

Morning Prayer – Tuesday, December 1, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay. www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

Opening Words

In the name of the Holy and Blessed Trinity, one God;
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.

One thing I have asked of the Lord,
this is what I seek:
that I may dwell in Your house all the days of my life.

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

2 Samuel 22:1-13 (CEV)

David sang a song to the LORD after the LORD had rescued him from his enemies, especially Saul.

These are the words to David's song:

Our LORD and our God,
you are my mighty rock,
my fortress, my protector.

You are the rock
where I am safe.

You are my shield,
my powerful weapon,
and my place of shelter.

You rescue me and keep me
from being hurt.

I praise you, our LORD!

I prayed to you,
and you rescued me
from my enemies.

Death, like ocean waves,
surrounded me,
and I was almost swallowed
by its flooding waters.

Ropes from the world
of the dead
had coiled around me,
and death had set a trap
in my path.

I was in terrible trouble
when I called out to you,
but from your temple
you heard me
and answered my prayer.

Earth shook and shivered!
The columns supporting the sky
 rocked back and forth.
You were angry
 and breathed out smoke.
Scorching heat and fiery flames
 spewed from your mouth.
You opened the heavens
 like curtains,
and you came down
with storm clouds
 under your feet.
You rode on the backs
 of flying creatures.
You appeared
 with the wind as wings.
Darkness was your tent!
Thunderclouds filled the sky,
 hiding you from sight.
Fiery coals lit up the sky
 in front of you.

A moment of silence to reflect on the reading

Canticle

Creator of the brightness and of the sun,
You alone know the reason for our being
be with us every day,
be with us every night,
be with us each night and day,
be with us every day and night.

From Saltair

Poem – “Darkness of the Subjunctive” by Paul Hoover

If it hadn't rained, we would've gone to the beach. — Phuc Tran

If we were in infinity, we would be everywhere,
even inside ourselves, as taste resides in the walnut,
and the walnut resides in the shell.
Then we would thrive inside the subjunctive,
where nothing happens but dreams of being,
as paradise dreams of its inferno,
the inferno of cotton candy.
If only the world had ripened, like a pear,

it might have melted the mirror in me,
delivering its softness to the hard road of the mind,
sixty miles from town.

And if our grammar were even to our heat,
comma, conditional phrase, comma,
we'd be addicted to the sentence,
sentenced to an exile that sees, hears, and thinks,
and is often mistaken for love.

Trees are chronologies;
every leaf shines, and in turning over it winks an eye:
if, if, and then. The world is possible meaning;
the world is possible, meaning:
I might have been an elf, had I been elfin.
But I am not an elf. I am a giant with tiny hands:
would, could, and should.
Had I been winged, I might have flown
from industrial field to pastoral alley
on great woolen wings, with the blue face of a bee.
Then it would have been said, "He is repairing to his persona,"
or "He is retiring to his future."
I'll copy this by way of the stars, reflective.
Get back to me by facsimile or dream of climbing a night ladder
to the place of ideal size, near a town of simple affection.
If we had been born, lived our lives, and died,
we might have existed. On the side of darkness, infinity;
on the other, a sixty watt bulb.

PRAYERS FOR OTHERS, THE WORLD, AND ONESELF

Closing Prayer

Lord Jesus,
Master of both the light and the darkness,
send Your Holy Spirit upon our preparations for Christmas.
We who have so much to do seek quiet spaces to hear your voice each day.
We who are anxious about many things look forward to your coming among us.
We who are blessed in so many ways long for the complete joy of your kingdom.
We whose hearts are heavy seek the joy of your presence.
We are your people, walking in darkness, yet seeking the light.
To You we say, 'Come Lord Jesus!'

Joel Mason

Sources

Celtic Daily Prayer: Book Two, Farther Up and Farther In, Northumbria Community, London:
William Collins Books, 2015.

Poem: "Darkness of the Subjunctive" by Paul Hoover, *Poetry* (June 2016).