

Compline – Tuesday, October 20, 2020
Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell

Opening Words

You are behind me
and before me O God
You lay your hand
Upon me (Psalm 139:5)

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

Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving

As I utter these prayers
from my mouth O God
In my soul may I feel your presence.
The knee that is stiff
O healer make pliant
The heart that is hard,
Make warm beneath your wing
The wound that is giving me pain,
O best of healers, make whole
And may my hopes and my fears
Find a listening place with you.

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

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
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For the kingdom, the power
 and the glory are yours
Now and for ever. Amen.

Scripture – 1 John 1:7-10 CEV

My dear friends, I am not writing to give you a new commandment. It is the same one that you were first given, and it is the message you heard. But it really is a new commandment, and you

know its true meaning, just as Christ does. You can see the darkness fading away and the true light already shining.

If we claim to be in the light and hate someone, we are still in the dark. But if we love others, we are in the light, and we don't cause problems for them. If we hate others, we are living and walking in the dark. We don't know where we are going, because we can't see in the dark.

FREE PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

Poem – “To Autumn” by John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Closing Prayer

Christ stands before me
and brings me peace
Sleep, O sleep
in the calm of all calm
Sleep, O sleep
In the love of all loves
Sleep I this night
In the God of all life.

Sources:

Prayers are from: Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell, New York: Paulist Press, 1997

Poem: “To Autumn” by John Keats, public domain.

Scripture: Contemporary English Version, American Bible Society, 1995.