

Compline – Wednesday, October 21, 2020  
Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell

**Opening Words**

My frame  
was not hidden from you  
when I was being made  
in secret  
intricately woven  
in the depths of the earth  
your eyes beheld  
my unformed substance (Psalm 139:15)

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

**Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving**

You are the love  
of each living creature O God  
You are the warmth  
of the rising sun  
You are the brightness  
of the moon at night  
You are the life  
of the growing earth  
You are the strength  
of the waves of the sea.  
Speak to me this night O God  
Speak to me your truth.  
Dwell with me this night O God  
Dwell with me in love.

***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 4:7-12 - CEV**

My dear friends, we must love each other. Love comes from God, and when we love each other, it shows that we have been given new life. We are now God's children, and we know him. God is love, and anyone who doesn't love others has never known him. God showed his love for us when he sent his only Son into the world to give us life. Real love isn't our love for God, but his love for us. God sent his Son to be the sacrifice by which our sins are forgiven. Dear friends, since God loved us this much, we must love each other. No one has ever seen God. But if we love each other, God lives in us, and his love is truly in our hearts.

***FREE PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION***

**Poem – “Poem for Passengers” by Matthew Zapruder**

Like all strangers who temporarily  
find themselves moving in the same direction  
we look out the window  
without really seeing or down at our phones  
trying to catch the dying signal  
then the famous lonesome whistle  
so many singers have sung about  
blows and our bodies shudder  
soon we pick up speed  
and pass the abandoned factories  
there has lately been so much conversation about  
through broken windows they stare  
asking us to decide  
but we fall asleep next to each other  
riding into the tunnel  
sharing without knowing the same dream  
in it we are carrying something  
an empty casket somehow so heavy  
only together can we carry it  
over a bridge in the snow  
emerging suddenly into the light  
we wake and open our laptops  
or a book about murder  
or a glossy magazine  
though we are mostly awake  
part of us still goes on solving  
problems so great they cannot be named  
even once we have reached our destination

and disembark into whatever weather  
for a long time there is a compartment  
within us filled with analog silence  
inside us the dream goes on and on

**Closing Prayer**

May the grace of the love  
of the stars be mine  
May the grace of the love  
of the winds be mine  
May the grace of the love  
of the waters be mine  
In the name of the Word  
of all life.

Sources:

Prayers are from: Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell, New York: Paulist Press, 1997  
Poem: Matthew Zapruder, "Poem for Passengers" from *Father's Day* (Copper Canyon Press, 2019).  
Scripture: Contemporary English Version, American Bible Society, 1995.