

## Edge Walkers

### You Do Not Walk Alone

by Elaine Hagenberg

May you see God's light on the path ahead  
when the road you walk is dark.  
May you always hear even in your hour of sorrow  
the gentle singing of the lark.  
When times are hard may hardness never turn  
your heart to stone.  
May you always remember when the shadows fall—  
You do not walk alone



#### Reminders:

Come on time or **better yet, COME EARLY**  
Honor the silence  
Share briefly from personal experience  
Listen to each other  
Discussion (cross talk) is for after the hour of prayer

Prayer Leader:

Mary Beth Marquard, HM  
12 / 12 / 23

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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:** Victoria Loorz, Church of the Wild:  
How Nature Invites Us into the Sacred

My personal spirituality is rooted in the Christ tradition—a term I prefer over Christian, which is a label I find difficult to swallow these days. Rather, I see myself as an “edge walker,” wandering along the hemlines of the Christ tradition. I stand at the inside edge of a tradition that has brought many people, including me, deep pain and has also brought many people, including me, deep joy and meaning. I’ve adopted this term edge walker, from nature writer Terry Tempest Williams. She describes her edge walking as traveling “the narrow space between the religious tradition she credits for having ‘forged her soul,’ and her direct and very personal experiences in nature that have revealed a truth of their own.”

I learned from a Buddhist mystic, Ed Bastian, who has a deep respect for and encouragement of interfaith spirituality, that spiritual leaders from diverse traditions believe that all of us living on the same planet can connect through nature. We found we had more in common with one another as edge walkers than we did with people more firmly planted in the center of our faiths. At the edge, spirituality and nature are an unbroken relationship.



**Reading:** Jan Phillips, Inside Me

Inside me lives a believer and a non-believer.  
The believer awakens and lights a candle.  
The non-believer ties her sneakers  
and walks to the forest.

The believer writes love poems  
to the One she believes in;  
The non-believer cries at the sight of a redwood.

The two live like one  
in the flesh that contains them.  
Their names are night and day, east and west.  
The one who is me needs them both.

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