

Morning Prayer – Tuesday, September 1, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / [www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca](http://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca)

From: *Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell

### **Opening**

Blessed are the humble, for they are close to the sacred earth (Matthew 5.5)

### **Prayer of Awareness**

It is in the depths of life that we find you  
at the heart of this moment  
at the centre of the soul  
deep in the earth and its eternal stirrings.  
You are the Ground of all being  
the Well-Spring of time  
Womb of the earth  
the Seed-Force of stars.  
And so at the opening of this day, we wait  
not for blessings from afar but for You  
the very Soil of our soul  
the early Freshness of morning  
the first Breath of day.

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

### **Scripture and Meditation**

God lifts up those who are bowed down (Psalm 146:8)

Whoever wishes to be great among you must be a servant among you (Matthew 20:26)

Why do you not bow to the one whom My own hands have made? (Quran – Sad 38.75)

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

For everything that emerges from the earth  
thanks be to you, O God,  
Holy Root of all being  
Sacred Sap that rises  
Full-bodied Fragrance of earth's unfolding form.  
may we know that we are of You  
may we know that we are in You  
may we know that we are one with You, together one.  
Guide us as nations to what is deepest  
open us as peoples to what is first  
lead us as a world to what is dearest  
that we may know that holiness of wholeness

that we may learn the strength of humility  
that together we may live close to the earth  
and grow in grounded glory.

### ***Pray for peace***

#### **Poem – “Bright Copper Kettles” by Vijay Sheshadri**

Dead friends coming back to life, dead family,  
speaking languages living and dead, their minds retentive,  
their five senses intact, their footprints like a butterfly's,  
mercy shining from their comprehensive faces—  
this is one of my favorite things.  
I like it so much I sleep all the time.  
Moon by day and sun by night find me dispersed  
deep in the dreams where they appear.  
In fields of goldenrod, in the city of five pyramids,  
before the empress with the melting face, under  
the towering plane tree, they just show up.  
“It's all right,” they seem to say. “It always was.”  
They are diffident and polite.  
(Who knew the dead were so polite?)  
They don't want to scare me; their heads don't spin like weather vanes.  
They don't want to steal my body  
and possess the earth and wreak vengeance.  
They're dead, you understand, they don't exist. And, besides,  
why would they care? They're subatomic, horizontal. Think about it.  
One of them shyly offers me a pencil.  
The eyes under the eyelids dart faster and faster.  
Through the intercom of the house where for so long there was no music,  
the right Reverend Al Green is singing,  
“I could never see tomorrow.  
I was never told about the sorrow.”

#### **Closing Prayer**

May the deep blessings of earth be with us.  
May the fathomless soundings of seas surge in our soul.  
May boundless stretches of the universe echo in our depths  
to open us to wonder  
to strengthen us for love  
to humble us with gratitude  
that we may find ourselves in one another  
that we may lose ourselves in gladness  
that we give ourselves to peace.

Sources: *Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell (Eerdmans, 2011).  
Poem – “Bright Copper Kettles” by Vijay Sheshadri, *Poetry* (December 2010).