

Compline – Wednesday, October 7, 2020

### **Opening Words**

Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. *Philippians 4:6*

Eternal Spirit, flow through our being and open our lips,  
*that our mouths may proclaim your praise.*

Let us worship the God of love.  
*Alleluia, alleluia.*

### **Psalm 30 - St. Helena Psalter**

I will exalt you, O God,  
because you have lifted me up \*  
and have not let my enemies triumph over me.

O my God, I cried out to you, \*  
and you restored me to health.

You brought me up, O God, from the dead; \*  
you restored my life as I was going down to the grave.

May all your servants sing to you, O God, \*  
and give thanks for the remembrance of your holiness.

For your wrath endures but the twinkling of an eye, \*  
your favor for a lifetime.

Weeping may spend the night, \*  
but joy comes in the morning.

While I felt secure, I said,  
"I shall never be disturbed. \*  
You, O God, with your favor, made me as strong as the mountains."

Then you hid your face, \*  
and I was filled with fear.

I cried to you, O God; \*  
I pleaded with you, saying,  
"What profit is there in my blood, if I go down to the Pit? \*  
Will the dust praise you or declare your faithfulness?"

Hear and have mercy upon me; \*  
O God, be my helper."

You have turned my wailing into dancing; \*  
you have put off my sack-cloth and clothed me with joy.

Therefore my heart sings to you without ceasing; \*  
O my God, I will give you thanks for ever.

### **Scripture**

Do not ask anxiously, What are we to eat? What are we to drink? What shall we wear? The whole world runs after such things. Set your heart and mind on God's commonwealth and justice first, and all the rest will come to you as well. So do not be anxious about tomorrow. Today has enough problems of its own; tomorrow can look after itself.

*Matthew 6:31-34*

### **Poem – “Temporarily in Oxford” by Anne Stevenson**

Where they will bury me  
I don't know.  
Many places might not be  
sorry to store me.

The Midwest has right of origin.  
Already it has welcomed my mother  
to its flat sheets.

The English fens that bore me  
have been close curiously often.  
It seems I can't get away from  
dampness and learning.

If I stay where I am  
I could sleep in this educated earth.

But if they are kind, they'll burn me  
and send me to Vermont.

I'd be an education for the trees  
and would relish, really,  
flaring into maple each October—  
my scarlet letter to you.

Your stormy north is possible.  
You will be there, engrossed in its peat.

It would be handy not  
to have to cross the whole Atlantic  
each time I wanted to  
lift up the turf and slip in beside you.

## **Prayers**

I will lie down in peace and take my rest,  
*for it is in God alone that I dwell unafraid.*

Let us bless the Earth-maker, the Pain-bearer, the Life-giver,  
*let us praise and exalt God above all for ever.*

May God's name be praised beyond the furthest star,  
*glorified and exalted above all for ever.*

## ***Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions***

### **Closing Prayers**

Lord,  
it is night.  
The night is for stillness.  
Let us be still in the presence of God.  
It is night after a long day.  
What has been done has been done;  
what has not been done has not been done;  
let it be.  
The night is dark.  
Let our fears of the darkness of the world and of our own lives  
rest in you.  
The night is quiet.  
Let the quietness of your peace enfold us,  
all dear to us,  
and all who have no peace.  
The night heralds the dawn.  
Let us look expectantly to a new day,  
new joys,  
new possibilities.  
In your name we pray.

God bless us and keep us,  
God's face shine on us and be gracious to us,  
and give us light and peace.  
Amen.

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Poem – Anne Stevenson, "Temporarily in Oxford" (Bloodaxe Books, 2005).