



Grace  
Women's  
Pilgrimage  
to  
Santiago

May 9 - 17, 2015

# MORNING PRAYER

Leader: Dear God,  
Grant us tender courage and willing hearts.  
Remind us we are salt of the earth.  
Remind us we are radiant light.

*...pause.....come into your senses.....notice.....feel.....breathe.....*

**All: May we be open to the unknown, ready for the unexpected  
and willing to travel beyond our comforts.**

*Reading: The poem of the day*

Leader: As we walk we listen for the footsteps of the ancients.

**All: We seek our place.**

Leader: As we walk we listen to the footsteps of the moment.

**All: We remember to love.**

Leader: As we walk we listen for the footsteps yet to come.

**All: We go with care.**

**All: May the blessing of the morning light be upon you.**

# MORNING PRAYER

Dear God,

Thank you for this new day, its beauty and its light.

Thank you for my chance to begin again.

Free me from yesterday's limitations.

Today may I be reborn.

May I become more fully a reflection of your radiance.

Give me strength and compassion and courage and wisdom.

Show me the light in myself and others.

May I recognize the good that is available everywhere.

May I be, this day, an instrument of love and healing.

Lead me into gentle pastures.

Give me deep peace that I might serve you most deeply.

Amen

Marianne Williamson

...When you travel, a new silence  
Goes with you, and if you listen,  
You will hear what your heart would  
Love to say.

A journey can become a sacred thing.

May you travel in an awakened way,  
Gathered wisely into your inner ground;  
**That you may not waste the invitations  
Which wait along the way to transform  
you...**

John O'Donohue  
For the Traveler

Arrive Sarria



...First light leans easy against the trees,  
lays an arm around my shoulders  
and walks with me.

...The morning, wearing nothing but the  
universe, opens her robe and wraps it  
around me.

The creator of all things,  
the world gathered in her hands,  
looks at this day and smiles  
and leans a little bit forward  
and says, **"Let's do this."**

Pastor Steve

I do not want to waste my  
time wanting, and waiting  
for, reasons for gratitude.  
The gift of my life is at hand,  
and it wants me to be fully  
alive, and **wildly grateful**,  
now.

Kristi Nelson

Sarria to Portomarin

In prayerful **silence** you must look into your own heart.  
No one can tell you better than yourself what comes between you and God.  
Ask yourself.  
Then listen.

Johannes Tauler 1300-1361



Portomarin to Palas de Rei



**Peace is all around us  
and within us.**

Once we learn  
to touch this peace,  
we will be healed  
and transformed.  
It is not a matter of faith;  
it is a matter of practice.

Thich Nhat Hanh

I think **joy and sweetness and affection  
are a spiritual path.**

We're here to know God, to love and  
serve God, and to be blown away by the  
beauty and miracle of nature.

We don't have time to carry grudges;  
we don't have time to cling to the need  
to be right.

Anne Lamott

Palas de Rei to Melide

When your eyes are tired  
the world is tired also.

When your vision has gone  
no part of the world can find you.

Time to go into the dark  
where the night has eyes  
to recognize its own.

There you can be sure  
you are not beyond love.

The dark will be your womb  
tonight.

The night will give you a horizon  
further than you can see.

You must learn one thing.  
**The world was made to be free  
in.**

Give up all the other worlds  
except the one to which you  
belong.

Sometimes it takes darkness and  
the sweet  
confinement of your aloneness

to learn  
anything or anyone  
that does not bring you alive

is too small for you.

David Whyte

Melide to Arzua

The blessing of the morning light to you,  
may it find you even in your invisible appearances,  
may you be seen to have risen from some other place we intuit and  
know in the darkness and that carries all we need.

**May you see what is hidden in you  
as a place of hospitality and shadowed shelter,  
may that hidden darkness be your gift to give,**  
may you hold the shadow to the light  
and the silence of that place to the word of the light,  
may you join all of your previous disappearances  
with this new appearance, this new morning,  
this being seen again, new and newly alive.

David Whyte: Easter Morning 2015  
In Memoriam John O'Donohue

Arzua to Rua



I don't want proof.  
I want Jesus.

I don't need pious beliefs,  
a palace of certainty.  
I just want you,  
whether or not I know it.

Not my feeling,  
but your presence.

**Let my reaching be my faith,  
my hunger for you, my wisdom;**  
my unknowing be my looking,  
my doubt my journey.  
I would rather always wonder  
than lose my longing for you,  
my Lord, and my God,  
my Presence, my Beloved.

Pastor Steve



Rua to Santiago de Compostela

*In the morning, while it was still very dark,  
he got up and went out to a deserted place,  
and there he prayed.*

–Mark 1.35

Very dark.

In mystery. Not a puzzle but  
the presence beyond our minds.  
The infinite gathers around you.  
This is where prayers speak to each  
other like stars in the dark sky  
though we do not hear them.  
Our prayers become us in the night.

A deserted place.

Solitude, where you are a soul,  
nothing else. None to judge,  
to interpret you, to revise.

