

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 sougning 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 sougning of the flute remains  
even after all guilt 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**  
**5 / 16 / 2023**

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Centering Space

Celebrating 20 Years  
of Peaceful Presence

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:

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!

## 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...

### 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