

Sr. Teresa Shields

August 13, 2022

"The Calling"

<https://video.mpbonline.org/video/enriching-destiny-48hovh/>

"Enriching Destiny" is a moving tribute to Sister Teresa Shields and her three decades of service in the Mississippi Delta. Featuring award-winning blues musician James "Super Chikan" Johnson as the film's troubadour.



In the Name of Love

Jennifer Corlett, OSU, Mark Hobson



Do you remember the call?
When did you hear your name out loud?
Can you remember the word that you heard
When the story began in you?
Listen, remember, catch glimpses of springtime,
and roots sinking deep in the heart of our God,
and you were carried green and stretching to light
In the name of love.

Do you remember the call?
The call into full red rose of day?
Can you remember the vision, the dream?
And the courage to love for life?
Listen, remember, catch glimpses of summer,
and all blossomed gentleness radiant with light,
and you were dancing full and given to life
In the name of love.



Do you remember the call?
And the letting go, golden to grace?
Trusting the journey and all it could be,
born of life and fidelity.
Listen, remember, catch glimpses of autumn,
of all that's surrendered in wisdom and hope,
for it is given for the yet-to-become
In the name of love.

Do you remember the call?
Sung in the silent depths of you
Know that its power is deep in your heart
As a fire, a song, a dream.
Listen, remember, catch glimpses of winter,
Touch new life in hiding and set it ablaze,
and let it grow into fullness of life
In the name of love.



Closing Prayer

Joyce Rupp, adapted

Wise One who claims my heart,
How can I name you to others?
How can I ever capture
the reflection of your radiance
rising in profuse grandeur
on the glittering sea of my soul?
It is like trying to capture
the essence of a harvest moon
Rising in full orange orbness,
sparkling glory on a September sea.

Some moments have no words.
Some relationships have no narration.
They rise silently like the swelling path
of the full moon in the harvest sky,
like the soundless rise and fall
On the breath of one who sleeps gently.



No need to capture, control, contain,
only to be present to the rising,
only to be aware of the silent breathing,
only to be with the unexpected illumination.

It is enough to rest in your love.
It is enough to taste your goodness,
It is enough to be called by name.
It is enough. It is enough.