

Compline – Tuesday, September 22, 2020

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

From: *Celtic Prayers from Iona* – J. Philip Newell

Opening Words

You are behind me and before me O God. You lay your hand Upon me (Psalm 139:5)

Be still and aware of the presence of the Divine within and all around

Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving

As I utter these prayers
from my mouth O God
In my soul may I feel your presence.
The knee that is stiff
O healer make pliant
The heart that is hard,
Make warm beneath your wing
The wound that is giving me pain,
O best of healers, make whole
And may my hopes and my fears
Find a listening place with you.

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven
Hallowed be your name
Your kingdom come
Your will be done
on earth as in heaven
Give us today our daily bread
Forgive us our sins
As we forgive those who sin against us
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For the kingdom, the power
and the glory are yours
Now and for ever. Amen.

Scripture – Acts 18:24-28 (Contemporary English Version)

Now there came to Ephesus a Jew named Apollos, a native of Alexandria. He was an eloquent man, well-versed in the scriptures. He had been instructed in the Way of the Lord; and he spoke with burning enthusiasm and taught accurately the things concerning Jesus, though he knew only the baptism of John. He began to speak boldly in the synagogue; but when Priscilla and

Aquila heard him, they took him aside and explained the Way of God to him more accurately. And when he wished to cross over to Achaia, the believers encouraged him and wrote to the disciples to welcome him. On his arrival he greatly helped those who through grace had become believers.

SILENCE

Poem – “September Tomatoes” by Karina Borowicz

The whiskey stink of rot has settled
in the garden, and a burst of fruit flies rises
when I touch the dying tomato plants.

Still, the claws of tiny yellow blossoms
flail in the air as I pull the vines up by the roots
and toss them in the compost.

It feels cruel. Something in me isn't ready
to let go of summer so easily. To destroy
what I've carefully cultivated all these months.
Those pale flowers might still have time to fruit.

My great-grandmother sang with the girls of her village
as they pulled the flax. Songs so old
and so tied to the season that the very sound
seemed to turn the weather.

Intercessions

O God of the stars
And the night skies
May your light be coming through
thick clouds this night
On me and on everyone
coming through dark tears
On each one in need
And in suffering.

Personal Intercessions

Closing Prayer

Christ stands before me
and brings me peace
Sleep, O sleep
in the calm of all calm
Sleep, O sleep

In the love of all loves
Sleep I this night
In the God of all life.

Sources:

Prayers – *Celtic Prayers from Iona* by J. Philip Newell (Paulist Press, 1997).

Poem – “September Tomatoes” copyright © 2013 by Karina Borowicz, whose most recent book of poems is *Proof* (Codhill Press, 2014). Poem first appeared in the journal *ECOTONE*.