

Song

Nature Bird Bamboo Flute

By Sujan Lama

“The Tantric sages tell us that our in-breath and out-breath actually mirror the divine creative gesture. With the inhalation, we draw into our own center, our own being. With the exhalation, we expand outward into the world.”

— Sally Kempton

Awakening Shakti:

The Transformative Power of the Goddesses of Yoga

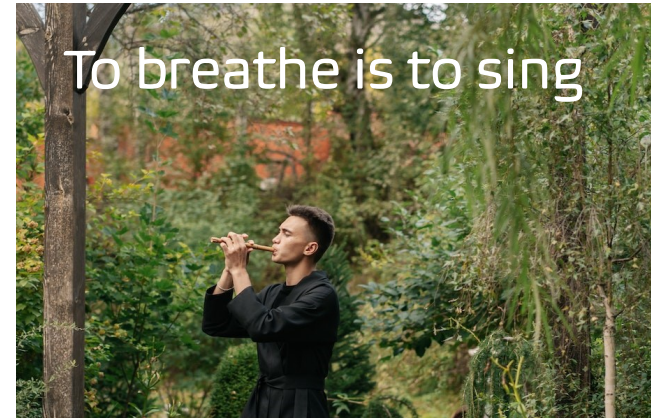


Photo by Mikhail Nilov — Pexels



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:

Syndie Eardly
9 / 12 / 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

The Oldest Song in the World

By Mark Nepo

The oldest song lives in what makes us believe that breathing through holes in bone will create music. The oldest song waits for us to sing through the holes in our heart in order to release a music that has been there forever.

I don't know how this happens, but every authentic moment is a note: our first breath, our next breath, our first sense of wonder, our next taste of wind, the sudden experience of light, the rise and fall of love, even the puncture of loss and grief. Each is a note that keeps singing itself. Every day, we inhale the music of life, the way we inhale the sky and everyone else's breath. And when we exhale, what comes through our heart is both mine and yours, everyone's and no one's.

It has always been so. To breathe is to sing. To behold is to sing. To love is to be sung. And to open our heart, especially after pain, is to be sung. In ancient Greece, they would place a harp in the ground on top of a hill and wait for the wind to play its strings. Each of us is such a harp, propped in the open. And life plays us. It's such an old song, such a fine song, that its most enduring note rings as this soft silence between us. Listen! Can you feel it?

To Ponder

A Listening Ear

By Bruce Sanguin

Let those with ears to hear listen:

O Holy One,
When did the sound of a red-winged blackbird
cease being a source of delight for us?

How did we decide that it is not worth the effort to
enter the world of what is other than us?

When did we stop listening to our own lives
as sources of sacred revelation?

Grant us the robin's focus,
that we might turn our ear away
from all profane distraction,
and listen for the silent, sure stirrings
beneath the surface of things,
as though our life depended on it.

Sharing. . .

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...