

Sing *Pink Martini/ Joe Raposo*

Sing – sing a song
Sing out loud
Sing out strong
Sing of good things not bad
Sing of happy not sad

*Sing – sing a song
Make it simple
To last your whole life long
Don't worry that it's not enough
For anyone else to hear
Just sing – sing a song*

Canta – cant tu canción
Canta en voz alta
Canta fuerte
Canta de cosas buenas, no malas
Canta alegre, no triste



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
7/26/2016

Centering Space:
14812 Lake Ave | Lakewood
www.centeringspace.org
216.228.7451
centeringspace@srs charity.org

Jo Ponder: from Elizabeth Berg's Tapestry of Fortunes

“A couple of years ago, there was a day when I had a lot of work to do. But I ignored it and took the whole day off. I loved that day, the ease and deliberateness of it, the way it put me in touch with my species in a way that was not virtual. Instead of talking to an imaginary reader, I talked over the fence with my next-door neighbor about gardening. Later, I sat in the backyard and listened to the birds, watched the movement of clouds and the progression of the line of shade that moved across the back deck. I put a CD on the stereo and listened to it the way I used to listen to music: eyes closed, attentive to the nuances in a song, the way that a tiny shift in volume or diction or timing or chord structure could enlarge the feeling, the meaning. I went to a bookstore and browsed. I ended up buying Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, because I'd never read it. I went to a coffee shop and sat at a little table with my latte and read for an hour and then closed the book and engaged in conversation with anyone who wanted to talk: a young woman with hair to her waist and wide brown eyes who had just moved here; a man in a wheelchair with an oxygen tank who made you forget his disability in the space of one minute; a four-year-old boy who climbed up in the chair opposite me and told me all about his toy truck while his grateful mother talked to her girlfriend. Stepping away from my routine for just that one day made me feel as if I'd taken a vacation to some idyllic place. But that “place” was in me: a kind of rare peace and a deepened appreciation for other people; the small kindnesses I witnessed, the way I remembered – because we do forget – that we're all in this together.”

Reading: Psalm 100 Nan Merrill's Psalms for Praying

Sing a joyful noise to the Beloved all peoples of the earth!
Serve Love with a glad heart!
Join hands in the great Dance of Life!

Know that the Beloved of your heart
is the Divine Presence!
Love created us, and we belong to the Most High;
We are born to be loving, expressions
of the Creator's Divine Plan.

Open the gates of your heart with gratitude
and enter Love's court with praise!
Give thanks to the Beloved,
Bless Love's holy Name!

For Love is of God, and lives in your heart forever,
With faith, truth, and joy, now
and in all that is to come.
Alleluia! Amen!



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...