

We bless you
for the endurance of hope
for the promise of renewal
and for fleeting moments
on the mountaintop

Blessed are you,
God our passionate life

But if we have forgotten those
who bear the marks of exile,
desert, home,
upon their hands and feet
and suffer them to go on bleeding

if we have dismembered
the body of God

have mercy on us,
God who brings us down to earth
ground us in justice
root us in right relationship
give flesh to our words and worship
with the breath and peace of your spirit
until joy is our only, holy common ground
Amen.

Keep coming back to your practice (From Richard Carter 'The City is my
Monastery')

Not beyond
But here and now
Find the gap in the dialogue
Find the space in the crowdedness of your mind
Find the silence that your anxiety wants to invade
Find the Spirit within that you have ignored or suppressed
And enter again into that silence
Like a swimmer entering a pool
Whatever the weather, the pool is still there
Inviting you to discover in this immersion
The homecoming you long for
Keep on returning
Keep on seeking the God within.

SILENCE

Living

(Denise Levertov)

The fire in leaf and grass
so green it seems
each summer the last summer.

The wind blowing, the leaves
shivering in the sun,
each day the last day.

A red salamander
so cold and so
easy to catch, dreamily

moves his delicate feet
and long tail. I hold
my hand open for him to go.

Each minute the last minute.

God of all time,

(Kate McIlhagga)

God beyond and behind time,
may we know what is too late
and what is too soon.

May we always recognize
the right time
in the light of
your timeless love.

Heavenly Father, open our hearts to the silent presence of the spirit of your Son.

Lead us into that mysterious silence where your love is revealed to all who call.
Maranatha . . . Come Lord.

Face to face (from Richard Carter's book 'The City is my Monastery')

Here in stillness

Here as you breathe in deeply

Let the presence of God unknot you

And fill your longing

Like the beauty of rain quenching a parched land

Like the sunlight's warming brightness after the dampness of the shadow

Like the tenderness of love's touch after the brittleness of loneliness

Like a flower opening imperceptibly

Like a bird landing and coming close, unafraid, because in your stillness you are with
him

Like a shower of rain washing away caked dust

Like the discovery of beauty when you thought it had gone away

Like the moon reflecting a luminous light

Like seeing the stars again when you thought they no longer shone

Feel again the truth of God's life flowing in and out

Untangling you from the inside out
Like love unseen, unheard, undeserved, expanding your heart
Broadening your world
Christ rising in you
The tomb becoming the place of resurrection.

SILENCE

Summer Morning (Mary Oliver)

Heart,
I implore you,
it's time to come back
from the dark,

it's morning,
the hills are pink
and the roses
whatever they felt

in the valley of night
are opening now
their soft dresses,
their leaves

are shining.
Why are you laggard?
Sure you have seen this
a thousand times,

which isn't half enough.
Let the world
have its way with you,
luminous as it is

with mystery
and pain -
graced as it is
with the ordinary.