

When God Ran Phillips, Craig and Dean

Almighty God, the Great I Am
Immovable Rock, Omnipotent Powerful
Awesome Lord
Victorious Warrior commanding King of Kings
Mighty Conqueror and the only time
The only time I ever saw him run
Was when

*He ran to me
He took me in his arms
Held my head to his chest
Said my son's come home again
Lifted my face
Wiped the tears from my eyes
With forgiveness in his voice he said
Son do you know I still love you*

He caught me by surprise when God ran
The day I left home
I knew I'd broken his heart
And I wondered then if things could ever be the same
Then one night
I remembered his love for me
And down that dusty road ahead I could see
It was the only time
It was the only time I ever saw him run
And then

He caught me by surprise
And he brought me to my knees
When God ran I saw him run to me
I was so ashamed all alone and so far away
But now I know that he's been waiting for this day

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero

3 / 19 / 2024

Printed on 100% recycled paper



When God Ran



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@srs charity.org | www.centeringspace.org

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

To Ponder:

Henri J.M. Nouwen

*The Return of the Prodigal Son:
A Story of Homecoming*

The leap of faith always means loving without expecting to be loved in return, giving without wanting to receive, inviting without hoping to be invited, holding without asking to be held. And every time I make a little leap, I catch a glimpse of the One who runs out to me and invites me into his joy, the joy in which I can find not only myself, but also my brothers and sisters. Thus the disciplines of trust and gratitude reveal the God who searches for me, burning with desire to take away all my resentments and complaints and to let me sit at his side at the heavenly banquet.

Joy never denies the sadness, but transforms it to a fertile soil for more joy.

Reading:

Henri J.M. Nouwen

*The Return of the Prodigal Son:
A Story of Homecoming*

I now see that the hands that forgive, console, heal, and offer a festive meal must become my own.

Unlike a fairy tale, the parable provides no happy ending. Instead, it leaves us face to face with one of life's hardest spiritual choices: to trust or not to trust in God's all-forgiving love.

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

Sharing. . .

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...