

## The Moon and St. Christopher

Mary Chapin Carpenter

When I was young I spoke like a child, and I saw with a child's eyes  
And an open door was to a girl like the stars are to the sky  
It's funny how the world lives up to all your expectations  
With adventures for the stout of heart, and the lure of the open spaces  
There's 2 lanes running down this road, whichever side you're on  
Accounts for where you want to go, or what you're running from  
Back when darkness overtook me on a blind man's curve  
I relied upon the moon, I relied upon the moon  
I relied upon the moon and Saint Christopher  
Now I've paid my dues cuz I have owed them,  
    but I've paid a price sometimes  
For being such a stubborn woman in such stubborn times  
Now I've paid my dues cuz I have owed them,  
    but I've paid a price sometimes  
For being such a stubborn woman in such stubborn times  
Now I have run from the arms of lovers,  
    I've run from the eyes of friends  
I have run from the hands of kindness, I've run just because I can  
But now I'm grown and I speak like a woman  
    and I see with a woman's eyes  
And an open door is to me now like the saddest of goodbyes  
It's too late for turning back, I pray for the heart and the nerve  
And I rely upon the moon, I rely upon the moon  
I rely upon the moon and Saint Christopher  
I rely upon the moon, I rely upon the moon  
I rely upon the moon and Saint Christopher

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**Prayer Leader:**

Peggy Gerovac

5 / 1 / 2018

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## God of Many Names



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: Claire K. McKeever-Burgett

We thank you for our collective, communal and courageous history. One rife with pain, injustice, death and violence, but one that birthed change, resilience, moments of peace, words of poetry, grace and righteousness.

In looking back, in re-membling, we know we can create anew this day. We know we join you in fashioning a world, a moment, a time that is fair and right and healing for all creation. We know that through our words and actions we can co-create a new vision, a loving vision, a hopeful vision with you.

As our fellow sufferer, you stand with us in the sadness we know when our leaders, friends, family, civilians are attacked, when their voices are unjustly removed, when it seems that nothing but partisan politics rule the day.

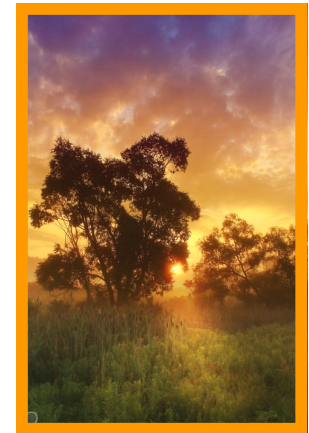
As our fellow applauder, you applaud with us, shout with us, dance with us when we need release, let go and give in; when we need to cry out both in jubilation and in fear, you are near, prompting us to cry, luring us to let go, calling us to be free.

As our fellow lover, you love us into new ways of being; you help us find the courage to continue writing and speaking and working on behalf of justice; you never leave, never forsake, never run away. Instead, you remain, reminding us of where we've been, walking with us toward a future unknown, yet present with you.

## Reading: *God of Many Names*, Claire K. McKeever-Burgett

*God of many names, many faces, many movements, many ways.*

In this time of uncertainty and change,  
Of war and peace,  
Of chaos and creation,  
May we collectively, communally and courageously  
    re-member the unsung women and men,  
    girls and boys,  
    churches and classrooms and open fields  
    and sidewalks and skies that  
supported, loved, suffered and applauded  
the rights we now enjoy.  
May their story be our story as we boldly walk  
    ahead in the light, love and grace  
    that is you.



Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...