



THE MARK

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AWAKENED BEING

AWAKENED BEING

BY PETER HAAS

One never knows when we will encounter the awakening presence of love or wisdom. And we may never know when we are vessels of awakening grace and guidance to another. For example, once, during a transformative healing session with an acupuncturist, I fell asleep. Upon waking, I was alone. My therapist had departed and left a handwritten note which read:

“Waking from your dream of forgetfulness, you see my face and remember who you are.”

Nearing twenty years later, I’ve safeguarded the note with intentional care and now know by way of experiential certitude the truth of what it meant.

I was transformed by that encounter with the feminine—and it was as if her face was the presence of God’s love to me in a season of weariness, hurt, and confusion. Her presence and words became a kind of prayer for me that still bless my life and being.

Similarly, in some small way,

I pray these words and the words and images of this newsletter are a kind of face of divine love for you and your journey of healing and remembering who you are and who God is calling you to be.

Somewhere St. Augustine says: let the scriptures be the face of God to you. And similarly, *The Cloud of Unknowing* calls the scriptures a mirror.

Both St. Augustine’s and The Cloud’s intuitions speak deeply to us, especially in a world where so many of us wonder where to look for clarity, truth or guidance, and where so many of us don’t meet face-to-face. We meet virtually by screen.

In this interconnected era of virtual presence, words and faces are the very means of being a person in the world. Words and faces are what still weave us together—even across time and space, culture and history, page and screen—and reveal something deeper about the truth of our being. We see ourselves

more clearly through the eyes of another. The miracle of love is that in your face, I see myself. In the face of the other, I see we are so very much the same.

For such a time as this, I pray that the words of scripture and the teachings of wise ones become a face of nourishing presence to you, weaving us alone and together, into a more beautiful and complete tapestry of prayerful friends on the journey of faith.

Here’s an example of how words can become a face of grace that awakens our being. Two quotations have been speaking to me lately, and I share them here with you:

“Quiet time alone, contemplation, prayer, music, a centering line of thought or reading, of study or work. It can be physical or intellectual or artistic, any creative life proceeding from oneself. It need not be an enormous project or a great work. But it should be something of

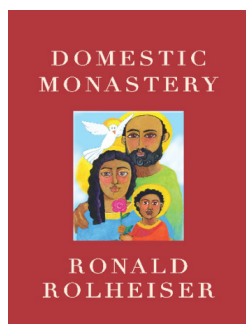
one's own. Arranging a bowl of flowers in the morning can give a sense of quiet in a crowded day – like writing a poem, or saying a prayer. What matters is that one be for a time inwardly attentive. ... Center-down, say the Quaker saints. To the possession of the self the way is inward, says Plotinus. The cell of self-knowledge is the stall in which the pilgrim must be reborn, says St. Catherine of Siena.” Anne Morrow Lindbergh

“In prayer, we discover what we already have. You start

where you are and you deepen what you already have and you realize you are already there. We already have everything, but we don't know it and we don't experience it. Everything has been given to us in Christ. All we need is to experience what we already possess.” Thomas Merton

May these words, and so many others like them, take you deeper into the heart of God's love, deeper into the presence of Spirit's care, and deeper into the silence—all contributing to the joyful journey of being awakened by awakened being. ☸

Book Look



Ronald Rolheiser is a beloved teacher and author to many in our community. His new book *Domestic Monastery*, published in hardcover by Paraclete Press, is a brief, wise and winsome description of life as our monastery. It provides nourishing encouragement and guidance on how to be a monk in the world of daily life and family.

Each reflection is no more than two pages and is accompanied with lovely wood cut images that speak to the emotional center, without saying a word.

