

Compline – Wednesday, June 24, 2020

From Daily Prayer with the Corrymeela Community by Pádraig Ó Tuama

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

WE REFLECT ON THE DAY

For the love shared we are grateful
For provision and nature we are grateful
For kindness given we are grateful.

For the sorrow we've caused, we pray for forgiveness
For injustices ignored, we pray for forgiveness.

(Be still and aware)

Psalm 29 – St. Helena Psalter

Ascribe to God, you heavenly beings, *
ascribe to God glory and strength.

Ascribe due honor to God's holy Name; *
worship the Most High in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of God is upon the waters;
the God of glory thunders; *
God is upon the mighty waters.

The voice of God is a powerful voice; *
the voice of God is a voice of splendor.

The voice of God breaks the cedar trees; *
God breaks the cedars of Lebanon;

God makes Lebanon skip like a calf *
and Mount Hermon like a young wild ox.

The voice of God splits the flames of fire;
the voice of God shakes the wilderness; *
God shakes the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of God makes the oak trees writhe *
and strips the forests bare.

And in the temple of the Holy One, *
all are crying, "Glory!"

God sits enthroned above the flood, *
enthroned for evermore.

God shall give strength to the people; *
God shall give the people the blessing of peace.

(Be still and aware)

Poem – “The Gift” by Li-Young Lee

To pull the metal splinter from my palm
my father recited a story in a low voice.
I watched his lovely face and not the blade.
Before the story ended, he'd removed
the iron sliver I thought I'd die from.

I can't remember the tale,
but hear his voice still, a well
of dark water, a prayer.
And I recall his hands,
two measures of tenderness
he laid against my face,
the flames of discipline
he raised above my head.

Had you entered that afternoon
you would have thought you saw a man
planting something in a boy's palm,
a silver tear, a tiny flame.
Had you followed that boy
you would have arrived here,
where I bend over my wife's right hand.

Look how I shave her thumbnail down
so carefully she feels no pain.
Watch as I lift the splinter out.
I was seven when my father
took my hand like this,
and I did not hold that shard
between my fingers and think,
Metal that will bury me,
christen it Little Assassin,
Ore Going Deep for My Heart.
And I did not lift up my wound and cry,
Death visited here!
I did what a child does
when he's given something to keep.
I kissed my father.

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION AND THANKSGIVING

Concluding Prayers

For the encounters with God today, in stranger and friend,
We bid you welcome.
For the encounters missed today,
We know that you always see us
even when we don't see you.
For tomorrow,
May we see you in ways expected and unexpected.

We welcome the dark of the night.
We make space for it, and we mark our place in it.

We remember that you, Jesus of Nazareth,
lived through nights of consolation and desolation.
And you walked into the nights of those people you met
inviting them to justice and truth, love and life.

We welcome the night,
and we welcome you into all our nights.
We pray for those who work by night,
whose day is marked by moon, cloud and stars.

And we pray for those whose nights are desolate,
that they may have the consolation of prayer,
peaceful solitude and community.

For a peaceful night, we pray.
For a hopeful day, we pray
For a deeper generosity, we pray.
Amen.

Sources:

Prayers are from: *St. Helena Breviary* from the Order of St. Helena. Church Publishing, 2006.
Daily Prayer with the Corrymeela Community by Pádraig Ó Tuama, Canterbury Press, 2017.

Poem - Li-Young Lee, "The Gift" from *Rose*. Copyright ©1986 by Li-Young Lee. (BOA Editions Ltd., 1986).