

Compline – Wednesday, November 11, 2020

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

From: *Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell

Opening

Blessed are those who hunger for earth's oneness, for they will be satisfied (Matthew 5.6)

Prayer of Awareness

At the close of day
as busyness fades
as light dims
and footsteps soften
we open again the inner door of our being
to enter stillness
to feel our way through the dark
To You
the Silence from whom we are born
the Name before names were spoken
the love of life's beginnings.
At the close of day
we come.

Be still and aware of God's presence within and all around

Scripture and Meditation

May God grant you your heart's desire (Psalm 20.4)

Many will come from east and west and eat together in the garden of God (Matthew 8.11)

Whichever way you turn, there is the face of God

(Quran – The Cow 2.115)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

Whichever way we turn, O God, there is your face
in the light of the moon and patterns of stars
in scarred mountain rifts and ancient groves
in mighty seas and creatures of the deep.
Whichever way we turn, O God, there is your face
in the light of eyes we love
in the salt of tears we have tasted
in weathered countenances east and west
in the soft skin glow of the child everywhere.
Whichever way we turn, O God, there is your face
there is your face among us.

Pray for peace

Poem – “For the Fallen” by Laurence Binyon, Sept. 1914

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.
Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.
**They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.**
They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.
But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Closing Prayer

May heaven's guardians of night welcome us.
May heaven's messengers of grace bless our dreams.
May heaven's angels of compassion protect our sleep.
That we may wake refreshed.
That we may awake with eyes of wonder.
That we may wake to the world's oneness.
That we may wake to serve earth's heaven-blessed oneness.

Sources:

Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace by John Philip Newell (Eerdmans, 2011).

Poem – “For the Fallen” by Laurence Binyon, Sept. 1914, public domain.