This may be the best and most accessible book on the topic of being monks in the world, and because of its design and artwork makes a lovely gift item for a friend or beloved. ☸



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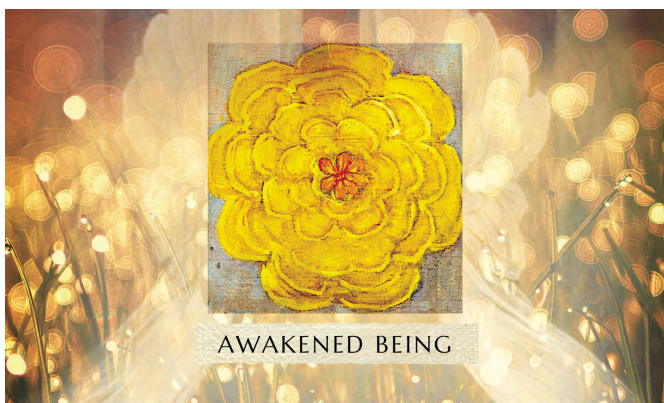
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*Now and always may Christ be magnified in my body,
whether by life or death. Philippians 1:20*

ANNUAL AIM: ARISING AS EMBODIED LIFE

AWAKENED BEING BY PAM ROSSMAN

The penultimate world is centered in the energy of unity, or cosmic love, which underlies everything.

It is this energy which redeems the whole of creation and makes possible the return to the Source from which everything comes. ... The true test of our understanding is not that it gives our ordinary selves more to talk about, but that it enables us to create these higher worlds within ourselves, to enter into the higher worlds which, until then, must remain for us only words. ... We can have everything if we can learn to separate from our ordinary selves, learn how to get out of the way. ... then everything can come.

J. G. Bennett, *Deeper Man*

[The] final goal is for the name of God – I AM – to sound in [oneself].

Then only will [we] be one with [our] Father in heaven.

A Recapitulation of The Lord's Prayer

I in them and you in me, that they may become perfectly one.

John 17:23

In the words of Jeanne de Salzmann,

“In order to wish to be present, I must see that I am asleep. ‘I’ am not here. I am enclosed in a circle of petty interests and avidity in which my ‘I’ is lost. And it will remain lost unless I can relate to something higher.”

Oh, how true! The insights in her book *Reality of Being* are helping liberate me from this all-to-common state of “waking sleep.” De Salzmann continues,

“The first condition is to know

in myself a different quality, higher than what I ordinarily am. Then my life will take on a new meaning. Without this condition there can be no work. I must remember there is another life and at the same time experience the life I am leading. This is awakening. I awake to these two realities. I need to understand that by myself, without a relation with something higher, I am nothing, I can do nothing. By myself alone, I can only remain lost in this circle of interests, I

have no quality that allows me to escape. I can escape only if I feel my absolute nothingness and begin to feel the need for help. I must feel the need to relate myself to something higher, to open to another quality.”

I cast back into the past to find the point in which I felt my “absolute nothingness” and the need for help. Hmm, that would be when I was 17 and had decided I’d be better off dead. I had tried everything and nothing worked to get me what

I wanted. I couldn't change my parents or any of my grandparents. Lord knows, I tried! No money, no hope, no one to turn to except a God I didn't know anything about and who hadn't seemed to come to my assistance.

And then something completely unexpected happened, something one might call a miracle.

"The One Being, in its unlimited generosity and compassion, initiates recollection in us and begins the process of transformation through which we are guided to spiritual maturity. This offering of Being to us is Mercy. This Is-ness, this Mercy – whatever name we give to it – preceded us ontologically. We arose out of it, not it out of us. Or as it is said: God's love for us preceded our love for him. As much as we are the servants of Spirit. Spirit is our servant when we make our connection to it. This connection is made through presence, which is a receptivity to the energies of possibility." Kabir Helminski, *Living Presence*

The miracle came as a phone call from a long-ago friend of my mother's from her high school days. My answering the phone was a shock, since I hadn't spoken a word in six weeks, having decided to just go "dark" to all and everything around me. This friend was calling to see if I could come visit her and her husband for the July 4th holiday. Surprisingly, something in me said "yes." They

drove an hour to come and pick me up and take me to their house. And my second Life began – the one that took on "new meaning."

