

Compline – Friday, September 11, 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 the clear in heart, for they see the Living Presence (Matthew 5.8)

Prayer of Awareness

Clear our heart, O God, that we may see you.

Clear our heart, O God, that we may truly see ourselves.

Clear our heart, O God, that we may know the sacredness of this moment in every moment
and in every moment

seek you, serve you, strengthen you

as the Living Presence in every presence.

Clear our heart, O God,

that we may see.

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

Scripture and Meditation

Teach me your way, O God, that I may walk in your truth (Psalm 86:11)

The presence of God is like treasure hidden in a field (Matthew 13.44)

Speak for justice even if it affects your own family

(Quran – Cattle 6.152)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

Your Presence, like treasure, hidden in a field.

Your Glory, like gold, buried on the pathway of every moment.

Your Wisdom, like the finest oil, waiting to be pressed from the human heart
from every nation, from every people, from every child.

Your Wisdom, O God,

to show us the way.

Pray for peace

Poem – “A Word on Statistics” BY WISŁAWA SZYMBORSKA

Out of every hundred people

those who always know better:
fifty-two.

Unsure of every step:

almost all the rest.

Ready to help,
if it doesn't take long:
forty-nine.

Always good,
because they cannot be otherwise:
four—well, maybe five.

Able to admire without envy:
eighteen.

Led to error
by youth (which passes):
sixty, plus or minus.

Those not to be messed with:
forty and four.

Living in constant fear
of someone or something:
seventy-seven.

Capable of happiness:
twenty-some-odd at most.

Harmless alone,
turning savage in crowds:
more than half, for sure.

Cruel
when forced by circumstances:
it's better not to know,
not even approximately.

Wise in hindsight:
not many more
than wise in foresight.

Getting nothing out of life except things:
thirty
(though I would like to be wrong).

Doubled over in pain
and without a flashlight in the dark:
eighty-three, sooner or later.

Those who are just:
quite a few at thirty-five.

But if it takes effort to understand:
three.

Worthy of empathy:
ninety-nine.

Mortal:
one hundred out of one hundred—
a figure that has never varied yet.

Closing Prayer

May the mighty angels of Heaven
guard the four corners of earth this night.
may the mighty messengers of Life
hold in balance the sacred elements of the universe.
May the mighty bearers of presence
safeguard the direction of our hearts this night
that we may sleep in peace
that we may dream of justice
that we may wake to the world's oneness
that we may wake to the world's newborn oneness.

Sources:

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

Poem: Wislawa Szymborska, "A Word on Statistics" from *Miracle Fair*. Copyright © 2002 by Wislawa Szymborska (W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.).