

## The Wings That Fly Us Home John Denver

There are many ways of being in this circle we call life  
A wise man seeks an answer, burns his candle through the night  
Is a jewel just a pebble that found a way to shine  
Is a hero's blood more righteous than a hobo's sip of wine

Did I speak to you one morning on some distant world away  
Did you save me from an arrow, did you lay me in my grave  
Were we brothers on a journey, did you teach me how to run  
Were we broken by the waters, did I lie you in the sun

I dreamed you were a prophet in a meadow  
I dreamed I was a mountain in the wind  
I dreamed you knelt and touched me with a flower  
I awoke with this: a flower in my hand

I know that love is seeing all the infinite in one  
In the brotherhood of creatures; who the father, who the son  
The vision of your goodness will sustain me through the cold  
Take my hand now to remember when you find yourself alone

the spirit fills the darkness of the heavens  
It fills the endless yearning of the soul  
It lives within a star too far to dream of  
It lives within each part and is the whole  
It's the fire and the wings that fly us home  
Fly us home, fly us home

Prayer Leader:

**Ginny Drotar**  
1 / 23 / 2024

Printed on 100% recycled paper

## Wilderness: Home in 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  
centeringspacelakewood@gmail.com | www.centeringspace.org

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

To Ponder: John O'Donohue,  
from *Eternal Echoes*

Each one of us is alone in the world. It takes great courage to meet the full force of your aloneness. Most of the activity in society is subconsciously designed to quell the voice crying in the wilderness within you. The mystic Thomas a Kempis said that when you go out into the world, you return having lost some of yourself. Until you learn to inhabit your aloneness, the lonely distraction and noise of society will seduce you into false belonging, with which you will only become empty and weary.

When you face your aloneness, something begins to happen. Gradually, the sense of bleakness changes into a sense of true belonging. This is a slow and open-ended transition but it is utterly vital in order to come into rhythm with your own individuality. In a sense this is the endless task of finding your true home within your life. It is not narcissistic, for as soon as you rest in the house of your own heart, doors and windows begin to open outwards to the world. No longer on the run from your aloneness, your connections with others become real and creative. You no longer need to covertly scrape affirmation from others or from projects outside yourself. This is slow work; it takes years to bring your mind home.

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

Reading: Ginny Drotar  
"Come Home"

You came to me in a dream,  
opened the door and snuck in,  
or maybe you were always there,  
God, waiting in the shadows  
In the basement or maybe the attic,  
Hiding, because you weren't made welcome  
To come home  
To me.

I was afraid you were a stranger,  
an intruder,  
even a thief-  
Plotting to take things I thought were important.  
But when I let you sit down  
First in the living room, then in the kitchen-  
A wise old Asian man-  
You smiled and smoked a pipe

In the silence.  
Said thank you with your smile,  
Your eyes telling me, telling each of us,  
Welcome home.

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