The same guiding hand that moved Ginger and Frank to invite me into their life (which ended up two years rather than the two days planned) moved across the waters of my experience again when I sat suffering from the stings of a swarm of wasps all over my body. Those same two lovely people were running around mixing baking soda and water to ease my discomfort and my eyes fell onto a small magazine sitting on the table by me that had an article advertised on the cover regarding the healing of bee stings. I picked it up to distract myself from the pain and began to read. This article used the word God a lot and described God's laws that could align a person with their higher blueprint – their perfection of being. Fascinated, I read on while the remedies were being carried in to apply to my stings. When that dear couple knelt down to put the baking soda paste on my whelps, they could not find a single whelp. Yep...I had been healed.

I was off and running! It was all God and God's Law for me right then and there. I joined The Church of Christ, Scientist, which was my benefactor's church, and began my daily practices of reading the Bible and *Science and Health with the Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy. I was all in. A church in Houston had the words across the front "God is Love." It was 1968 and the world was

all about flower power and "all you need is love." I couldn't have been a more enthusiastic advocate for God's Love! God's Love and God's Law had me in the tractor beam.

Then came the years of exploration of the feast of spiritual and psychological foods available at that time. Transcendental Meditation, Encounter Groups, Transactional Analysis, Theosophical Society, Carlos Castaneda, Hinduism, Ram Dass Be Here Now, psychedelics, Siddha Yoga, and more.

"The wish to be conscious is the wish *to be*. It can only be understood in silence." Jeanne de Salzmann, *Reality of Being*

Let's stop the Time Machine in 2006 briefly. I'm 55 years old and have just read Deepak Chopra and Eckhart Tolle on the merits of silence – a little inner bell was going off. I registered for my first 10-day silence retreat at a Vipassana place in Texas. Wow! Ten days of Noble Silence (no talking, reading, or writing for the whole time) is pretty stern stuff for a novice and I do not necessarily recommend it. It was a big shock to find out there were so many voices in my head – I had thought they were all me! Michael Singer, author of several wonderful books, calls them "noisy roommates."

My husband and I had thought our perfect retirement spot was Brenham, Texas (home of Bluebell Ice Cream) and we designed and built a little house there. My husband was a bluegrass musician and after

we moved West, he was quite often doing gigs in Austin. We couldn't believe it, but we were prompted by our intuitions to put our new little custom home up for sale. We were nervous, thinking we'd never get what we paid to have it built. Oh yeah? Within the hour of the For Sale sign going up, we were contacted and offered exactly what we were asking. Wow – in the Flow, and in the tractor beam – again.

At this point, you won't be surprised that I found a little known church called The Church of Conscious Harmony as soon as we found ourselves moving to Austin. I started attending regularly. The real attraction was Tim Cook reading all kinds of interesting spiritual books, Centering Prayer, and The Work of Inner Christianity! The Work understood those voices in my head and much more. I became a member of the CCH community in every way I could. Digging into the Work, I began connecting in small Work groups, had Work partners, and of course attended the Thursday night class regularly. I sat in Silence, in Centering Prayer, at every opportunity. I sank deeper into our community through service as well.

"I breathe in. ... I breathe out.
I know that I breathe in. ...
I know that I breathe out.
In a quiet body I breathe in. ...
In a quiet body I breathe out.
Slowly I breathe in. ...
Slowly I breathe out."

Jeanne de Salzmann, *Reality of Being*

After years of practicing, just a

couple of years ago there was a shift in me that I can now start to see with the help of my fellow students in the Work. Perhaps the real Work has begun (and just in time I think!). Maybe it began with the newer presentation of the Welcoming Prayer ... the sinking into the body and scanning. Plus, practicing Lectio-Divina and Visio-Divina fed my sub/unconscious with images, diagrams, icons, and sacred geometric forms. Having heard in our community, "The issues are in the tissues," I sought out a kind of therapist who focused on trauma in the body and had my first experience of being totally incarnated in my body. Now, I joyfully study the Work through the writings of Jeanne de Salzmann and Kabir Helminski in particular, and engage with communities and teachers approaching the Work with breath, gestures, sensation, and experiences. I am 71 and I feel an imperative ... an urgency to do this important Work. The last line of this poem by Antonio Machado haunts me:

"The wind, one brilliant day
called to my soul with an aroma
of jasmine.

