

Compline – Monday, November 2, 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 bless the LORD who gives me counsel; in the night also my heart instructs me. *Psalm 16:7*

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

### **Prayer**

In infinity of night skies  
in the free flashing of lightning  
in whirling elemental winds  
you are God.

In the impenetrable mists of dark clouds  
in the wild gusts of lashing rain  
in the ageless rocks of the sea  
you are God and I bless you.

You are in all things  
and contained by no thing.

You are the Life of all life.  
and beyond every name.

You are God and in the eternal mystery I praise you.

### ***Offer Thanksgivings***

### **Scripture – 1 Peter 1:3-9**

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By his great mercy he has given us a new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and into an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, who are being protected by the power of God through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. In this you rejoice, even if now for a little while you have had to suffer various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith—being more precious than gold that, though perishable, is tested by fire—may be found to result in praise and glory and honor when Jesus Christ is revealed. Although you have not seen him, you love him; and even though you do not see him now, you believe in him and rejoice with an indescribable and glorious joy, for you are receiving the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls.

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

For your Spirit woven into the fabric of creation  
for the eternal overlapping with time  
and the life of earth interlaced with heaven's vitality  
I give you thanks, O God.

For your untamed creativity  
your boundless mystery  
and your passionate yearnings  
planted deep in the soul of every human being  
I give you thanks.  
Grant me the grace to reclaim these depths  
to uncover this treasure  
to liberate these longings  
and in being set free in my own spirit  
to act for the well-being of the world.

***Pray for the life of the world***

**Poem – “Walking with My Father” by Linda Hogan**

In the dark evening, my father and I  
walk down the road to the old house  
where my grandmother lived,  
and we see through the door an old woman's feet  
lifted up, tired, on a footstool,  
still in her thick stockings,  
the feet with legs and stockings  
looking just like Grandma's  
after bearing nine children who lived,  
standing, working all day,  
the kind of woman who made stacks of toast, platters of eggs  
for all of us each hot morning,  
did laundry, then lunch,  
supper, and worked with the animals  
or cleaning fish  
the rest of the day.

I want to go open that door as I did  
so many times in the past, remembering  
not to slam the screen, as everyone would yell  
although I am now also older and finite,  
the seams of myself coming apart.

How I wish I could go to that woman  
with her legs up and rub her feet,  
put liniment on her legs.

Years have passed through the doors  
of that house, of memory, doors of the past  
and my father's eyes

are sad, looking in,  
his own memories, not mine,  
thinking maybe of his mother  
and some of his old belongings,  
the stolen Colt of his own father,  
the bracelet he gave me with his R.A. number.

Her memories are unremembered,  
as my grandfather's,  
as those before them,  
I think of what this poem is about,  
only partly about memory,  
our many losses.  
And walking with my father  
I walk with my grandparents,  
among the first to be numbered:  
#1556,  
#1555.

### **Closing Prayer**

O Brother Jesus  
who wept at the death of a friend  
and overturned tables in anger at wrong  
let me not be frightened by the depths of passion.  
Rather let me learn the love and anger  
and wild expanses of soul within me  
that are true expressions of your grace and wisdom.  
And assure me again that in becoming more like you  
I come closer to my true self  
made in the image of outpouring Love  
born of the free eternal Wind.

Sources:

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

Poem – Linda Hogan, "Walking with My Father" from *Dark. Sweet.* (Coffee House Press, 2014).