



*Selah is a welcoming community that **pauses**,
encounters the Spirit through contemplative practices,
and **grows together** toward wholeness and loving others.*

October 2, 2026

Thresholds
Here But Not Yet



Eternal One, I praise you on this threshold; the door I open is to you.
Under your eye I pack my belongings; in your arms I move to a new place.

By your Spirit, guide my hand to take only what you give me and leave the rest;
to bring with me what is truly needed and leave behind what is unneeded.

Give me faith to trust what cannot be left behind, and to release what
I thought was part of me but was only the leaves of a season.

Give me grace to say goodbye even to myself and turn
and welcome the new day, even in my own soul.

God of time and story, may I ever dwell on thresholds,
between then and not yet, in the present, moving.

By your grace open doors; by your grace lead me through them.
For every door is your eye and every path is the palm of your hand.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes

June 29, 2016

*“The edge is a holy place, or as the Celts called it, “a thin place,” and you have to be taught how to live there.
To take your position on the spiritual edge of things is to learn how to move safely
in and out, back and forth, across and return.”*

Richard Rohr

VISIO DIVINA

St. Patrick's Blessing – Joanie Madden of “Cherish the Ladies” *Longing for Home*
https://youtu.be/Xy4xTb6I0_M?si=rGrg6XBkgKxEBG7z

Breakout Groups

The “Selah Way”

Turn to wonder, speak only if you want, confidential, pause, deep & generous listening, mutual invitation

Question: In what ways do you live with the “here-but-not-yet” reality of your life?



Wondrous Worker of Wonders,

I praise you
not alone for what has been,
or for what is,
but for what is yet to be,
for you are gracious beyond all telling of it.

I praise you
that out of the turbulence of my life
a kingdom is coming.
is being shaped even now
out of my slivers of loving,
my bits of trusting,
my sprigs of hoping,
my tootles of laughing,
my smidgens of worshipping;
that out of my songs and struggles,
out of my griefs and triumphs,
I am gathered up and saved,
for you are gracious beyond all telling of it.

I praise you
that you turn me loose
to go with you to the edge of now and maybe,
to welcome the new,
to see my possibilities,
to accept my limits,
and yet begin living to the limit
of passion and compassion
until,
released by joy,
I uncurl to other people
and to your kingdom coming,
for you are gracious beyond all telling of it.

Ted Loder, *Guerrillas of Grace*