

Compline – Monday, August 31, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / <https://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca>

From: *Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell

### **Opening**

Blessed are those who weep, for their tears will be wiped away (Matthew 5.4)

### **Prayer of Awareness**

At the setting of the sun  
in the darkness of the night  
with the brightness of the moon in its splendor  
we move with the earth as it turns  
we are carried by the hours in their passing  
we enter the dark with our years  
to seek shelter in night's sanctuary  
to find strength for our souls  
to know peace in our prayers and our resting.

At the setting of the sun  
in the darkness of the night  
with the brightness of the moon in its splendor  
we seek peace.

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

### **Scripture and Meditation**

God heals the brokenhearted and binds their wounds (Psalm 147:3)

Do not be afraid. I am with you always (Matthew 28:10,20)

In the remembrance of God our hearts are comforted (Quran – Thunder 13.28)

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

Our heart is comforted  
In its awareness of You  
Soul within our soul  
Life within all life.  
Our heart is comforted  
In remembering You  
Giver of this day  
Gift of every moment  
May we be bearers of comfort.  
May we be strong in our soul  
to cry at the wrongs of nations  
to weep with the bleeding earth

to mourn with those who mourn this night  
in the loss of life and lands  
in the loss of dreams and hope.  
May we be strong in our soul this night.

***Pray for peace***

**Poem – “The Naked Surgeon” by Michael Hartnett**

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The one-eyed monk sits,  
half prays where millstones turn.  
His body comes to life,  
a need to travel grinds him up —  
a need for pools full of hope,  
a need for wells of honey and sweat,  
a need for hills where torches burn.

He walks the white-flowered field  
looking for a ferny place  
clad in sparse purple light  
(a foxglove round a bee)  
to a mild meadow of sheep,  
to soft dark, root of history —  
peace to all who walk this way.

But only silence from his bell,  
dead butterfly his manuscript  
— unfinished, unrevised —  
he is addicted to this trip,  
this drug called pilgrimage  
that kills all dignity and skill  
and still's his reason to exist.

And when the monk grows weak,  
clumsy, worn, aged —  
no more desire to roam,  
wanting his bell and page.  
But he can no longer illuminate,  
has lost the power to pray,  
lost his interest in the everyday.

This travel's an enormous act,  
a trip all have to take,

and meadows and mountains lure  
all who want to escape  
with coaxing honey, coaxing kiss,  
'Do not search for new things,  
do not search for new things'.

I will drown all my books  
in that honeyed well  
and play like a foal  
in the brownest fern.  
I will swim in the pool of hope,  
I will walk till night in the bright fields.

But in the splendid dark I'll hear  
wings of parchment shake and bells weep.

#### **Closing Prayer**

Peace for the earth and its creatures  
peace for the world and its peoples  
Peace for our fathers  
peace for our mothers  
Peace for our siblings.  
The peace of heaven's vastness  
the peace of ocean depths  
the peace of earth's stillness  
to bless us in the night  
to bless us this night.

Sources:

*Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell (Eerdmans, 2011).

Poem – Michael Hartnett, "The Naked Surgeon" from *Selected & New Poems* (Wake Forest University Press, 1994).