

Compline – Thursday, October 22, 2020 - St. George's Church, Cadboro Bay  
[www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca](http://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca)

### **Opening Words**

If I say “surely the darkness shall cover me and the light around me become night,” even the darkness is not dark to you / The night is as bright as the day, for darkness is as light to you.

*Psalm 139:11-12*

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

### **Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving**

I am bending my knee  
in the eye of the God  
who created me  
In the eye of the Son  
who died for me  
In the eye of the Spirit  
who moves me  
in love and in desire.  
For the many gifts  
you have bestowed on me  
Each day and night  
each sea and land  
Each weather fair  
each calm each wild  
Thanks be to you O God.

### ***FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING***

#### **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  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from evil  
For the kingdom, the power  
and the glory are yours  
Now and for ever. Amen.

### **Scripture – Hebrews 6:18-20**

We have run to God for safety. Now his promises should greatly encourage us to take hold of the hope that is right in front of us. This hope is like a firm and steady anchor for our souls. In fact, hope reaches behind the curtain and into the most holy place. Jesus has gone there ahead of us, and he is our high priest forever, just like Melchizedek.

### **Poem – “Mama’s Promise” by Marilyn Nelson**

I have no answer to the blank inequity  
of a four-year-old dying of cancer.  
I saw her on t.v. and wept  
with my mouth full of meatloaf.

I constantly flash on disasters now;  
red lights shout *Warning. Danger.*  
everywhere I look.

I buckle him in, but what if a car  
with a grille like a sharkbite  
roared up out of the road?

I feed him square meals  
but what if the fist of his heart  
should simply fall open?

I carried him safely  
as long as I could,  
but now he's a runaway  
on the dangerous highway.

*Warning. Danger.*  
I've started to pray.

But the dangerous highway  
curves through blue evenings  
when I hold his yielding hand  
and snip his miniscule nails  
with my vicious-looking scissors.

I carry him around  
like an egg in a spoon,  
and I remember a porcelain fawn,  
a best friend's trust,  
my broken faith in myself.  
It's not my grace that keeps me erect  
as the sidewalk clatters downhill  
under my rollerskate wheels.

Sometimes I lie awake  
troubled by this thought:

It's not so simple to give a child birth;  
you also have to give it death,  
the jealous fairy's christening gift.

I've always pictured my own death  
as a closed door,  
a black room,  
a breathless leap from the mountain top  
with time to throw out my arms, lift my head,  
and see, in the instant my heart stops,  
a whole galaxy of blue.  
I imagined I'd forget,  
in the cessation of feeling,  
while the guilt of my lifetime floated away  
like a nylon nightgown,  
and that I'd fall into clean, fresh forgiveness.

Ah, but the death I've given away  
is more mine than the one I've kept:  
from my hand the poisoned apple,  
from my bow the mistletoe dart.

Then I think of Mama,  
her bountiful breasts.  
When I was a child, I really swear,  
Mama's kisses could heal.  
I remember her promise,  
and whisper it over my sweet son's sleep:

*When you float to the bottom, child,  
like a mote down a sunbeam,  
you'll see me from a trillion miles away:  
my eyes looking up to you,  
my arms outstretched for you like night.*

### **Intercessions**

O God I place myself  
with those who struggle  
this night.  
I am here in need  
I am here in pain  
I am here alone  
O God help me.

## **FREE PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION**

### **Closing Prayer**

O Christ you are a bright flame  
before me  
You are a guiding star above me  
You are the light and love  
I see in others' eyes.  
Keep me O Christ  
in a love that is tender  
Keep me O Christ  
in a love that is true  
Keep me O Christ  
in a love that is strong  
Tonight, tomorrow and always.

### Sources:

Prayers are from: *Celtic Prayers from Iona* – J. Philip Newell, New York: Paulist Press, 1997

Poem: Marilyn Nelson, "Mama's Promise" from *Mama's Promises*. Copyright © 1985 by Marilyn Nelson (Louisiana State University Press, 1985)

Scripture: Contemporary English Version, American Bible Society, 1995.