

Compline – Thursday, September 17, 2020

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

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

Opening Words

If I say “surely the darkness shall cover me and the light around me become night.” Even the darkness is not dark to you; The night is as bright as the day, for darkness is as light to you.
(Psalm 139:11-12)

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

Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving

I am bending my knee
in the eye of the God
who created me
In the eye of the Son
who died for me
In the eye of the Spirit
who moves me
in love and in desire.
For the many gifts
you have bestowed on me
Each day and night
each sea and land
Each weather fair
each calm, each wild
Thanks be to you O God.

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 16:25-40

About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing praises to God, while the other prisoners listened. Suddenly a strong earthquake shook the jail to its foundations. The doors opened, and the chains fell from all the prisoners.

When the jailer woke up and saw that the doors were open, he thought that the prisoners had escaped. He pulled out his sword and was about to kill himself. But Paul shouted, “Don’t harm yourself! No one has escaped.”

The jailer asked for a torch and went into the jail. He was shaking all over as he knelt down in front of Paul and Silas. After he had led them out of the jail, he asked, “What must I do to be saved?”

They replied, “Have faith in the Lord Jesus and you will be saved! This is also true for everyone who lives in your home.”

Then Paul and Silas told him and everyone else in his house about the Lord. While it was still night, the jailer took them to a place where he could wash their cuts and bruises. Then he and everyone in his home were baptized. They were very glad that they had put their faith in God. After this, the jailer took Paul and Silas to his home and gave them something to eat.

The next morning the officials sent some police with orders for the jailer to let Paul and Silas go. The jailer told Paul, “The officials have ordered me to set you free. Now you can leave in peace.”

But Paul told the police, “We are Roman citizens, and the Roman officials had us beaten in public without giving us a trial. They threw us into jail. Now do they think they can secretly send us away? No, they cannot! They will have to come here themselves and let us out.”

When the police told the officials that Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, the officials were afraid. So they came and apologized. They led them out of the jail and asked them to please leave town. But Paul and Silas went straight to the home of Lydia, where they saw the Lord’s followers and encouraged them. Then they left.

SILENCE

Poem – “Memorial” by Clifton Gachagua

To the young and able man who lets his death come in
with veils in his face that say you can come in and claim
a place among us. To the young man who closes his eyes
to the parting of clouds and lets what is beyond come in.
To the young man whose body is still warm, that weightless

being with halos, whose footsteps we will never fill. To the endless
clock machine in the god body of the young man who
closes his eyes as the light sweeps him to eternity. To the blessed
beating of his heart when we listen to our closed palms.
To the complex latticework of smiles in his photographs
every two seconds you pick him up and back. God body love.
Good-bye. To the young man whose laughter is now a memorial among us,
as we sit under tents, listen to our mothers and sisters cry,
shed our own not-so-private god tears love, shelter under
the night that claimed him. To him and beyond and the endless
love through which God privately loves him.

Intercessions

O God I place myself
with those who struggle
this night.
I am here in need
I am here in pain
I am here alone
O God help me.

Open Intercessions

Closing Prayer

O Christ you are a bright flame
before me
You are a guiding star above me
You are the light and love
I see in others' eyes.
Keep me O Christ
in a love that is tender
Keep me O Christ
in a love that is true
Keep me O Christ
in a love that is strong
Tonight, tomorrow and always.

Sources:

Prayers: Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell, New York: Paulist Press, 1997

Poem: Clifton Gachagua, "Memorial" from *Madman at Kilifi* (University of Nebraska Press, 2014).

Scripture: Contemporary English Version, American Bible Society, 1995.