

Compline – Tuesday, November 17, 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 12:9-21

Jesus left and went into one of the Jewish meeting places, where there was a man whose hand was crippled. Some Pharisees wanted to accuse Jesus of doing something wrong, and they asked him, "Is it right to heal someone on the Sabbath?"

Jesus answered, "If you had a sheep that fell into a ditch on the Sabbath, wouldn't you lift it out? People are worth much more than sheep, and so it is right to do good on the Sabbath." Then Jesus told the man, "Hold out your hand." The man did, and it became as healthy as the other one.

The Pharisees left and started making plans to kill Jesus.

When Jesus found out what was happening, he left there and large crowds followed him. He healed all of their sick, but warned them not to tell anyone about him. So God's promise came true, just as Isaiah the prophet had said,

"Here is my chosen servant!

I love him,

and he pleases me.

I will give him my Spirit,
and he will bring justice
to the nations.
He won't shout or yell
or call out in the streets.
He won't break off a bent reed
or put out a dying flame,
but he will make sure
that justice is done.
All nations will place
their hope in him."

POEM – "Longing for Prophets" by Shirley Kaufman

Not for their ice-pick eyes,
their weeping willow hair,
and their clenched fists beating at heaven.
Not for their warnings, predictions
of doom. But what they promised.
I don't care if their beards
are mildewed, and the ladders
are broken. Let them go on
picking the wormy fruit. Let the one
with the yoke around his neck
climb out of the cistern.
Let them come down from the heights
in their radiant despair
like the Sankei Juko dancers descending
on ropes, down from these hills
to the earth of their first existence.
Let them follow the track
we've cut on the sides of mountains
into the desert, and stumble again
through the great rift, littered
with bones and the walls of cities.
Let them sift through the ashes
with their burned hands. Let them
tell us what will come after.

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.

“Longing for Prophets” from *Rivers of Salt* (Copper Canyon Press, 1993).