

## *My Peace Arlo Guthrie*

My peace my peace is all I've got that I can give to you  
My peace is all I ever had that's all I ever knew  
I give my peace to green and black and red and white and blue  
My peace my peace is all I've got that I can give to you

My peace, my peace is all I've got and all I've ever known  
My peace is worth a thousand times more than anything I own  
I pass my peace around and about 'cross hands of every hue;  
I guess my peace is justa 'bout all I've got to give to you .

### Reminders:

Come on time... Better yet, Come Early!  
Honor the silence during prayer  
Share briefly from your personal experience  
Listen to each other  
Discussion (cross talk) is for after the hour of prayer

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero  
6 / 27 / 2023

Printed on 100% recycled paper



## *My Peace ... I Give To You*



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.

14812 Lake Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107 | 216.228.7451  
centeringspace@srssofcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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

## To Ponder:

*See No Stranger* Valerie Kaur

Love is a form of sweet labor: fierce, bloody, imperfect, and lifegiving - a choice we make over and over again. Love as labor can be taught, modeled, and practiced. This labor engages *all* our emotions. Joy is the gift of love. Grief is the price of love. Anger protects that which is loved. And when we think we have reached our limit, wonder is the act that returns us to love.

“Revolutionary love” is the choice to labor for *others*, for *opponents*, and for *ourselves* in order to transform the world around us. It begins with wonder: *You are a part of me I do not yet know*. It is not a formal code or prescription but an orientation to life that is personal and political, sustained by joy. Loving only ourselves is escapism; loving only our opponents is self-loathing; loving only others is ineffective. All three practices together make love revolutionary, and revolutionary love can only be practiced in community.

## Reading:

*The Gardener* Mary Oliver

Have I lived enough?

Have I loved enough?

Have I considered Right Action enough, have I  
come to any conclusion?

Have I experienced happiness with sufficient gratitude?

Have I endured loneliness with grace?

I say this, or perhaps I'm just thinking it.

Actually, I probably think too much.

Then I step out into the garden,  
where the gardener, who is said to be a simple man,  
is tending his children, the roses.

## Sharing. . .

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...