

Compline – Thursday, August 27, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / <https://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca>

From: Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer by John Philip Newell

### **Opening**

As a deer longs for flowing streams, so my soul longs for you, O God. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. (Psalm 42:1-2)

### ***Be still and aware of God's presence within and all around***

### **Prayer**

In the darkness of the evening  
the eyes of my heart are awake to you.  
In the quiet of the night  
I long to hear again intimations of your love.  
In the sufferings of the world  
and the struggles of life  
I see your graces of healing.  
At the heart of the brokenness around me  
and in the hidden depths of my own soul  
I seek your touch of healing, O God, for there you reside.  
In the hidden depths of life, O God, there you reside.

### **Scripture and Meditation**

You turn a desert into pools of water, a parched land into springs of water. (Psalm 107:35)

Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' (John 11:25)

### **Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession**

When it seemed there was no hope  
I have seen your light in the eyes of a child.  
When it seemed there was no joy  
I have heard your delight in the voice of a friend.  
When it seemed that life was stale  
I have smelled the freshness of sunlight on my skin.  
When all seemed emptiness  
I have touched your presence in the hand of a stranger.  
When the future seemed barren  
I have tasted life's moisture on the lips of another.  
Thanks be to you, O God,  
for your embodied love.  
Open my sense to your presence  
that I may love you and care for you in all things.

***Recall the events of the day and pray for the life of the world***

**Poem – “Quiet Grass, Green Stone” by Dean Young**

I love when out of nowhere

I love when out of nowhere  
my cat jumps on me  
and my body isn't even surprised.

Me who wants to be surprised by everything  
like a dandelion  
like a bottle cap  
cricket cricket.

I keep waiting for the god under the anthill to speak up.  
I keep waiting for the part of the myth  
where everyone turns into a different bird  
or the reeds start talking  
or horses come out of the ocean  
in their parliamentary regalia  
and cities grow from their hoofprints.  
I keep waiting for the bugle  
and the jackal-headed god to weigh my heart across the river.

All this daylight in just a few moments  
pours itself into darkness. More and more  
I'm satisfied with partial explanations  
like a fly with one wing, walking.

**Closing Prayer**

You have given me eyes to see with, O God,  
and ears to hear life's sounds and sorrows  
and yet my seeing and hearing  
like my tasting and touching  
are wounded and weakened by failures.  
As rest can heal the sores of the body  
and sleep restore its strength  
so may your angels of grace visit me in the night  
that the senses of my soul may be born afresh.  
Visit my dreams with messengers of grace, O God,  
that the senses of my soul may be born again.

Sources:

Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the Canterbury Press.  
Poem – Dean Young, "Quiet Grass, Green Stone" from *Shock By Shock* (Copper Canyon Press, 2015).