فيروز - أعطني الناي, Give Me the Flute Fairuz Lebanese Diva and Gibran Khalil

Give me the flute and sing For singing is the secret of Immortality And the soughing of the flute remains even after the existence comes to an end.

Have you ever taken the wood, as I have to be a home instead of the castles? So you followed the streams and climbed up the rocks Have you ever bathed in perfume and dried yourself with a light? And drank the dawn as wine in goblets of ether

Have you ever spent the evening, as I have Among the leaves of the grapevines While the clusters of grapes dangled like chandeliers of gold Have you ever spread the grass during the night? And covered yourself with the space Unconcerned by what is to come, forgetful of that which has come to be?

Give me the flute and sing For singing is justice for the hearts And the soughing of the flute remains even after all quilt has dissipated

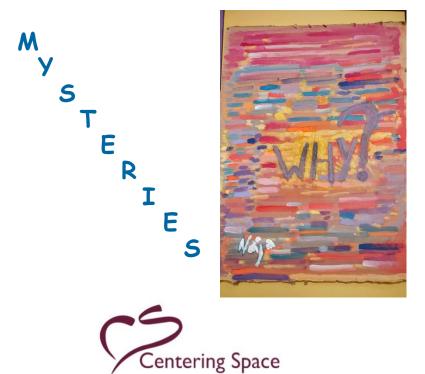
Give me the flute and sing And forget all about ailments and medicine For what are people but lines inscribed with water?

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v= DT3HJwltUo

Prayer Leader:

Naja Yazbek

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Our prayer is characterized by silence ~ Be still and know that I am God!

Celebrating 20 Years

of Peaceful Presence

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: Catherine Keller, On the Mystery: Discerning Divinity in Process

When she was barely five, my niece Jennifer took me for a walk in her neighborhood. "Come this way, Catherine," she said, with a dramatic air of hushed excitement. Wielding a stick like a magnifying glass, poking and probing beneath the shrubs along the sidewalk, she handed me a pebble, then a petal, to examine for myself - as though for clues. "What are we looking for, Jennifer?" "We're on the mystery!" she exclaimed. I don't know where she had picked up this precocious imitation of Sherlock Holmes. That peculiar phrase stayed with me. With a child's spontaneity it combines the adventure of a mystery with an intense purposefulness, echoing "We're on the job" or "We're on the way." And yet there wasn't any crime she was trying to solve. Here was mystery for its own sake!

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: Kabir, O How

O how may I ever express that secret word?
O how can I say He is not like this,
 and He is like that?
If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:
If I say that He is without me, it is falsehood.
He makes the inner and the outer worlds
 to be indivisibly one;
The conscious and the unconscious,
 both are His footstools.
He is neither manifest nor hidden,
 He is neither revealed nor unrevealed:
There are no words to tell that which He is.

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