

"Turn, Turn, Turn" The Byrds

To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose, under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

Songwriters: George Aber Adaptation And / Pete Seeger / Words From The Book Of
Turn! Turn! Turn! Lyrics © T.R.O. Inc

Praise
Belongs
to
You,
O Beloved



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.

Thank You For Joining Us!

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero
8 / 8 / 2017

Centering Space:

14812 Lake Ave | Lakewood
www.centeringspace.org
216.228.7451
centeringspace@srsfcharity.org

To Ponder: "An Island Garden"

Celia Thaxter (1835-1894)

When in these fresh mornings I go into my garden before any one is awake, I go for the time being into perfect happiness. In this hour divinely fresh and still, the fair face of every flower salutes me with a silent joy that fills me with infinite content; each gives me its color, its grace, its perfume, and enriches me with the consummation of its beauty. All the cares, perplexities, and griefs of existence, all the burdens of life slip from my shoulders and leave me with the heart of a little child that asks nothing beyond its present moment of innocent bliss. These myriad beaming faces turned to mine seem to look at me with blessing eyes. I feel the personality of each flower, and I find myself greeting them as if they were human. "Good- morning, beloved friends! Are all things well with you? And are you tranquil and bright? And are you happy and beautiful?" They stand in their peace and purity and lift themselves to my adoring gaze as if they knew my worship – so calm, so sweet, so delicately radiant, I lose myself in the tranquility of their happiness.



Reading: Psalm 65: Nan Merrill

Praise belongs to You, O Indwelling Beloved, and
to You we commit our lives,
to You who hear our prayers!

Through pain and suffering, your Presence sustains us,
O Merciful One, our Comforter,
You, the hope of all the earth, and of the farthest seas;

Who by your Light created the mountains,
being guided by Love
You still the roaring of the seas,
the pounding of waves,
the tumult of the peoples;

So that those who dwell even at earth's outer bounds
recognize and reverence You;
At the rise of each morning, and
as the sun sets at night,
the people bow their heads in reverent gratitude.

You watered hardened souls,
filled with stone and weeds,
softening them with kindness,
and blessing their growth.

In the desert flowers come forth,
the pastures flourish
giving food to the poor,
the valleys rise up.

May all the peoples dance and sing together with joy.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...