

Love Is the Seventh Wave by Sting

In the empire of the senses
You're the queen of all you survey
All the cities all the nations
Everything that falls your way

There is a deeper world than this
That you don't understand
There is a deeper world than this
Tugging at your hand

Every ripple on the ocean
Every leaf on every tree
Every sand dune in the desert
Every power we never see

There is a deeper wave than this
Swelling in the world
There is a deeper wave than this
Listen to me girl

Feel it rising in the cities
Feel it sweeping over land
Over borders, over frontiers
Nothing will its power withstand

There is no deeper wave than this
Rising in the world
There is no deeper wave than this
Listen to me girl

All the bloodshed all the anger
All the weapons all the greed
All the armies all the missiles
All the symbols of our fear

There is a deeper wave than this
Rising in the world
There is a deeper wave than this
Listen to me girl

At the still point of destruction
At the center of the fury
All the angels all the devils
All around us can't you see

There is a deeper wave than this
Rising in the land
There is a deeper wave than this
Nothing will withstand

I say love is the seventh wave

Every ripple on the ocean
Every leaf on every tree
Every sand dune in the desert
Every power we never see

There is a deeper wave than this
Swelling in the world
There is a deeper wave than this
Listen to me girl

Prayer Leader:

Peggy Gerovac
3 / 13 / 2018

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Photo by J.J. Prekop, Jr.

Prayer is not asking.
Prayer is putting oneself
in the hands of God,
at His disposition, and
listening to His voice in
the depth of our hearts.

Saint Teresa of Calcutta



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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*To Ponder: Putting Our Mind Into Our Heart from The
Contemplative Monk*

All good spiritual disciplines show us how to move from our heads into our hearts. Probably a better way to put it is that we put our mind into our heart. We move from our default analytical mind, which is soul-centered, into our intuitive heart. The early monks called this putting our head into our heart. Science shows us that when we do this, the rhythm of our brain actually begins to sync with the beat of our heart.

There is a Franciscan prayer practice where the head is lowered below our heart to remind us that it is with our heart first, and not our head, that we seek God. In fact, you might know that the Muslim's way of praying, bowing to the earth, was adopted from the early Christians they came in contact with.

Our mind in our heart is the inward focus of our heart where through our spirit (in Christ), we enter into God's presence. As we've said before, our heart is the fulcrum point of our lives. Everything resolves in our heart. As Proverbs tells us: "For as he thinks in his heart, so is he..."

So it is with the eyes of our heart that we gaze upon God and enter in. We reflect, like Moses, the glory of God. We become what we worship.
You are the light of the world.



Reading: Psalm 49 Nan C. Merrill

Truly, I cannot save myself,
or offer a haven of peace to another,
when my home is like a hornet's nest,
a hive of restless fears.
Turning to you, O Guiding Spirit,
is my strength and support,
a stronghold in times of trouble.

Yes, even the wise are not immune to fear;
yet, unlike the ignorant, the wise
face their fears with resolve.
Not running away, not projecting them
onto others,
They trace them to the source,
rooting them out as weeds from a rose garden.
Thus they do not trust in the riches
of the world,
but in the Treasure hidden
in the heart.

Be not afraid to discover the Treasure within,
to seek the gold hidden in
the garden of your heart.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...