'In return for this jasmine odor,
I'd like all the odor of your roses.'
'I have no roses; I have no flowers
left now in my garden.... All are
dead.'

'Then I'll take the waters of the
fountains, and the yellow leaves
and the dried-up petals.'

The wind left. ... I wept, I said
to my soul,

'What have you done with the

garden entrusted to you?'"

Using the breathing, gesture, and sensation practices we've learned to lead into my Centering Prayer times, I have a new awareness of the choice to head more often to the "new" and less often toward the "known." This week, I am making an effort to be present with my eating and am bearing witness (observing in three-centers) to all that comes to meet those efforts. I wish to see the mechanical ways I go to sleep as soon as I pick up my fork – making a phone call, working a puzzle, reading a book, doing something "constructive" while I eat. No wonder I don't know when I am full or why I crave a "party" in my mouth after my healthy food! The Work has taught me to accuse myself of nothing except being asleep. I wish to see ... to shine light on the darkness of sleep in myself. And trust the process, the Work.

"Arising as Embodied Life 2022" is The Church of Conscious Harmony's clarion call! Once again, my Being draws my life. Hallelujah! All year long we've put our attention and intention on the body. Layer by layer the veil parts – in community. Together we are map makers, explorers, spelunkers. We embody a little landscape, a breeze, some waves of energy ... consciously.

There is only One Presence and that One joyously brings us to an awakened state and transformation ... to serve, to pay our Common Father/Mother for this incredible gift is a delight! ☺

ELDER WISDOM: HONORING OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

WAKING UP, GROWING UP IN THE AUTUMN YEARS

BY FRAN LOMBARD

“You are not a drop in the ocean, you are the entire ocean in one drop.” Rumi

For the past thirteen years, I have “virtually” been sitting by the feet of the evolved elders and youngers of The Church of Conscious Harmony, drinking deeply from their ocean of wisdom, guiding me in the direction of becoming the entire ocean. What could I possibly contribute to their profound wisdom? Then I took note of a whisper coming from one of the CCH youngers encouraging me “to share from your heart with no self-doubt or judgement because it won’t be you, it will be Christ speaking through you.” I took a deep breath....

Up to my 70th year, my spiritual path was pretty wishy-washy. Being single all my life, the world revolved very much around the self(ish) ‘I’. Beloved Jesus was only called upon in emergencies and even then that ‘I’ tried to control it! I rated myself a spiritual being, but deep within I knew I was just scratching the surface yearning for a wake-up call and to be enlightened (whatever that meant).

In that space and at that pace, I plodded along until my retirement, when I moved from the big city of Cape Town, South Africa to a country town. To my delight, I discovered a spiritual retreat center, Temenos, nestle in the heart of nowhere, or more aptly now-here. I soon became the librarian of Caritas. I was in awe, yet it soon dawned on me how diluted my understanding of spirituality really was. With the “gardener” of Temenos’ trust in me and his unwavering love for the Beloved, I thrived and Caritas became a Babette’s Feast for my soul, tasting and digesting the diversity of spiritual paths and their masters.

It was predestined that I would discover the “*pièce de resistance*” in Caritas: CCH’s Daily Reflections. I was immediately drawn to the profound wisdom and depth in those short passages and could not wait to explore them daily. Needless to say I was oblivious to words and practices like true/false self, Centering Prayer, Lectio Divina, etc.