**You are in God  
as the silence is in the night sky,  
the deep silence in your heart  
heard as clear as a white moon.  
We are all alone together.**

Our prayers move beyond us.  
In the openness,  
like an eye in the dark,  
not a feeling—too dark for that—  
a presence beneath.  
In the silence, the space between,  
no words, not an answer...  
a yes.

Pastor Steve

Santiago de Compostela















The road seen, then not seen, the hillside  
hiding then revealing the way you should take,  
the road dropping away from you as if leaving  
you  
to walk on thin air, then catching you, holding  
you up,  
when you thought you would fall,  
and the way forward always in the end  
the way that you followed, the way that carried  
you  
into your future, that brought you to this place,  
no matter that it sometimes took your promise  
from you,  
no matter that it had to break your heart along  
the way:

the sense of having walked from far inside  
yourself  
out into the revelation, to have risked yourself  
for something that seemed to stand both  
inside you  
and far beyond you, that called you back  
to the only road in the end you could follow,  
walking  
as you did, in your rags of love and speaking  
in the voice  
that by night became a prayer for safe arrival,  
so that one day you realized that what you  
wanted  
had already happened long ago and in the  
dwelling place

you had lived in before you began,  
and that every step along the way, you had  
carried  
the heart and the mind and the promise  
that first set you off and drew you on and that  
you were  
more marvelous in your simple wish to find a  
way  
than the gilded roofs of any destination you  
could reach:  
as if, all along, you had thought the end point  
might be a city  
with golden towers, and cheering crowds,  
and turning the corner at what you thought  
was the end

of the road, you found just a simple reflection,  
and a clear revelation beneath the face  
looking back  
and beneath it another invitation, all in one  
glimpse:  
like a person and a place you had sought  
forever,  
like a broad field of freedom that beckoned  
you beyond;  
like another life, and the road still stretching  
on.

Santiago  
David Whyte

God speaks to each of us as he makes us,  
then walks with us silently out of the night.

These are the words we dimly hear:

You, sent out beyond your recall,  
go to the limits of your longing.  
Embody me.

Flare up like a flame  
and make big shadows I can move in.

Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror.  
**Just keep going. No feeling is final.**  
**Don't let yourself lose me.**

Nearby is the country they call life.  
You will know it by its seriousness.

Give me your hand.

Go to the Limits of Your Longing  
Rainier Maria Rilke

When I am honest, I admit I am a bundle of paradoxes. I believe and I doubt, I hope and get discouraged, I love and I hate, I feel bad about feeling good, and I feel guilty about not feeling guilty. I am trusting and suspicious. I am honest and I still play games. Aristotle said I am a rational animal; **I say I am an angel with an incredible capacity for beer.**

To live by grace means to acknowledge my whole life story, the light side and the dark. In admitting my shadow side I learn who I am and what God's grace means. As Thomas Merton put it, "A saint is not someone who is good but who experiences the goodness of God."

Brennan Manning

Christ has no body now, but yours.  
No hands, no feet on earth, but yours.  
Yours are the eyes through which he looks  
with compassion on this world.  
Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good,  
Yours are the hands with which he blesses the world.

St Teresa of Avila

Let nothing disturb you.  
Let nothing frighten you.  
All things pass away:  
God never changes.  
Patience obtains all things.  
Those who have God  
Find they lack nothing;  
God alone suffices.

St Teresa of Avila

I hold my face  
in my two hands  
No I am not crying  
**I hold my face in my two hands  
to keep my loneliness warm**  
to cradle my hunger  
shelter my heart  
from the rain and the thunder  
Two hands protecting  
Two hands nourishing  
Two hands preventing my soul  
from flying in anger.

I hold my face  
in my two hands  
My hands cupped  
to catch what might fall  
from within me  
Deeper than crying  
no, I am not crying  
I am in my two hands.

Thich Nhat Hahn



**That grief and anger are the way home**, instead of reasons we would be exiled, as we were taught as small children.

Anne Lamott

To all that is chaotic in you,

**let there come silence.**

Let there be a calming of the clamoring,  
a stilling of the voices that have laid their claim on you, that have made their home in you, that go with you even to the holy places but will not let you rest, will not let you hear your life with wholeness or feel the grace that fashioned you.

Let what distracts you cease.

Let what divides you cease.

**Let there come an end to what diminishes and demeans,**

And let depart all that keeps you in its cage.

Let there be an opening into the quiet that lies beneath the chaos, where you find the peace you did not think possible and see what shimmers within the storm.

Blessing in the chaos

John O'Donohue

Cherish this deep **silence** within, nourish it frequently.

Johannes Tauler 1300-1361

Often when God comes, **God finds the soul occupied**. Other guests are there, and God has to turn away. God cannot gain entry, for we love and desire other things; therefore, God's gifts, which are offered to everyone unceasingly, must remain outside.

Johannes Tauler 1300 - 1361

Where is the dwelling place of light?  
And where is the house of darkness?  
Go About;  
Walk the limits of the land.  
**Do you know a path between them?**

Job 38:19-20

When somebody says to me, "I don't believe in God," my first response is, **"Tell me about the God you don't believe in."** Almost always, it's the God of supernatural theism.

