

Morning Prayer – Monday, October 5, 2020

Opening Words

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. *Psalm 46:1*

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

Invitatory

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
let us rejoice in the rock of our salvation.

We sing to you, O God, and bless your name;
and tell of your salvation from day to day.

We proclaim your glory to the nations,
your praise to the ends of the earth.

Glory to the Holy and undivided Trinity, one God:
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and shall be for ever. Amen.

Scripture – Isaiah 4:2-6

The time is coming when the LORD will make his land fruitful and glorious again, and the people of Israel who survive will take great pride in what the land produces. Then the LORD will cover the whole city and its meeting places with a thick cloud each day and with a flaming fire each night. God's own glory will be like a huge tent that covers everything. It will provide shade from the heat of the sun and a place of shelter and protection from storms and rain.

Prayers

Make your ways known upon earth, O God,
your saving power among all peoples.

Renew your Church in holiness,
and help us to serve you with joy.

Guide the leaders of this and every nation,
that justice may prevail throughout the world.

Let not the needy, O God, be forgotten,
nor the hope of the poor be taken away.

Make us instruments of your peace,
and let your glory be over all the earth.

Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions

Poem – “Birds in Flight, 1965” by Enrique Villasis, trans. by Bernard Capinpin

Not as a multitude, but as one. Caught in the rush of an instant only to be contained
In an illusion of light once depicted in a holographic existence
And to give weight to the meaning of *lightness*. Here, he pointed
To the directions of his imprisonment. How the wings
Have too much dulled and to take wing must orchestrate
The shattering of mirrors: fragile, fine, acicular. The yellowing
Brightness is in the proximity to the light, like how one recognizes beneath
The lightbulb the chick nesting within an egg, as to trace how thick
Illusions go in the labyrinth of plurality. Now, no matter what,
They seem a bouquet of bougainvillea on the palms, dreaming to be set free.
This may be true of desire. One first keeps to heart
The simplest things one loved in childhood: the chase after
A kite broken loose, not minding the prickling thorns,
The mimosa's curtsy to the sole. That is what freedom simply is.
Not playing patintero with shadows. Not captive to the multiplicity
Of false geometry. Almost brittle but original.

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.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

Closing Prayer

Holy and everliving God,
by your power we are created
and by your love we are redeemed;
guide and strengthen us by your Spirit,

that we may give ourselves to your service,
and live each day in love to one another and to you,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

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