

Morning Prayer – Friday, October 30, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

Opening

It was you, O God, who made my inmost self, you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. (Psalm 139:13-4)

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

Prayer

In the morning light, O God,
may I glimpse again your image deep within me
the threads of eternal glory
woven into the fabric of every person.
Again may I catch sight of the mystery of the human soul
fashioned in your likeness /deeper than knowing / more enduring than time.
And in glimpsing these threads of light
amidst the weakness and distortions of my life
let me be recalled to the strength and beauty deep in my soul.
Let me be recalled to the strength and beauty of your image in every living soul.

Offerings of Thanksgiving

Scripture and Meditation

You desire truth in the inward being; therefore teach me wisdom in my secret heart *Psalm 51:6*

Jesus said, 'The Spirit will guide you into all truth' *John 16:13*

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

That wisdom was born with me in the womb
thanks be to you, O God.
That your ways have been written into / the human body and soul
there to be read and revered
thanks be to you.
Let me be attentive / to the truths of these living texts.
Let me learn
of the law etched into the whole of creation / that gave birth to the mystery of life
and feeds and renews it day by day.
Let me discern the law of love in my own heart / and in knowing it obey it.
Let me be set free by love, O God.
Let me be set free to love.

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

Poem – “Stenciled Memories” by Lorna Dee Cervantes
for Gra'ma

There was always fabric in your lap
and a whistle in your heart. A sweet
sap to be sucked waited in the garden.
Nymphs of newts nestled under rock,
your role as *She Who Brings the Waters*
intact. Between the trilling of the crickets
educating into the night and the sad sack
of cans in the mornings something grew,
flourished in the dark — vines as sturdy
as telephone wire writhed in the breezes.
You patched together a blanket of us,
sewed together the mismatched and lopped
off edges. And anger grew a twin, ripped
through the bermuda grass, something stubborn
and determined: Me, in a leather patchwork skirt,
the bitter lemon song returning to its beginning
over and over on the Howdie Doody phonograph,
a handful of bandages, a faceful of ghosts
delivered from the mirrors. How did you stand it?
All of it. Us crunching through your set life,
kids scuffling through the mounds of leave.
Always making do. Your sunshine eyes,
those stenciled memories where
we still live.

Closing Prayer

Glory be to you, O God,
for the gift of life
unfolding through those who have gone before me.
Glory be to you, O God,
for your life planted within my soul
and every soul coming into the world.
Glory be to you, O God,
for the grace of new beginnings
placed before me in every moment and encounter of life.
Glory, glory, glory
for the grace of new beginnings in every moment of life.

Sources: Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the
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Sueño (Wings Press, 2013)