

Compline – Saturday, July 11, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / <https://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca>

As we turn on lamps at dusk, we greet the evening by welcoming God to abide with us anew.

Opening

As a loving mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you.

O God, at the setting of the sun, we place our trust in you. As the night draws near, we give thanks for your presence with us. Help us entrust our lives to you with the delight and confidence of one who loves and is beloved. Through Jesus, our faithful Savior. Amen.

(Be still and aware)

Psalm 79:8-13 - St. Helena Psalter

Remember not our past sins;
let your compassion be swift to meet us; *
for we have been brought very low.

Help us, O God our Savior, for the glory of your Name; *
deliver us and forgive us our sins, for your Name's sake.

Why should the nations say, "Where is their God?" *
Let it be known among the nations and in our sight
that you avenge the shedding of your servant's blood.

Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before you, *
and by your great might spare those who are condemned to die.

May the revilings with which they reviled you, O God, *
return seven-fold into their bosoms.

For we are your people and the sheep of your pasture; *
we will give you thanks for ever
and show forth your praise from age to age.

(Be still and aware)

Poem – "Blind Boone's Vision" by Tyehimba Jess

When I got old enough
I asked my mother,
to her surprise,
to tell me what she did
with my eyes. She balked
and stalled, sounding
unsure for the first time
I could remember.

It was the tender way
she held my face
and kissed where tears
should have rolled
that told me I'd asked
of her the almost impossible—
to recount my blinding
tale, to tell what became
of the rest of me.
She took me by the hand
and led me to a small
sapling that stood not
much taller than me.
I could smell the green
marrow of its promise
reaching free of the soil
like a song from Earth's
royal, dirty mouth.
Then Mother told me
how she, newly freed,
had prayed like a slave
through the night when
the surgeon took my eyes
to save my fevered life,
then got off her knees
come morning to take
the severed parts of me
for burial—right there
beneath that small tree.
They fed the roots,
climbed through its leaves
to soak in sunlight . . .
and so, she told me,
I *can* see.

When the wind rustles
up and cools me down,
when the earth shakes
with footsteps and when
the sound of birdcalls
stirs forests like the black
and white bustling
'neath my fingertips
I am of the light and shade

of my tree. Now,
ask me how tall
that tree of mine
has grown to be
after all this time—
it touches a place
between heaven and here.
And I shudder when I hear
the earth's wind
in my bones
through the bones
of that boxed-up
swarm of wood,
bird and bee:
I let it loose . . .
and beyond
me.

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION AND THANKSGIVING

The cares of our hearts
We entrust to you, O God.

The needs of your Church
We entrust to you, O God.

The wounds of the world
We entrust to you, O God.

The hopes we carry
We entrust to you, O God.

The deep desire for peace
We entrust to you, O God.

With all our lives and all our holy longings
We praise you and trust your love for us,
O Lover of our souls. Amen.

As a loving mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you.

Sources:

Prayers are from: *Daily Prayer for All Seasons* © 2014 by the Office of the General Convention of The Episcopal Church, Church Publishing Inc. Poem: Tyehimba Jess, "Blind Boone's Vision" from *OLIO* (Wave Books, 2016).