**Compline – Friday, May 22, 2020**
*Celtic Daily Prayer* – The Northumbria Community
*modifications made for inclusive language
St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / https://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

INVOCATION
The Sacred Three
to save
to shield
to surround
this hearth
this home
this night
every night.

O God of life, this night,
close not Thy gladness to my sight.

Keep me and all who are dear to me
In the arms of Your embrace.
Shelter us under Your wings.

Be our hope in distress.
Be our calm in anxiety.
Be our strength in weakness.
Be our comfort in pain.
Be our song in the night.

SCRIPTURE                                    MATTHEW 14:34-36
Jesus and his disciples crossed the lake and came to shore near the town of Gennesaret. The
people found out that he was there, and they sent word to everyone who lived in that part of
the country. So they brought all the sick people to Jesus. They begged him just to let them
touch his clothes, and everyone who did was healed.

POEM – "DEAD STARS" BY ADA LIMÓN

Out here, there's a bowing even the trees are doing.
         Winter's icy hand at the back of all of us.
Black bark, slick yellow leaves, a kind of stillness that feels
so mute it's almost in another year.

I am a hearth of spiders these days: a nest of trying.

We point out the stars that make Orion as we take out
      the trash, the rolling containers a song of suburban thunder.

It's almost romantic as we adjust the waxy blue
      recycling bin until you say, *Man, we should really learn
some new constellations.*

And it's true. We keep forgetting about Antlia, Centaurus,
      Draco, Lacerta, Hydra, Lyra, Lynx.

But mostly we're forgetting we're dead stars too, my mouth is full
      of dust and I wish to reclaim the rising—

to lean in the spotlight of streetlight with you, toward
      what's larger within us, toward how we were born.

Look, we are not unspectacular things.
      We've come this far, survived this much. What

would happen if we decided to survive more? To love harder?

What if we stood up with our synapses and flesh and said, *No.
      No*, to the rising tides.

Stood for the many mute mouths of the sea, of the land?

What would happen if we used our bodies to bargain

for the safety of others, for earth,
            if we declared a clean night, if we stopped being terrified,

if we launched our demands into the sky, made ourselves so big
people could point to us with the arrows they make in their minds,

rolling their trash bins out, after all of this is over?

**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.**
**Save us from the time of trial**
**and deliver us from evil.**
**For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours**
**now and for ever.   Amen.**

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION AND THANKSGIVING
O God, at this time, we lift up to you our concerns, hopes and thanksgivings for ourselves and others, naming them out loud or holding them in our hearts….

CLOSING PRAYERS
God, your unfailing love sustains the life of the world: watch over those who work and those who rest, those who sorrow and those who rejoice, those who long for your peace and those who long to be enlivened by your Spirit.  Bless us this night and enfold us in your mystery that we might deepen our trust in your grace and peace.  **Amen.**

Calm me, O Christ, as You stilled the storm.
Still me O Christ, keep me from harm.
Let all the tumult within me cease.
Enfold me, Lord, in Your peace.
O God, bless the work that is done,
and the work that is to be.

O God, bless the servant that I am,
and the servant that I will be.

Sleep, O sleep in the calm of all calm.
Sleep, O sleep in the guidance of all guidance.
Sleep O sleep in the love of all loves.
Sleep, O beloved, in the God of life. Amen.


Sources:

Prayers are from: *Celtic Daily Prayer:  Book Two, Farther Up and Farther In* Northumbria Community, London: William Collins Books, 2015.

Poem: "Dead Stars" from *The Carrying* (Milkweed Editions, 2018) by Ada Limón. Copyright © 2018 by Ada Limón (Milkweed Editions).