*We gather in solidarity with women religious for*

***Communal Contemplative Prayer – Date, 202x***

***Settle into the immense Love in which we live and move and have our being....***

As I sit here, the beating of my heart,  
          the ebb and flow of my breathing, the movements of my mind  
          are all signs of God's ongoing creation of me.  
          I pause for a moment, and become aware  
          of this presence of God within me….

*Notice if some words or images here lead you to rest in God. Follow them, or*

*just follow the Spirit.*

**Excerpt from “Song of Myself” by Walt Whitman**

**​**

Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?  
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it.  
I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-washed babe, and am not contained between my hat and boots,  
And peruse manifold objects, no two alike and everyone good,  
The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good.  
I am not an earth nor an adjunct of the earth,  
I am the mate and companion of people, all just as immortal and fathomless as myself,  
(They do not know how immortal, but I know.)  
Every kind for itself and its own, for me mine male and female,  
For me those that have been boys and that love women,  
For me the man that is proud and feels how it stings to be slighted,  
For me the sweetheart and the old maid, for me mothers and the mothers of mothers,  
For me lips that have smiled, eyes that have shed tears,  
For me children and the begetters of children.  
Undrape! you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,  
I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no,  
And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless, and cannot be shaken away.

***30 minutes of silence***

***We welcome one another’s reflections and prayers.***

**Closing:** Dear God, may we never forget how much we need each other. After all, we are connected through your creation. Let us not be afraid to talk, to laugh, to cry, and to share stories and our lives with each other. Amen.

Or: Come, Holy Spirit. Fill the hearts of your faithful and kindle in us the fire of your love. Send forth your Spirit and we shall be created, and You shall renew the face of Earth. Amen.

Settling in: modified from Sacred Space, a website of the Irish Jesuits

Closing prayer: Maria Shriver’s Sunday Paper <https://www.mariashriversundaypaper.com/>

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