

Compline – Saturday, October 3, 2020
Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins

Opening Prayer

Hear I am, my Jesus, teach me.

Lord, be the gatherer of our dreams.
You set the countless stars in place,
And found room for each of them to shine.
You listen for us in Your heaven-bright hall.
Open our mouths to tell our tales of wonder.

Hear I am, my Jesus, teach me.

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

I trust in Thee, O Lord.
I say, 'Thou art my God.
My times are in Thy hand,
my times are in Thy hand.'

Scripture – John 1:1-14 (Contemporary English Version - CEV)

In the beginning was the one
who is called the Word.
The Word was with God
and was truly God.
From the very beginning
the Word was with God.
And with this Word,
God created all things.
Nothing was made
without the Word.
Everything that was created
received its life from him,
and his life gave light
to everyone.
The light keeps shining
in the dark,
and darkness has never
put it out.
God sent a man named John,
who came to tell
about the light

and to lead all people
to have faith.
John wasn't that light.
He came only to tell
about the light.
The true light that shines
on everyone
was coming into the world.
The Word was in the world,
but no one knew him,
though God had made the world
with his Word.
He came into his own world,
but his own nation
did not welcome him.
Yet some people accepted him
and put their faith in him.
So he gave them the right
to be the children of God.
They were not God's children
by nature
or because
of any human desires.
God himself was the one
who made them his children.
The Word became
a human being
and lived here with us.
We saw his true glory,
the glory of the only Son
of the Father.
From him all the kindness
and all the truth of God
have come down to us.

Poem – "A Lightness in Autumn" by Robert Fitzgerald

The rake is like a wand or fan,
With bamboo springing in a span
To catch the leaves that I amass
In bushels on the evening grass.

I reckon how the wind behaves
And rake them lightly into waves
And rake the waves upon a pile,

Then stop my raking for a while.

The sun is down, the air is blue,
And soon the fingers will be, too,
But there are children to appease
With ducking in those leafy seas.

So loudly rummaging their bed
On the dry billows of the dead,
They are not warned at four and three
Of natural mortality.

Before their supper they require
A dragon field of yellow fire
To light and toast them in the gloom.
So much for old earth's ashen doom.

Intercessory Prayer

If I open my eyes to the world around me,
If I open my heart to all people
That surround me,
Then I feel pain and brokenness,
I see suffering and injustice.

I will go, Lord, if you lead me:
I will hold Your people in my heart.

Personal Intercessions

Closing Prayer

I pray the protection of Christ to clothe me,
Christ to enfold me,
to surround me and guard me
this night and every night.
Be the keeper of my dreams
And my rest
that tomorrow I may wake refreshed,
ready to follow you wherever you lead.

Prayers – *Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins* © The Northumbria Community Trust (William Collins of Harper Collins Publishing, 2015).

Poem – Robert Fitzgerald, "Lightness in Autumn" from *Spring Shade: Poems 1931-1970* (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1971).