The contemplative seed was planted then, but the real Work was yet to come. I had woken up, but there was still a lot of growing

up to happen as selfish programs still flourished. Little by little, I could recognise when the ego was at play, but the key to the heart of contemplation was still missing. Centering Prayer was only a concept and would surface in my spiritual journey much later. The blessing was that I was surrounded by a community that exuded conscious spirituality and kept showing me ever so gently The Little Way.

Still in my 70th year, overconfidently, I moved back to Cape Town with crates full of expectations and dreams. Helplessly, I had to undergo disillusionments as one dream after another crushed down on the rocks. I was drowning. The messy-little-self was in turbulent waters. Literally gasping for air one day, it dawned on me that I no longer could do it on my own. “My way” was just not working out anymore and I was forced to ask myself: Surely, there must be another way for this being to become human?

So after an absence of 50 years, I reluctantly returned to church and discovered to my delight that Centering Prayer

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A PERSONAL RETREAT AT CCH

BY SUSAN MAGINN

Come from night's dark to
lie in green pastures and wait
God's love dawns through you

This invokes a memory of attending summer camp as a 10 year old. Waking in the early morning in the dark and rising through the gravity of sleepiness to wake two friends, who agreed with whispers and blindly followed me, past the other campers, out of the cabin, past the other cabins, down a trail to a green pasture. We laid down in a circular formation like spokes in a bike wheel, with our heads toward the center. The sky went from dark to light. We saw every moment.

Forty years later, still rising in the dark and finding God in silence and stillness, finding Jesus and Mary, finding a way through decades of marriage, motherhood, professional life and divorce, all the while, finding companions here and there, and recognizing a kindred passion for contemplative practices in a Soto Zen monastery. But key elements were lost in translation as Jesus was always sitting on the zafu with me. Mary was always bowing, extending invitations to

move further down the path with unbridled trust. In their way, pointing me beyond what is seen here and now, toward a world at once so foreign and familiar.

In December, emerging from what the Work of Inner Christianity might call a season of voluntarily going under many laws, and surfacing from the ocean's depth for air with a yearning, a wish—for community, for people who might understand how silence and Jesus are joyfully found together. Rubbing the attending spirit within the lamp of Google, praying it might light up with the search term: Contemplative Christian Community. Nailed it!

After seven months of becoming increasingly immersed in the CCH online offerings, my cross-country move allowed me the opportunity to visit in person. From Sunday to Sunday, I was welcomed to be on campus doing a self-guided personal retreat. No one had ever met me and yet I was met with such trust and faith and encouragement. Jill and Donald crafted guidelines for how personal retreats could be supported by the Church.

My first Sunday was one

profound conversation and experience after another, feeling at once to be a welcome stranger and also a long lost family member. Through communion, coffee, soulful sharing, and chanting, all reminding me how being online is sustaining, but nothing compared to being on campus. In community, face to face, experiencing the privilege to fall into and be buoyed by the loving vortex of legacy created by decades of faithful and joyful praise and service.

Each day, I arrived at 7 a.m. and left around 4 p.m. keeping with the office hours with full access to the grounds, and each day was its own peripatetic journey with God, graced by stabilizing stops in the refuge that is Theosis Chapel. One snapshot was while emerging from the underground darkness on a bright afternoon to see a man with a leaf blower dressed in white shorts and a white t-shirt. "Rabbouni," I said but wanted to shout! He didn't get the joke which only confirmed my suspicion that he actually was Jesus. A few more snapshots: a dim morning on the way to the chapel, walking with Tracey who quietly spoke

for me, “So being here is more amazing than you ever could have imagined, right?” Two mornings sitting with Barbara. Having a meeting with Peter affirming my place in the sacred order of things. Mary Lea and Britt inviting me to a meal and to be a guest in their home. As the rain came to Austin, the first rain in

months, so came a returning to God for me, a full-bodied, three-centered, drenched to the bone in the remembering of essential self, long before the encrusting accomplishments and failures of personality.

