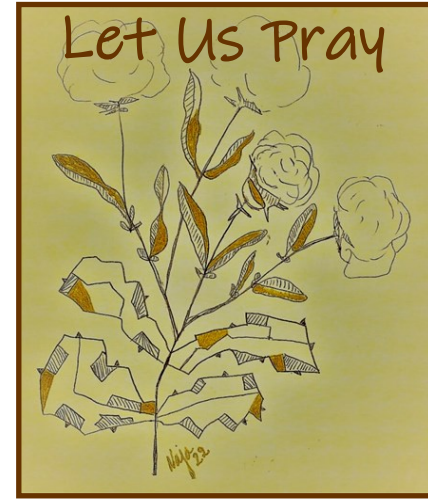
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EZOEAQxr2yg>

Prayer Leader:

Naja Yazbek

3 / 21 / 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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## To Ponder: *Aztec Indian Prayer* Only for a Short

Oh, only for so short a while  
you have loaned us to each other,  
because we take form in your act of drawing us,  
and we take life in your painting us,  
and we breathe in your singing us.

But only for so short a while  
have you loaned us to each other.  
Because even a drawing cut in obsidian fades,  
and the green feathers, the crown feathers,  
of the Quetzal bird lose their color,  
and even the sounds of the waterfall  
die out in the dry season.  
So, we too, because only for a short while  
have you loaned us to each other.

### Reminders:

Come on time **(or better yet a bit early)**  
Honor the silence during prayer  
Share briefly from personal experience  
Listen to each other  
Discussion (cross talk) is for after the hour of prayer

## Reading: *Pádraig Ó Tuama* Oremus. Let us pray.

So let us pick up the stones  
over which we stumble, friends,  
and build altars.

Let us listen to the sound of breath in our bodies.  
Let us listen to the sounds of our own voices,  
of our own names, of our own fears.

Let's claw ourselves out from the graves we've dug.  
Let's lick the earth from our fingers.

Let us look up and out and around.  
The world is big and wide and wild  
and wonderful and wicked,  
and our lives are murky, magnificent,  
malleable, and full of meaning.

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