

Compline – 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

For you alone, O God, my soul waits in silence, from you comes my salvation. (Psalm 62:1)

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

Prayer

O God of the high mountains

O Christ of the fertile valleys

O Spirit of the earth

from whose dark soils burst forth fresh life

and from which my own body and soul are born

be to me this night

the bestower of grace.

Be to my body and soul this night

the generous giver of love.

Offer Thanksgivings

Scripture and Meditation

The earth is full of your goodness, O God. (Psalm 33:5)

Jesus said, 'Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.' (John 12:24)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

For the earth's cycles and seasons

for the rising of spring and the growing summer

for autumn's fullness and the hidden depths of winter

thanks be to you, O Christ.

For the life force in seeds buried in the ground

that shoot green and bear fruit and fall to the earth

thanks be to you.

Let me learn from earth's cycles of birthing

the times and seasons of dying.

Let me learn of you in the soil of my soul, O Christ,

and your journey through death to birth.

Let me learn of you in my soul this night

and the journey of letting go.

Recall the events of the day and pray for the life of the world

Poem – “Rice-Field Road at Dusk” by Suji Kwock Kim

After Ko Un

In the village it's the season of dried grass,
the smell of burned dirt,
gaslight glinting through blackened stubble.
I walk home across the rice-fields,
brushing insects away from my face,
remembering old Namdong who was buried yesterday.
What does death ask of us?
I must change whatever it was I was
when the old man was alive.
I keep looking at the rice-fields, glinting in the dark.
Blasted by mildew, more withered than last year —
how much work and love it must have taken.
In autumn, no matter how bad the harvest,
how big the debts —
no thought of leaving here, no thought of rest.
As life goes on, time isn't the largest thing to think of,
it's the smallest.
Growing, going
in drought or monsoon, mold or blight —
what is the rice if not alive?

With Sunja Kim Kwock

Closing Prayer

Glory be to you O Holy Seed of all that has been born
for earth, sea and sky in vibrancy of colour.
Glory be you O light of Life
for your liberation of earth's bound treasures.
Glory be to you O River of delight
surging through the heart of creation.
Renew me this night in the depths of sleep,
set free my dreams of the unknown.
Safeguard this time of resting, O God,
enfold me in the darkness of the night.

Sources:

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

Poem – “Rice-Field Road at Dusk” by Suji Kwock Kim, *Poetry* (November 2014)