Marcus J. Borg

The Christian life is not about pleasing God the finger-shaker and judge.  
It is not about believing now or being good now for the sake of heaven later.  
**It is about entering a relationship in the present that begins to change everything now.**  
Spirituality is about this process: the opening of the heart to the God who is already here.

Marcus J. Borg

So where does that leave the resurrection, the most challenging of Christian beliefs?

The tomb couldn't hold him. He's still around, **he's still loose in the world**, he's still recruiting for the Kingdom of God.

Marcus Borg

We are then led on a terribly wild path, very gloomy and forsaken...

A very strange sorrow comes over us that makes us think that the whole world in its expanse oppresses us...

It seems that we are a prisoner between two walls.  
It seems to us that we are suspended between two walls  
with a sword in our back and a sharp spear in front.

What do we do then?  
We can go neither forward nor back.  
We can only sit down and say,

**"Hail, bitterer bitterness, full of grace!"**



If there could be hell in this life, this would seem to be more than hell  
- to be bereft of loving and the good thing loved.

Anything that one might say to such a person would console him  
about as much as a stone.

He can only sit down and say,

**"Hail, bitterer bitterness, full of grace!"**

It is unbelievable to the poor soul in this tortured state that this  
unbearable darkness could ever turn into light.

Johannes Tauler

1300-1361

I want to write about **faith**,  
about the way the moon rises  
over cold snow, night after night,

faithful even as it fades from fullness,  
slowly becoming that last curving and  
impossible  
sliver of light before the final darkness.

But I have no faith myself  
I refuse it even the smallest entry.

Let this then, my small poem,  
like a new moon, slender and barely open,  
be the first prayer that opens me to faith.

David Whyte

**Faith** is not a light which scatters all our darkness, but a lamp which guides our steps in the night and suffices for the journey. To those who suffer, God does not provide arguments which explain everything; rather, his response is that of an accompanying presence, a history of goodness which touches every story of suffering and opens up a ray of light.

Pope John Francis

Sometimes I wondered if I had any **faith**.  
I sat down and thought about it.  
And when I had had enough of that  
I got up and went on my way.  
And that - the getting up and going -  
was faith.

Mary Jean Irion

**Faithfulness** leads us to pay attention to our relationship to God—through such attention, we become even more deeply centered in God.  
Trust is the fruit of that deeper centering.  
It grows as we center more and more in God.

Marcus J. Borg

**I, the Lord of sea and sky,**

I have heard My people cry.

All who dwell in dark and sin,

My hand will save.

I who made the stars of night,

I will make their darkness bright.

Who will bear My light to them?

Whom shall I send?

Here I am Lord, Is it I, Lord?

I have heard You calling in the night.

I will go Lord, if You lead me.

I will hold Your people in my heart.

**I, the Lord of snow and rain,**

I have borne my people's pain.

I have wept for love of them,

They turn away.

I will break their hearts of stone,

Give them hearts for love alone.

I will speak My word to them

Whom shall I send?

Here I am Lord, Is it I, Lord?

I have heard You calling in the night.

I will go Lord, if You lead me.

I will hold Your people in my heart.

**I, the Lord of wind and flame**

I will tend the poor and lame.  
I will set a feast for them,  
My hand will save  
Finest bread I will provide,  
Till their hearts be satisfied.  
I will give My life to them,  
Whom shall I send?

Here I am Lord, Is it I, Lord?  
I have heard You calling in the  
night.  
I will go Lord, if You lead me.  
I will hold Your people in my heart.

Dan Schutte



And the day came,  
When the risk it took to remain  
Tight inside the bud,  
Was more painful than the risk it  
Took to blossom.

Anais Nin

God touches you, and says, "Be opened!"  
The Spirit unfolds within you.  
Let her open up your life.  
Let God heal the ways in which you are closed off to the world,  
closed off from God.  
Surrender to God's great opening in you.  
Let your prayer be,  
"Open me. Open me. Open me."

Pastor Steve

# Evening Prayer

*Stories from the day: One person asks a good question.*

Leader: The infinite gathers around us. This is where prayers speak to each other like stars in the dark sky though we do not hear them. We are in God as the silence is in the night sky. The deep silence in your heart heard as clear as a white moon.

**All: Amen**

Leader: Let our hearts be glad and our minds calm for this day is done.

**All: Amen**

*Reading: One person reads a poem or sings a song.*



# Evening Prayer

Leader: It is night. The night is for stillness.

**All: Let us be still in the presence of God.**

Voice 1 It is night after a long day. What has been done has been done; what has not been done has not been done. Let it be.

Voice 2 The night is dark. Let our fears of the darkness of the world, and of our own lives, rest.

Voice 3 The night is quiet. Let the quietness of your peace enfold us, all dear to us, and all who have no peace.

Leader May the earth cradle you and sleep restore you as we rest in the goodness of creation.

**All: Amen**

*Closing Song: All Shall be Well*

