

Morning Prayer – Saturday, October 17, 2020

### **Opening Words**

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. *Psalm 46:1*

***Be still and aware of the presence of the Divine within and all around***

### **Invitatory**

O come, let us sing to the Lord,  
*let us rejoice in the rock of our salvation.*

We sing to you, O God, and bless your name;  
*and tell of your salvation from day to day.*

We proclaim your glory to the nations,  
*your praise to the ends of the earth.*

Glory to the Holy and undivided Trinity, one God:  
as it was in the beginning, is now,  
and shall be for ever. Amen.

### **Scripture – Philippians 4:4-9 (CEV)**

Always be glad because of the Lord! I will say it again: Be glad. Always be gentle with others. The Lord will soon be here. Don't worry about anything, but pray about everything. With thankful hearts offer up your prayers and requests to God. Then, because you belong to Christ Jesus, God will bless you with peace that no one can completely understand. And this peace will control the way you think and feel.

Finally, my friends, keep your minds on whatever is true, pure, right, holy, friendly, and proper. Don't ever stop thinking about what is truly worthwhile and worthy of praise. You know the teachings I gave you, and you know what you heard me say and saw me do. So follow my example. And God, who gives peace, will be with you.

### **Prayers**

Make your ways known upon earth, O God,  
*your saving power among all peoples.*

Renew your Church in holiness,  
*and help us to serve you with joy.*

Guide the leaders of this and every nation,  
*that justice may prevail throughout the world.*

Let not the needy, O God, be forgotten,  
*nor the hope of the poor be taken away.*

Make us instruments of your peace,  
*and let your glory be over all the earth.*

***Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions***

**Poem – “The Properties of Light” by Eric Gamalinda**

Mid-October in Central Park, one of the elms  
has changed early, burning with a light  
grown accustomed to its own magnificence,

imperceptible until this moment when it becomes  
more than itself, more than a ritual  
of self-immolation. I think of sacrifice

as nourishment, the light feeding bark and veins  
and blood and skin, the tree better off  
for wanting nothing more. I used to imagine

the chakra like this—a hole in the soul  
from the top of the head, where the light of knowing  
can shimmer through. In the summer of 1979

I saw that light shoot from my brother’s forehead  
as we sat chanting in a temple in Manila.  
He didn’t see it pulsing like a bulb in a storm,

but he said he felt the warmth that wasn’t warmth  
but peace. And I, who have never been  
so privileged, since then have wondered

if we believed everything because not to believe  
was to be unhappy. I’ve seen that light elsewhere  
—on a river in Bangkok, or pixed across

the shattered façades of Prague—but it is here  
where I perceive its keenest rarity, where I know  
it has passed over all the world, has given shape

to cities, cast glamour over the eyes of the skeptic,  
so that it comes to me informed with the wonder  
of many beings. I can’t begin to say how infinite I feel,

as though I were one of many a weightless absence

touches, and out of this a strange transformation:  
the soul ringed with changes, as old as a tree,

as old as light. I am always learning the same thing:  
there is no other way to live than this,  
still, and grateful, and full of longing.

### **The Lord's Prayer**

Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins  
as we forgive those who sin against us.  
Save us from the time of trial  
and deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours  
now and for ever. Amen.

### **Closing Prayer**

Holy and eternal God,  
in you we live and move and have our being.  
In all our cares and occupations,  
guide and govern us by your Spirit,  
that we may both remember and reveal your presence;  
through our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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Poem – Eric Gamalinda, "The Properties of Light" from *Zero Gravity* (Alice James Books, 1999).