

Morning Prayer – Wednesday, September 30, 2020
Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins

Opening Words

My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for You, O God.

Be still and aware of the presence of the Divine within and all around

Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving

Thanks be to You,
O ever-gentle Christ,
for raising me freely
from the darkness of last night
into the kindly light of this day

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

On your path, O my God,
and not my own,
be all my journeying.
Rule this heart of mine
that it may be only Yours.

Scripture – 2 Corinthians 3:4-5 (Contemporary English Version - CEV)

Christ makes us sure in the very presence of God. We don't have the right to claim that we have done anything on our own. God gives us what it takes to do all that we do. God makes us worthy to be the servants of this new agreement that comes from the Holy Spirit and not from a written Law.

Poem – “Love Lessons in a Time of Settler Colonialism” by Tanaya Winder

I am not murdered, and I am not missing, but parts of me have been disappeared.

— Leanne Simpson

They too know all too well that some cracks were built just for us to fall through. We live in a world that tries to steal spirits each day; they steal ours by taking us away.

From Industrial Schools to forced assimilation, genocide means removal of those who birth nations — our living threatens. Colonization has been choking

us for generations. I tell my girls they are vessels of spirit, air to lungs expanding; this world cannot breathe without us. There are days I wish

I didn't have to teach these lessons, but as an Indigenous womxn silence is deadening. There is danger in being seen, our bodies are targets

marked for violence. We carry the Earth's *me too* inside us, a howling wind, our mothers & their mothers swallowed these bullets long ago.

The voices ricochet *I wish I were invisible I wish I were invisible I wish* echoes in my eardrums — we know what it's like to live in fear. Colonialism's bullet sits cocked, waiting behind a finger on trigger. We breathe and speak and sing for survival. We carve out in lines; we write — *I know joy I know pain I know love*

I know love I know — lessons we've carried throughout time. Should I go missing: don't stop searching; drag every river until it turns red and the waters of our names

stretch a flood so wide it catches everything. And we find each other whole and sacred, alive and breathing and breathing and breathing.

Intercessory Prayer

Help me to know that the secret of contentment
lies in organising the self
in the direction of simplicity

Unless You have another task for me,
keep me vigilant in prayer

Personal Intercessions

Closing Prayer

All I speak
be blessed to me, O God.
All I hear
be blessed to me, O God.
All I see
be blessed to me, O God.
All I sense
be blessed to me, O God.
All I taste
be blessed to me, O God.
Each step I take
be blessed to me, O God.

Prayers – *Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins* © The Northumbria Community Trust (William Collins of Harper Collins Publishing, 2015).

Poem – “Love Lessons in a Time of Settler Colonialism” by Tanaya Winder *Poetry* (June 2018).