

Prayer of St. Francis

Sung by Sarah McLachlan

Lord make me an instrument of your peace
Where there is hatred let me sow love
Where there is injury, pardon
Where there is doubt, faith
Where there is despair, hope
Where there is darkness, light
And where there is sadness, joy

O divine master grant that I may
not so much seek to be consoled as to console
to be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love
For it is in giving that we receive
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned
And it's in dying that we are born to eternal life
Amen

Prayer Leader:

Betsy Nero
10 / 3 / 2017

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Love is what God is.

Gerald Straub



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.

Renew · Refresh · Refocus

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Ponder: Gerry Straub, *The Loneliness and Longing of St. Francis*

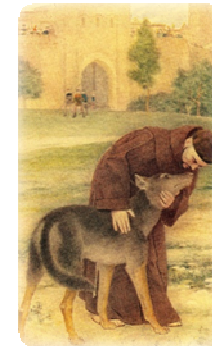
“Love is not something God does. Love is what God is. And God consistently showers undivided love on each of us. When St. Francis of Assisi began to understand that his life was a gift of love, he desired nothing else than that his life become a loving gift to God and others. This shift in consciousness didn’t happen all at once for St. Francis, nor does it happen all at once for any of us. The journey from the assumption of absolute autonomy and the false ego-centric notion that we are self-sufficient to a posture of total surrender to God and the recognition of our genuine *interconnectedness* with all of life takes time and requires daily conversion.

Within himself, St. Francis created a culture of emptiness, an empty space for God to fill. To become empty, we need to do nothing; we need to press the pause button on our society’s addictive need to be productive, to always be doing something. I think we need to create a culture of emptiness more than Francis did, as modern life is so filled with busyness, so cluttered with unfiltered information...

God spoke to Francis in the depths of his soul. And in the silence of his innermost being, Francis responded. In time, God, who has no voice, spoke to Francis in everything. ..Francis’ experience of God went beyond faith, dogma, and symbols. His experience of God gave birth to a spontaneous awe of the sacredness of life. The invisible Source of Life touched Francis; as a result, Francis knew beyond all knowing that God was real and that God was always reaching out to us.”

Reading Joyce Rupp, *Prayer Seeds*

Peace-Bringer, create in me a heart filled with the kind of love that reflects your own. Send this love to those I care about and respect. Open my mind to those I want to reject. Open my heart to those I prefer to avoid. Open my eyes to see beyond the surface of individuals and recognize your presence in each one. May my thoughts, words, and deeds be devoid of violence in any form. Soften whatever is hardened in my heart so that I bring your peace wherever I go. Remind me often that I, too, am in need of this love and worthy to receive it.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...