

Morning Prayer – Saturday, August 22, 2020

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

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

### **Opening**

Long ago you laid the foundations of the earth and the heavens are the work of your hands.  
They will perish but you endure; they wear out like garments but you are the same and your  
years have no end (Psalm 102: 25-27)

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

### **Prayer**

In the silence of the early morning  
your Spirit hovers over the brink of the day  
and new light pierces the darkness of the night.  
In the silence of the morning  
life begins to stir around me  
and I listen for the days first utterances.  
In earth, sea and sky  
and in the landscape of my soul  
I listen for utterances of your love, O God.  
I listen for utterances of your love.

### **Scripture and Meditation**

Be still and know that I am God (Psalm 46:10)

Jesus said, 'I give you eternal life, and you will never perish (John 10:28)

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

For the night followed by the day  
for the idle winter ground  
followed by the energy of spring  
for the infolding of the earth  
followed by bursts of unfolding  
thanks be to you, O God.  
For rest and wakefulness  
stillness and creativity  
reflection and action  
thanks be to you.  
Let me know in my own soul and body  
the rhythms of creativity that you have established.  
Let me know in my family and friendships  
the disciplines of withdrawal and the call to engagement.  
Let me know for my world

the cycles of renewal  
given by you for healing and health  
the pattern of the seasons  
give by you for the birth of new life.

***Pray for the coming day and for the life of the world***

**Poem – “Black Credit” by Natasha Oladokun**

Lord—

Your good daughter I have been  
my whole life.

I’ve kept your house  
clean as sucked bone,

starved myself of everything  
your other children have told me is sin.

I’ve sharpened my teeth on the slate  
of your Word for your work’s sake.

Bridled the glint of my tongue  
so men will feel strong

and not be seen trembling  
under the soft of it.

I’ve behaved

and for what  
do I hunger, myself growing slight  
on tomorrow’s meat:

words, words, your words  
as valued here as Black credit  
at an all-American bank.

They say, Lord, piety is speaking to you,  
but madness is hearing you

Speak back. And under this,  
like all good jokes lies  
the truth: no one

in this equation seems to be listening  
anyway. To you, to our own damned selves.  
Tell me

how many Black girls  
does it take to change a mind,  
or a home        or a block  
or a scale        or a heart  
or a course       or a country?

You, Lord, as you have  
with your other minor prophets,  
have dragged—or is it called us

up the mountain, where in the thin air  
there are those who got here  
long before I ever dreamed of it,

still waiting on you  
to finally cash this check.

### **Closing Prayer**

In the busyness of this day  
grant me a stillness of seeing, O God.  
In the conflicting voices of my heart  
grant me a calmness of hearing.  
Let my seeing and hearing  
my words and actions  
be rooted in a silent certainty of your presence.  
Let my passions for life  
and the longings for justice that stir within me  
be grounded in the experience of your stillness.  
Let my life be rooted in the ground of your peace, O God,  
let me be rooted in the depths of your peace.

Sources:

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