

Compline – Wednesday, July 15, 2020

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

*We sum up this day with a bedtime prayer to examine our conscience and offer our actions to God.*

### **Opening**

Alleluia! May God, who raised Jesus from the dead, grant us a peaceful night and a perfect end.  
Alleluia!

### **Prayer**

God, you sent your Son into the world that we might live through him: May we abide in his risen life so that we may love one another as he first loved us, and know the fullness of joy.  
Amen

*(Be still and aware)*

Psalm 82 - St. Helena Psalter

God takes a stand in the council of heaven \*  
and gives judgment in the midst of the gods:

“How long will you judge unjustly, \*  
and show favor to the wicked?

Save the weak and the orphan; \*  
defend the humble and needy;

Rescue the weak and the poor; \*  
deliver them from the power of the wicked.

They do not know, neither do they understand;  
they go about in darkness; \*  
all the foundations of the earth are shaken.

Now I say to you, ‘You are gods, \*  
and all of you children of the Most High;

Nevertheless, you shall die like mortals, \*  
and fall like any ruler.’ ”

Arise, O God, and rule the earth, \*  
for you shall take all nations for your own.

*(Be still and aware)*

Poem – “heart of the bell” by Heidi Andrea Restrepo Rhodes

*Prague, 2018*

if the heart of the bell breaks

catastrophe will strike: that is the legend

last time, a flood;  
next, who can know but the bell, its cloven meat  
quiet crack of bronze anticipating its own demise  
drowned in the clang-like fist & metal murmur

what other creature keeps its heart inside its head full  
of the hour's secrets & tender prayers?

I do not doubt the stories—  
how bells say & say even after  
they have been lost  
in the rubble or at sea

say & say how they paced  
into hiding, or grieved their knell siblings  
melted for war's hungry rounds,  
how they stilled their blood  
in the chill of state restraint,  
that longest & most silent hour  
of the body's yearning, say:  
a silver bell is really a thumbscrew, no  
heart at all, say: touch me,  
I am no longer a bell if I do not ring

how bells say & say  
perfectly tuned by centuries, their  
hammered & quarreling overtures  
haunting ringent ears  
calling the forgotten, calling me, I'm called

to pray in the clamor, holy brazen speech  
carapaced in its stony tower, devout lick of metal  
to the ferrous brim, its chime sway waking my deadest earth

to pray which is to taste you ring you  
loud to greet you a thousand times  
offer my heart to your mouth & bellow the walls—  
anything that reminds me how small we are:

to be swallowed by the boom of fullest sound,  
the agony & wonder of wanting the Beloved's more  
crisp break of a mere day off the year's chanted yearnings,

intonations that we will never last  
longer than a breath in the face of the infinite

to want to be pealed by the hour, to say & say  
to invite the lightning by this thunderlust,  
lure the cry of livening a shatter  
near to feel the crack of the ampersand  
organ in the vesper's dusky light

to know the catastrophe to come  
but nonetheless  
ring & ring & ring & ring

Prayers

O God of peace, in our disappointments and in our triumphs,  
Let us rest secure in your loving arms.

In our certainty and in our confusion,  
Let all people rest secure in your loving arms.

### *PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION AND THANKSGIVING*

As we await a new day,  
Let all creation rest secure in your loving arms.

All shall be Amen and Alleluia. We shall rest and we shall see.  
We shall see and we shall know. We shall know and we shall love.  
We shall love and we shall praise. Behold our end, which is no end. Amen. (Saint Augustine)

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: "heart of the bell" by Heidi Andrea Restrepo Rhodes, *Poetry* (October 2019).