

Morning Prayer – Friday, November 6, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / [www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca](http://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 – 1 Corinthians 2:1-9**

Friends, when I came and told you the mystery that God had shared with us, I didn't use big words or try to sound wise. In fact, while I was with you, I made up my mind to speak only about Jesus Christ, who had been nailed to a cross.

At first, I was weak and trembling with fear. When I talked with you or preached, I didn't try to prove anything by sounding wise. I simply let God's Spirit show his power. That way you would have faith because of God's power and not because of human wisdom.

We do use wisdom when speaking to people who are mature in their faith. But it isn't the wisdom of this world or of its rulers, who will soon disappear. We speak of God's hidden and mysterious wisdom that God decided to use for our glory long before the world began. The rulers of this world didn't know anything about this wisdom. If they had known about it, they would not have nailed the glorious Lord to a cross. But it is just as the Scriptures say,

"What God has planned  
for people who love him  
is more than eyes have seen  
or ears have heard.  
It has never even  
entered our minds!"

### **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 – “Goosestep” by Tomás Q. Morín

A collector of walks, I was practicing my llamastep  
when one of those white geese with the knob  
of cheddar on its bill honked at the goslings  
ignoring the art of the rank and file so adored  
by Mussolini and other assorted lunatics  
who I have trouble believing could ever raise one leg  
parallel to the earth they scorched without falling  
prey to gravity that was given a special kind of dominion  
over the fascist paunch, a shabby thing  
I have never seen hang around the waist of a goose,  
though who can say for sure under all that heavenly  
down where the hips of a goose begin and end; and even  
if tomorrow some budding scholar published a treatise  
titled *The Mystery of Goose Hips* to fanfare,  
it would be an exaggeration of the grossest kind  
to equate a goose's trumpet with the barking  
from the balcony by the sad bullies whose love  
of the locked leg I will never understand  
since the knee was so obviously made to flex,  
which means locking one is most likely a kind of sin  
against Darwin or God, both of whom I think  
would disapprove of anything so unnatural  
as even twenty people moving in stiff unison  
to music unless the brass and strings  
were just about to sway and bend to the hot  
version of “When the Saints Go Marching In.”

**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  
Canterbury Press.

Poem – “Goosestep” by Tomás Q. Morín, *Poetry* (December 2013)