

Song

Creation calls

By Brian Doerksen

I have felt the wind blow, whispering your name
I have seen your tears fall, when I watch the rain
How could I say there is no God, when all around creation calls
A singing bird, a mighty tree, the vast expanse of open sea

Gazing at a bird in flight, soaring through the air
Lying down beneath the stars, I feel your presence there

Chorus

I love to stand at ocean shore,
and feel the thundering breakers roar
To walk through golden fields of grain,
'neath endless blue horizon's frame

Listening to a river run, watering the earth
Fragrance of a rose in bloom, a newborn's cry at birth
How could I say there is no God, when all around creation calls
A singing bird, a mighty tree, the vast expanse of open sea

Chorus

I believe, I believe, I believe
Just like a child
I believe, I believe, I believe

Prayer Leader:

Syndie Eardly
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**We belong
to a web
of Creation**



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@srsfcharity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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To Ponder

The Luminous Web

By Barbara Brown Taylor

We belong to a web of creation in which nothing, absolutely nothing, is inconsequential. The hairs of your head, a baby's sneeze, the gravitational pull of an electron at the far edge of the Milky Way — none of these things is negligible. Not one of them can be subtracted from creation, or even rounded off, without changing the whole gorgeous geometry of the universe. We may not be able to measure their effect, but that does not seem to bother them. They just go on doing their jobs, helping to lay down the patterns that give shape to our lives.

Every one of us will change the world, whether we mean to or not. Shift anything in the world and you may be the catalyst that turns a monsoon into a blue sky (or the other way around). Pick up a stranger's crying baby at exactly the right moment and that baby may run out to be an artist instead of a tyrant. Cough at the wrong moment and you may make someone lose a game of pool on Mars. You just never know.

All you know for sure is that your best-laid plans are susceptible to chaos, and — conversely — that what looks to you like the worst kind of chaos is really a beautiful double spiral in three dimensions. Whatever else you have faith in, have faith in this: there is a strange attractor at work in your life that will not let you fly off the page. There is no order without chaos. There is no chaos without order. They give birth to each other again and again.

Reading

The Source of Joy

By Rumi

No one knows what makes the soul wake up so happy.

Maybe a dawn breeze has blown the veil from the face of God.

A thousand new moons appear. Roses open laughing.

Hearts become perfect rubies like those from Ba-dak-shan. The body turns entirely spirit.

There is no answer to any of this. No one knows the source of joy.

A poet breathes into a reed flute, and the tip of every hair makes music.

Sharing. . .

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...

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