

Compline – 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**

Blessed are you, O God, for you give me counsel; in the night also my heart instructs me (Psalm 16:7)

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

### **Prayer**

As it was in the stillness of morning  
so may it be in the silence of night.  
As it was in the hidden vitality of the womb  
so may it be at my birth into eternity.  
As it was in the beginning, O God,  
so in the end may your gift be born  
so in the end may your gift of life be born.

### **Scripture and Meditation**

With my whole heart I seek you, O God, I treasure your word in my heart (Psalm 119:10-11)

Jesus said, 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid.' (John 14:27)

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

For the darkness of the night  
enveloping the earth  
enclosing the day's labour  
thanks be to you, O God.  
For the quiet that surrounds me  
and your promise of peace deep within me  
for the stillness of sleep for my body  
and the hope of healing for my soul  
thanks be to you.  
I bring not only my own weariness  
but the tiredness of people who struggle this night.  
I bring not only my own pain  
but the sufferings of those who cry out.  
Hear my soul's prayers for rest, O God,  
hear my heart's plea for healing.

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

### Poem – “His Stillness” by Sharon Olds

The doctor said to my father, “You asked me to tell you when nothing more could be done. That’s what I’m telling you now.” My father sat quite still, as he always did, especially not moving his eyes. I had thought he would rave if he understood he would die, wave his arms and cry out. He sat up, thin, and clean, in his clean gown, like a holy man. The doctor said, “There are things we can do which might give you time, but we cannot cure you.” My father said, “Thank you.” And he sat, motionless, alone, with the dignity of a foreign leader. I sat beside him. This was my father. He had known he was mortal. I had feared they would have to tie him down. I had not remembered he had always held still and kept quiet to bear things, the liquor a way to keep still. I had not known him. My father had dignity. At the end of his life his life began to wake in me.

### Closing Prayer

The stillness of God be mine this night  
that I may sleep in peace.  
The awareness of the angels be mine this night  
that I may be alert to unseen mysteries.  
The company of the saints be mine this night  
that I may dream of the river of love.  
The life of Christ be mine this night  
that I may be truly alive to the morning  
that I may be truly alive.

Sources:

*Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer* by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the Canterbury Press.

Poem – Sharon Olds, “His Stillness” from *Strike Sparks: Selected Poems 1980-2002* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2004).