

Morning Prayer – Friday, April 10, 2020 – Good Friday

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

Celtic Daily Prayer – The Northumbria Community

*modifications made for inclusive language; readings this week are taken from Frederick Buechner's books, *A Biblical Who's Who*; *Wishful Thinking: A Seeker's ABC*; *Whistling in the Dark: A Doubter's Dictionary*

Opening Words (*as candle is lit*)

**In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity,
One God, now and forever. Amen.**

**One thing I have asked of the Lord,
this is what I seek:
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life;
to behold the beauty of the Lord
and to live in the Temple of the Lord**

Who is it that you seek?
We seek the Lord our God.

Do you seek God with all your hearts?
Amen, Lord, have mercy.

Do you seek God with all your soul?
Amen, Lord have mercy.

Do you seek God with all your mind?
Amen, Lord have mercy.

Do you seek God with all your strength?
Amen, Christ have mercy.

Declaration of faith

**To whom shall we go?
You have the words of eternal life,
and we have believed and have come to know
that You are the Holy One of God.**

**Praise to You, Lord Jesus Christ,
King of endless glory.**

Psalm 22 – St. Helena Psalter

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me, *
and are so far from my cry
and from the words of my distress?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but you do not answer; *
by night as well, but I find no rest.

Yet you are the Holy One, *
enthroned upon the praises of Israel.

Our forebears put their trust in you; *
they trusted, and you delivered them.

They cried out to you and were delivered; *
they trusted in you and were not put to shame.

But as for me, I am a worm, and less than human, *
scorned by all and despised by the people.

All who see me laugh me to scorn; *
they curl their lips and wag their heads, saying,

“You trusted in God for deliverance; *
let God rescue you, if God delights in you.”

Yet you, O God, are the one who took me out of the womb *
and kept me safe upon my mother’s breast.

I have been entrusted to you ever since I was born; *
you were my God when I was still in my mother’s womb.

Be not far from me, for trouble is near, *
and there is none to help.

Many young bulls encircle me; *
strong bulls of Bashan surround me.

They open wide their jaws at me, *
like a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water;
all my bones are out of joint; *
my heart within my breast is melting wax.

My mouth is dried out like a pot-sherd;
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth, *
and you have laid me in the dust of the grave.

Packs of dogs close me in,
and gangs of evildoers circle around me; *
they pierce my hands and my feet;
I can count all my bones.

They stare and gloat over me; *
they divide my garments among them;
they cast lots for my clothing.

Be not far away, O God; *
you are my strength; hasten to help me.

Save me from the sword, *
my life from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth, *
my wretched body from the horns of wild bulls.

I will declare your Name to my people; *
in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.

May all who fear you, O God, give praise; *
may the offspring of Israel stand in awe,
and all of Jacob's line give glory.

For you do not despise nor abhor the poor in their poverty,
neither do you hide your face from them, *
but when they cry to you, you hear them.

My praise is of you in the great assembly; *
I will perform my vows in the presence of those who worship you.

The poor shall eat and be satisfied,
and those who seek you shall praise you: *
"May your heart live for ever!"

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to you, *
and all the families of the nations shall bow before you.

For yours is the royal power, O God; *
you rule over the nations.

To you alone all who sleep in the earth bow down in worship; *
all who go down to the dust fall before you.

My soul shall live for you;
my descendants shall serve you; *
they shall be known as yours for ever.

They shall come and make known to a people yet unborn *
the saving deeds that you have done.

(A moment of silence to reflect on the reading)

John 10:10-11 (Contemporary English Version)

A thief comes only to rob, kill, and destroy. I came so that everyone would have life, and have it in its fullest. I am the good shepherd, and the good shepherd gives up his life for his sheep.

(A moment of silence to reflect on the reading)

Daily Meditation – Frederick Buechner

I – Incarnation

“The Word became flesh’, wrote John, and ‘dwelt among us with grace and truth.’ This is what incarnation means. It is untheological. It is unsophisticated. It is undignified. But according to Christianity, it is the way things are.

All religions and philosophies that deny the reality or the significance of the material, the fleshly, the earthbound, are themselves denied. Moses at the burning bush was told to take off his shoes because the ground on which he stood was holy ground because God not only made it but walked on it, ate and slept and worked and died on it. If we are saved anywhere, we are saved here. . . . One of the blunders religious people are particularly fond of making is the attempt to be more spiritual than God.”

Poem – “This Hour and What is Dead” by li-young lee

Tonight my brother, in heavy boots, is walking
through bare rooms over my head,
opening and closing doors.
What could he be looking for in an empty house?
What could he possibly need there in heaven?
Does he remember his earth, his birthplace set to torches?
His love for me feels like spilled water
running back to its vessel.

At this hour, what is dead is restless
and what is living is burning.

Someone tell him he should sleep now.

My father keeps a light on by our bed
and readies for our journey.
He mends ten holes in the knees
of five pairs of boy’s pants.
His love for me is like his sewing:
various colors and too much thread,
the stitching uneven. But the needle pierces
clean through with each stroke of his hand.

At this hour, what is dead is worried
and what is living is fugitive.

Someone tell him he should sleep now.

God, that old furnace, keeps talking
with his mouth of teeth,
a beard stained at feasts, and his breath

of gasoline, airplane, human ash.
His love for me feels like fire,
feels like doves, feels like river-water.

At this hour, what is dead is helpless, kind
and helpless. While the Lord lives.

Someone tell the Lord to leave me alone.
I've had enough of his love
that feels like burning and flight and running away.

PRAYERS FOR OTHERS, THE WORLD, AND ONESELF

Canticle

**Christ, as a light
illumine and guide me.
Christ, as a shield
overshadow me.
Christ under me;
Christ over me;
Christ beside me
on my left and my right.
This day be within and without me,
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.
Be in the heart of each to whom I speak;
in the mouth of each who speaks unto me.
This day be within and without me,
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.
Christ as a light;
Christ as a shield;
Christ beside me
on my left and my right.**

Closing Prayer

(after which candle is extinguished)

May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,
wherever Christ may send you.
May Christ guide you through the wilderness,
protect you through the storm.
May Christ bring you home rejoicing
at the wonders you've been shown.
May Christ bring you home rejoicing
once again into our doors.

Spiritual Exercises:

You are invited to make use of the other Good Friday resources available on our website:

<https://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca>

Sources:

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

Psalm from: *St. Helena Psalter: A New Version of the Psalms in Expansive Language*, created by The Order of St. Helena, a monastic community of the Episcopal Church, USA, published by Morehouse Publishing, 2000.

Poem: "This Hour and What is Dead" by Li-Young Lee, from *The City in Which I Love You*, copyright © 1990 by Li Young-Lee, Rochester, NY: BOA Editions.