

Compline – Saturday, October 17, 2020

Opening Words

Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. *Philippians 4:6*

Eternal Spirit, flow through our being and open our lips,
that our mouths may proclaim your praise.

Let us worship the God of love.
Alleluia, alleluia.

Psalm 84 - St. Helena Psalter

How dear to me is your dwelling, O God of hosts! *
My soul has a desire and longing for your courts;
my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

The sparrow has found her a house
and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, *
by the side of your altars, O God of hosts,
my Ruler and my God.

Happy are they who dwell in your house; *
they will always be praising you.

Happy are the people whose strength is in you; *
whose hearts are set on the pilgrims' way.

Those who go through the desolate valley will find it a place of springs, *
for the early rains have covered it with pools of water.

They will climb from height to height; *
the God of gods will be revealed in Zion.

O God of hosts, hear my prayer; *
hearken, O God of Jacob.

Behold our defender, O God, *
and look upon the face of your Anointed,

For one day in your courts is better than a thousand in my own room, *
and to stand at the threshold of the house of my God
than to dwell in the tents of the wicked;

For God is both sun and shield *
and will give grace and glory.

No good thing will God withhold *
from those who walk with integrity.

O God of hosts, *
happy are they who put their trust in you!

Scripture

According to the riches of God's glory, may you be strengthened with the might through the Holy Spirit in your inner being, and may Christ dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have power to comprehend, with all the saints, what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge; that you may be filled with the fulness of God.

Ephesians 3:16-19

Poem – "Losses" by Wesley Macnair

It must be difficult for God, listening
to our voices come up through his floor
of cloud to tell Him what's been taken away:
Lord, I've lost my dog, my period, my hair,
all my money. What can He say, given
we're so incomplete we can't stop being
surprised by our condition, while He
is completeness itself? Or is God more
like us, made in His image—shaking His head
because He can't be expected to keep track
of which voice goes with what name and address,
He being just one God. Either way, we seem
to be left here to discover our losses, everything
from car keys to larger items we can't search
our pockets for, destined to face them
on our own. Even though the dentist gives us
music to listen to and the assistant looks down
with her lovely smile, it's still our tooth
he yanks out, leaving a soft spot we ponder
with our tongue for days. Left to ourselves,
we always go over and over what's missing—
tooth, dog, money, self-control, and even losses
as troubling as the absence the widower can't stop
reaching for on the other side of his bed a year
later. Then one odd afternoon, watching something
as common as the way light from the window
lingers over a vase on the table, or how the leaves
on his backyard tree change colors all at once
in a quick wind, he begins to feel a lightness,
as if all his loss has led to finding just this.
Only God knows where the feeling came from,

or maybe God's not some knower off on a cloud,
but there in the eye, which tears up now
at the strangest moments, over the smallest things.

Prayers

I will lie down in peace and take my rest,
for it is in God alone that I dwell unafraid.

Let us bless the Earth-maker, the Pain-bearer, the Life-giver,
let us praise and exalt God above all for ever.

May God's name be praised beyond the furthest star,
glorified and exalted above all for ever.

Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions

Closing Prayers

Lord,

it is night.

The night is for stillness.

Let us be still in the presence of God.

It is night after a long day.

What has been done has been done;
what has not been done has not been done;
let it be.

The night is dark.

Let our fears of the darkness of the world and of our own lives
rest in you.

The night is quiet.

Let the quietness of your peace enfold us,
all dear to us,
and all who have no peace.

The night heralds the dawn.

Let us look expectantly to a new day,
new joys,
new possibilities.

In your name we pray.

God bless us and keep us,
God's face shine on us and be gracious to us,
and give us light and peace.
Amen.

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Poem – Wesley McNair, "Losses" from *The Unfastening* (Godine, Publisher, Inc., 2017).