

Compline – Thursday, October 8, 2020

### **Opening Words**

Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. *Philippians 4:6*

Eternal Spirit, flow through our being and open our lips,  
*that our mouths may proclaim your praise.*

Let us worship the God of love.  
*Alleluia, alleluia.*

### **Psalm 33:1-11 - St. Helena Psalter**

Rejoice in God, you righteous; \*  
it is good for the just to sing praises.  
Sing praises to God with the harp; \*  
play upon the psaltery and lyre.  
Sing to God a new song; \*  
sound a fanfare with all your skill upon the trumpet.  
O God, your word is right, \*  
and all your works are sure.  
You love righteousness and justice; \*  
your loving-kindness fills the whole earth.  
By your word, O God, were the heavens made, \*  
by the breath of your mouth all the heavenly hosts.  
You gather up the waters of the ocean as in a water-skin \*  
and store up the depths of the sea.  
Let all the earth fear you; \*  
let all who dwell in the world stand in awe of you.  
For you spoke, and it came to pass; \*  
you commanded, and it stood fast.  
You bring the will of the nations to naught \*  
and thwart the designs of the peoples.  
But your will stands fast for ever, \*  
and the designs of your heart from age to age.

### **Scripture**

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear. For fear has to do with punishment, and those who are afraid are not perfected in love. We love because God first loved us. If anyone

says, I love God, and hates their brother or sister, that person is a liar; for those who do not love their brothers and sisters whom they have seen, cannot love God whom they have not seen.

*1 John 4:18-20*

**Poem – “All Hallows” by Louise Glück**

Even now this landscape is assembling.  
The hills darken. The oxen  
sleep in their blue yoke,  
the fields having been  
picked clean, the sheaves  
bound evenly and piled at the roadside  
among cinquefoil, as the toothed moon rises:

This is the barrenness  
of harvest or pestilence.  
And the wife leaning out the window  
with her hand extended, as in payment,  
and the seeds  
distinct, gold, calling  
*Come here*  
*Come here, little one*

And the soul creeps out of the tree.

**Prayers**

I will lie down in peace and take my rest,  
*for it is in God alone that I dwell unafraid.*

Let us bless the Earth-maker, the Pain-bearer, the Life-giver,  
*let us praise and exalt God above all for ever.*

May God’s name be praised beyond the furthest star,  
*glorified and exalted above all for ever.*

***Personal Thanksgivings and Intercessions***

**Closing Prayers**

Lord,  
it is night.  
The night is for stillness.  
Let us be still in the presence of God.  
It is night after a long day.  
What has been done has been done;

what has not been done has not been done;  
let it be.  
The night is dark.  
Let our fears of the darkness of the world and of our own lives  
rest in you.  
The night is quiet.  
Let the quietness of your peace enfold us,  
all dear to us,  
and all who have no peace.  
The night heralds the dawn.  
Let us look expectantly to a new day,  
new joys,  
new possibilities.  
In your name we pray.

God bless us and keep us,  
God's face shine on us and be gracious to us,  
and give us light and peace.  
Amen.

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