

Weave Me the Sunshine

Peter Yarrow

Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine out of the falling rain
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow and fill my cup again

I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble
Shine on me again
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled
Shine on me again

They say that the tree of loving
Shine on me again
Grows on the bank of the river of suffering
Shine on me again

If only I could heal your sorrow
Shine on me again
I'd help you to find your new tomorrow
Shine on me again

Only you can climb that mountain
Shine on me again
If you want a drink from the golden fountain
Shine on me again.

Prayer Leader:
Carol Kandiko, CSA
6 / 23 / 2026

What Life Is About



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: Alfred Delp, SJ True Happiness

How must we live in order to be, or become, capable of happiness? The question is one which ought to occupy us nowadays more than ever before. Humans should take their happiness as seriously as they take themselves. And they ought to believe God and their own hearts when, even in distress and trouble, they have an intuitive feeling that they were created for happiness.

How must we live in order that happiness may overflow our hearts and shine from our eyes, making our countenance radiant? The conditions of happiness have nothing whatever to do with outward existence. They are exclusively dependent on our inner attitude and steadfastness, which enable us, even in the most trying circumstances, to form at least a notion of what life is about.

Reminders:

- Come on time or better yet, **COME EARLY**
- Honor the silence
- Share briefly from your prayer experience
- Listen to each other
- No cross talk during the sharing

Reading: Joyce Rupp Remembering the Sacred Presence of the One Who Dwells among Us

- May we look for your goodness in people
who seem least likely to carry your love.
- May we behold your radiance
in the ones we quickly pass by at home or work.
- May we discover your love
in our deeper self when we feel unloving and irritable.
- May we embrace you
in the persons whose faithfulness we take for granted.
- May we see your empathy
in those serving the wounded of the world.
- May we unite with your peace
hidden beneath the layers of the world's disharmony.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...