

Morning Prayer – Tuesday, October 27, 2020

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

From: *Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer* by John Philip Newell

### **Opening**

I lift up my eyes to the hills – from where will my help come? My help comes from God, who made heaven and earth. (Psalm 121: 1-2)

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

### **Prayer**

In the beginning, O God,  
when the firm earth emerged from the waters of life  
you saw that it was good.  
The fertile ground was moist  
the seed was strong  
and earth's profusion of colour and scent was born.  
Awaken my senses this day  
to the goodness that still stems from Eden.  
Awaken my senses  
to the goodness that can still spring forth  
in me and in all that has life.

### ***Offer Thanksgivings***

### **Scripture and Meditation**

O Taste and see that God is good (Psalm 34:2)

Jesus said, 'I came that you may have life, and have it abundantly' (John 10:10)

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

The world is alive with your goodness, O God,  
it grows green from the ground  
and ripens into the roundness of fruit.  
It's taste and its touch  
enliven my body and stir my soul.  
Generously given  
profusely displayed  
your graces of goodness pour forth from the earth.  
As I have received  
so free me to give.  
As I have been granted  
so may I give.

### ***Pray for the coming day and for the life of the world***

Poem – “Alive” by Natasha Sajé

You and me, of course, and the animals  
we feed and then slaughter. The boxelder  
bug with its dot of red, yeast in the air  
making bread and wine, bacteria  
in yogurt, carrots, the apple tree,  
each white blossom. And rock, which lives  
so slowly it's hard to imagine it  
as sand then glass. A sea called dead is one that  
will not mirror us. We think as human  
beings we deserve every last thing. Say  
the element copper. Incandescence  
glowing bright and soft like Venus.  
Ductile as a shewolf's eyes pigmented red  
or green, exposed to acid in the air.  
Copper primes your liver, its mines leach lead  
and arsenic. Smelting is to melting  
the way smite is to mite. A violence  
of extraction. What's lost when a language  
dies? When its tropes oppose our own?  
In the at-risk language Aymara  
the past stretches out in front, the future  
lags behind. Imagine being led  
by knowing, imagine the end as clear.

### **Closing Prayer**

I have tasted the fruit of the earth, O God.  
I have seen autumn trees hang heavily with heaven's gifts.  
I have known people pregnant with your spirit of generosity.  
Let these be guides to me this day.  
And may Mary who knew her womb filled with your goodness  
teach me the wisdom that is born amidst pain.  
May I know that deeper than any fallowness in me  
is the seed planted in the womb of my soul.  
May I know that greater than any barrenness in the world  
is the harvest to be justly shared.

Sources:

*Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer* by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the Canterbury Press.

Poem – Poem – “Alive” by Natasha Sajé, *Poetry* (March 2019)