And then on that final Sunday, coming to the parking lot in the darkness, first in line, waiting

for worship like it was Christmas morning, waiting, laying down in a patch of grass, watching the sun rise, remembering, and yet as if never seen before, one degree at a time, completing a 40-year octave. ☸

For more information on personal retreats at CCH, please contact Jill Frank, programdir@consciousharmony.org.

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sessions were held once a week at a friend’s home. My contemplative apprenticeship started that evening when I crossed the threshold of her abode. I was in awe!

Our Abba though still had a few surprises up His sleeve for this new kid on the block. Against my spiritual guide’s advice, I went on an Intensive Centering Prayer retreat. One day, totally spiritually traumatised, I staggered into the facilitator’s room. Ever so gently she enlightened me with the Good News: the Holy Spirit at long last has been given consent to start His Real Work in me. She used a very descriptive analogy that would become my spiritual anchor ... He was sitting at the centre of my being with His spiritual chisel, chipping away all the layers of “my way” and transforming me into His image.

I could hear Fr. Thomas Keating’s mischievous voice, “You are caught up in an adventure sweetie. For the first time you

are giving the Sculptor the opportunity to be human in you. All you need to do now is to consent!” I ran out of options trying to identify the way I see myself instead of letting The One do the observation and then do what needs to be done. On that retreat, out of breath, I just collapsed in the Sculptor’s arms calling out: “Show me the way!”

Tim Cook said something in one of his sermons that would become another beacon of light on my contemplative path: “My burden is light and my yolk is easy when we yolk the outer world to the inner. In Christ, we find our inner lives being transformed and we did not do it – we simply use our free will to surrender to the allness of God; the wholeness to the perfection and the grace of God, because no human effort can do it – He just wants to pour it into us.” Amen Tim. Once we have given consent, we surrender and allow Him to start the Work in us.

And that is where I find myself: “waking up” every day and very slowly growing up here in the autumn years of my life. A Sculptor who is just not giving up on us whether we arrive on His doorstep with hidden or blatant agendas. All He is asking is our consent to live in the presence of Presence and so fill our container with His unconditional Love.

If not for the CCH community of love, I just know I would not have been able to even get close to transformation. My gratitude cup runneth over.

Looking back on that grey Sunday morning when I started writing this ode to CCH and now reflecting further on Rumi’s words yields this wisdom. For a while, I allowed that hint of darkness to be just a drop, but as I progressed deeper into sharing with the community of love, that drop has miraculously transformed into the Entire Ocean. Indeed, old puppies can learn new tricks! ☸

My Father is still working, and I also am working. John 5:17

LIVING THE WORK OF INNER CHRISTIANITY IN DAILY LIFE

PRAYER BY NATHAN JONES

Work Idea: On occasion it feels the Work tradition is somewhat reluctant to use the word Prayer. Much can be said here but suffice it to say it is reasonably quite intentional. Prayer is such a loaded word in the Christian tradition. “Let us pray” has been so oft repeated that the words likely evoke a mechanical response that no longer reaches the mind. One looks around realizing they have stood up from the pew yet not remembering the action of standing. We can only hope it is not said over the radio. In large part when the Work speaks of Self-Remembering, it is speaking of a form of prayer. Prayer can be the graceful, intentional act of moving toward higher centers. Self-Remembering is movement in the direction of being more conscious as we consider and remember Creation, the Creator and our role therein. Observe, Non-Identify, Self-Remember. Perhaps another


way to say this is Observe, Non-Identify, Pray. It has been said prayer is considering God.

Work Source: “Now I will refer to one of the sayings of Christ quoted ... where it is said that a man must pray for a thing and have that he has it, and he will get it. ‘All things whatsoever ye pray for and ask for, have faith that ye *have* received them, and ye *shall have* them’ (Mark 11:24). Now it is said in the Work that a man must not wait until he has the force to do something but must act, if it is his aim, as if he had it already, and then he will *attract it*. To wait until you have the strength and understanding to do something – I am speaking of the Work – makes it impossible to do it. But you must each think for yourselves. ...

