

Community Prayer

Let us pause from thinking and empty our minds.
Let us stop the noise. In the silence let us listen to our heart.
Let us be still and wait and listen carefully for a sound from the deep,
from the well within.

St Mary MacKillop and Julian Tenison Woods
were very in-tune with the natural world around them.
They had sensitivity to the beauty of the universe and the harmony of nature.
The idea of the sacredness of all creation and of God's providential care of this
world unified and reverberated in the core of their being.

***“All created things give us ideas and glimpses
of the beauty of the infinitely beautiful Creator.”***

JTW 1881

We pray today in gratitude to our God that moves with us through all
the seasons in our lives.

Let us listen...





Not all the Leaves are Falling

(Kathryn Overall)

Not all the leaves are falling
Not all of the flowers are dead
And the late summer rose is still blooming
High on the hill.



Not all the songs have been sung yet
Not all of the sonnets been read
There's a half written tale in motion
The sun hasn't set.

There is still some truth worth perceiving
Whispers of stories to tell
And I guess that I'm still believing that all will be well.

Not all the wells have run dry
Not all of the springs have been spent
Not all the rivers have yet
Run their course to the sea.

Strange creatures dwell in the ocean
Mysteries hide in the deep
Breakers still crash on the shore of an isle never seen.

There's starlight that hasn't yet reached us
From thousands of light years away
Not all the frontiers have been travelled
There's stakes still unclaimed.

There are friendships that haven't yet flourished
Letters that haven't been sent
There are words that are waiting for courage that need to be said.

There still is a love to find yet
There still is a battle to win
There is room in the inn for a woman
Who carries a dream.

There are trials that have to be gone through
Sorrows that haven't been sensed
There's a house on the hill still to build
With a white picket fence.

There are children that I haven't met yet
Babies known only to God
There still is some life yet unwritten, a path to be trod.
There still is some life yet unwritten, a path to be trod.

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God of the Seasons

(Lorraine Reaume, OP)

Part of the beauty of fall is its fleetingness.
We know we have a limited time to savour the vibrant,
warm colours and the crisp crinkle of leaves under our feet.

It's like those intimate times of prayer when Jesus particularly touches
our heart and we know in our bones we are loved by God.

We do not always sense this glorious truth but the memory of it keeps us
going, helps us to persevere through the seasons of our soul.

We may feel we are in a barren winter spiritually at times but we know
God is doing something within us, just as we know the death of the leaves
and the falling snow are preparing earth for new life.

We know too that the glory of spring will come just as we will feel
God's closeness once again.

Pray together:

God, as we admire the leaves of autumn help us to dwell on your abundant
love for us. Guide us to continue to walk in hope as we watch the leaves slowly
fall to earth. And grace us with deep trust that you are always moving within us
getting us ready for something new.

Invitation to share anything that resonated in you from the prayer or song?

This is also a time when we may offer any prayer intentions.

Pray together:

(Adapted from Circle of Life by Joyce Rupp)

Maker of the seasons, we thank you for all that autumn teaches us. Help our hearts to see not only what is being left behind but also the harvest that our lives hold. May our hearts go freer and lives more peaceful as we resonate, respond, raise the power of love and contemplate the many teachings this season offers us.

Amen.

***“We must
tranquilly wait
God’s time.”***

JTW 1866

