

Compline – Thursday, October 29, 2020

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

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

### **Opening**

As a deer longs for flowing streams, so my soul longs for you, O God. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. (Psalm 42:1-2)

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

### **Prayer**

In the darkness of the evening  
the eyes of my heart are awake to you.  
In the quiet of the night  
I long to hear again intimations of your love.  
In the sufferings of the world  
and the struggles of life  
I see your graces of healing.  
At the heart of the brokenness around me  
and in the hidden depths of my own soul  
I seek your touch of healing, O God, for there you reside.  
In the hidden depths of life, O God, there you reside.

### ***Offerings of Thanksgiving***

### **Scripture and Meditation**

You turn a desert into pools of water, a parched land into springs of water. (Psalm 107:35)

Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' (John 11:25)

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

When it seemed there was no hope  
I have seen your light in the eyes of a child.  
When it seemed there was no joy  
I have heard your delight in the voice of a friend.  
When it seemed that life was stale  
I have smelled the freshness of sunlight on my skin.  
When all seemed emptiness  
I have touched your presence in the hand of a stranger.  
When the future seemed barren  
I have tasted life's moisture on the lips of another.  
Thanks be to you, O God,  
for your embodied love.  
Open my sense to your presence

that I may love you and care for you in all things.

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

Poem – “Deep English” by TSITSI ELLA JAJI

Walk through the edges,  
circumvent the center.  
(Circle the square, so to speak).

Having parted ways with the crossroad,  
take each path offered, and unite into  
a thousand thousand fragments.

Stutter in the tongues of men and angels.  
Spit out the honorific truth:  
rave stark as a mad woman.

Destitute, discover the ancestral home  
and sit down to fast sumptuously  
at the high table.

Comforted, stare into the mirror  
that divided all these years,  
the mirror that melts in the mouth.

Now, speak clearly.

**Closing Prayer**

You have given me eyes to see with, O God,  
and ears to hear life’s sounds and sorrows  
and yet my seeing and hearing  
like my tasting and touching  
are wounded and weakened by failures.  
As rest can heal the sores of the body  
and sleep restore its strength  
so may your angels of grace visit me in the night  
that the senses of my soul may be born afresh.  
Visit my dreams with messengers of grace, O God,  
that the senses of my soul may be born again.

Sources:

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

Poem: Tsitsi Ella Jaji, "Deep English" from *Beating the Graves* (University of Nebraska Press, 2017)