As I said, to pray when you should work, to expect help when you should make effort, is idle. As regards prayer about oneself, it must

be about others first and oneself last.” Maurice Nicoll, *Psychological Commentaries on the Teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky*, p. 158-159

Application: I wonder of the relationship between waking sleep and prayer. It strikes me that proper prayer should move one from sleeping to conscious waking. In which case, a definition of prayer could be: that which wakes us up, as well as that which brings us into the present, that which makes us conscious, that which reminds us to consider God, and perhaps just to remember. I wonder about all of the wonderful little things that this definition encapsulates. Tiny, new and beautiful prayers....

Further Resource: “Take pleasure and rest in one thing only: making your way from one communal duty to another, always remembering God.” Marcus Aurelius 

OCTOBER COMMUNITY READING

THE BIOLOGY OF BELIEF BY BRUCE LIPTON

OCTOBER SERMON THEMES

TRANSFORMING BODIES

October 2	Guest Minister Tim Cook
October 9	Higher Prayer
October 16	Theosis
October 23	The Four Bodies
October 30	Community Sharing

OCTOBER COMMUNITY PRACTICE

STANDING UNDER STARS

The philosopher Emmanuel Kant wrote a famous passage in his *Critique of Practical Reason*. The English translation reads:

“Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the more often and steadily we reflect upon them: the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me.”

Similarly, Psalm 19 famously articulates the majesty of the heavens:

*The heavens are telling the glory of God;
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork.
Day to day pours forth speech,
and night to night declares knowledge.
There is no speech, nor are there words;
their voice is not heard;
yet their voice goes out through all the earth,
and their words to the end of the world.*

This month, take time after 9:00 at night and before 6:00 in the morning to stand or lay underneath the stars on a clear night. Let the silence of the stars and their radiance speak to you in a wordless way in your emotional center. Just be with them and let the vast expanse be with you.

Let it be a kind of free therapy. Feeling your body or feet on the ground and your being in the stars ... see if you can remember something more about yourself, about life, about God, about reality, about the universe. ☸

OCTOBER CALENDAR

For more details, visit
consciousnessharmony.org
or call 512-347-9673

SPECIAL EVENTS

New Member Classes
Sundays, Oct 2-23 11:45am-1pm
Preregister with the office

One-Day Online Centering Prayer Retreat
Oct 8 9am-3pm Register online

Forming a Centering Prayer Practice
Oct 8 9-noon (in-person)
+4 consecutive Tuesdays 7-8pm (online)
\$25 Register online

One-Day In-Person Song & Silence Retreat
Oct 22 9am-3pm \$15 Register online

MONTHLY

Caritas Donations
1st Sundays
Bring non-perishables to CCH or
donate to caritasofaustin.org

WEEKLY

Sundays
†Centering Prayer & Lectio Divina 8-9am
*Intercessory Prayer 9am
†Worship Service 10-11:30am
Youth Program (preK-12) 10-11:30am

Wednesdays
Contemplative Lunch noon-1pm
†Contemplative Worship Service 6-7pm

Thursdays
*The Journey School Class 7-8:30pm

Saturdays
*Scriptorium noon

DAILY

†Centering Prayer 7-7:35am

*Centering Prayer 6pm
(on Weds, please join our 6pm service instead)

*Please join via internet; links are
on our website.
†In person and online.



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Photo courtesy of Ron Barnett

THE HIGHER DEGREES OF HAPPINESS

Blessed are the single-hearted;

for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers;

they shall be called children of God.

Matthew 5:8-9

Contemplative prayer is the place of encounter between the creative vision of transformation and the actual incarnation of that vision day by day. Practice is the translation of the creative vision into the concrete circumstances of each day. It must be emphasized over and over that daily life is the fundamental practice.

Thomas Keating, *The Mystery of Christ*

