

As to what is the best for the day –
This food or that look
This treatment that book
They all know the path to the way.
But nothing feels true
Just the sense that it is,
The knowledge that it was,
And the hope that it ever shall be.
That something is there,
I've seen a glimpse and no more
But I know that I'll know when I know.

And the noise it grows louder
As I search for some way
Of starting what I know I can finish.
Then suddenly a glimpse
In a book or a look
And the avenues begin to diminish.

And though voices shout louder
And the screens flashing faster
They no longer hold onto my thoughts.
I'm finding a way
In the corners of life
In the backrooms of everyone's minds
And that way opens up
In a pause between worlds
In the silence of nothing to see.

And the words they grow louder
“Wrong way” they all shout
“You're going along the wrong way.”
But I know where I'm led
And it's not from my head
It's my heart that is showing the way.

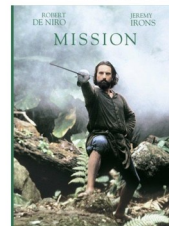


ASPEN CHAPEL SACRED CINEMA SERIES

Presents

FREE CINEMA AT THE ASPEN CHAPEL

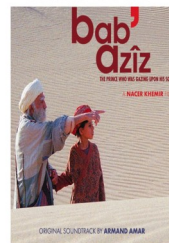
STARTS OCT 8TH
NO NEED TO BOOK



THURS OCT. 8TH



THURS OCT. 22ND



THURS NOV 5TH



THURS NOV. 19TH

Come to our third
Sacred Cinema Series
at the Aspen Chapel.

Starts at
6.15pm

with a talk and
conversation about the
film.

Refreshments will be
provided.

Donations Welcome

*This series is presented in
conjunction with*



Aspen Chapel

*A Spiritual Home
for Everyone*

Sunday October 11th

Committing to the Path: 3. The Search

Introduction

Music

Children leave

Meditation

Talk

Music

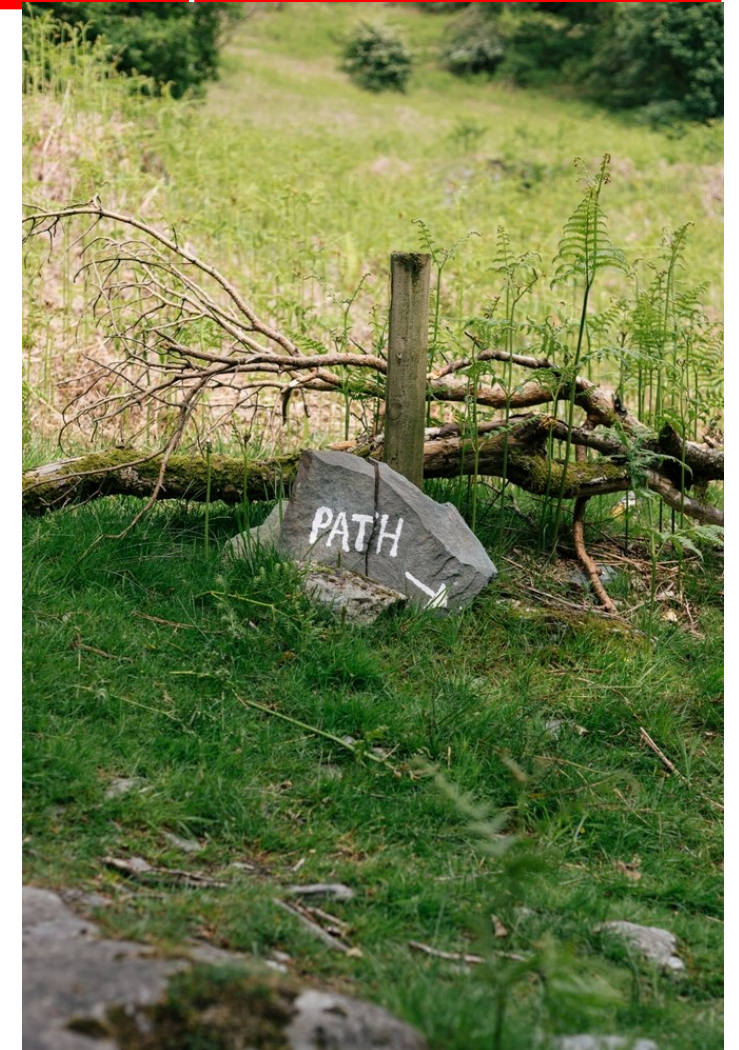
Conversation

Offertory Music

Prayers

Music

Announcements



1. Lifestyle. Crowded in on all sides By eyes that judge and make me small The screen with the flickering taunting calls to a life better lived by others who seem to know it all.	And everything seems so unreal.	Just leftovers, and left behinds By others who have gone before Slim pickings from which to exist. Then suddenly a crest, A height with no further And now I look back on the scene And everything in between And all is in place and complete.	The door to my destiny, the path to the future The way that is given to travel.
A shinier life. A better life. A life lived more thoroughly through. And I on my own just try to exist And walk in a way that seems true. To the left there is money And fame and impression And beauty and handsome and smart. To the right there is love and romance And enchantment And everything thrown up by the heart.	But beating beneath is a heart that demands Another pulsation of blood. That courses my veins and reminds me of names and knows my existence has truth.	What once was just partial Just pieces and bits Is now a picture of perfect. It falls into place As if put there by grace And a suggestion of motive and plan.	That behind the great mess Is an order of life That can be followed and grown and matured. That it is for me behold And walk down the road With no other to tell me the way.
But for me there’s longing and emptiness And envy and wishes and hoping and dread; That my time is just passing Through a life that is lasting Till I’m brought to the place where I’m dead.	Each step that I take Leads me further away From everything I long for and yearn. But the wind that is blowing Brings relief from that burning And makes me to know and to learn.	What once seemed apart Is now molded together As if seen by myself for the first. Now the eyes that beheld me And the judgements they made Fade away as I see it so clear:	And the screens are all gone Replaced by a song Which I hum as I look for the path To dance to that song And become part of that one That is calling me on with a laugh.
Reaching out with a hand, it just fills up with sand	2. The Call Climbing, climbing climbing, I move forward and endlessly on. But each place that I reach Seems deserted and spent With nothing left over to feed on.	That my eyes are the beholders Of all that is done And in seeing I dissolve their distain. I hold in my hands the keys to the kingdom The gateway to all that remains	3.The search I know there’s a way But I know not where it leads Or how to find the path ‘neath my feet. The noise of the world Masks the call to every soul To follow and follow and follow. This way and that With nothing but chat