

Morning Prayer – Tuesday, September 8, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

From: *Praying with the Earth: A Prayerbook for Peace* by John Philip Newell

Opening

Blessed are humble, for they are close to the sacred earth (Matthew 5.5)

Prayer of Awareness

It is in the depths of life that we find you
at the heart of this moment
at the centre of the soul
deep in the earth and its eternal stirrings.
You are the Ground of all being
the Well-Spring of time
Womb of the earth
the Seed-Force of stars.
And so at the opening of this day, we wait
not for blessings from afar but for You
the very Soil of our soul
the early Freshness of morning
the first Breath of day.

Be still and aware of God's presence within and all around

Scripture and Meditation

God lifts up those who are bowed down (Psalm 146:8)

Whoever wishes to be great among you must be a servant among you (Matthew 20:26)

Why do you not bow to the one whom My own hands have made? (Quran – Sad 38.75)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

For everything that emerges from the earth
thanks be to you, O God,
Holy Root of all being
Sacred Sap that rises
Full-bodied Fragrance of earth's unfolding form.
may we know that we are of You
may we know that we are in You
may we know that we are one with You, together one.
Guide us as nations to what is deepest
open us as peoples to what is first
lead us as a world to what is dearest
that we may know that holiness of wholeness

that we may learn the strength of humility
that together we may live close to the earth
and grow in grounded glory.

Pray for peace

Poem – “Dawn Chorus” by Sasha Dugdale

Every morning since the time changed
I have woken to the dawn chorus
And even before it sounded, I dreamed of it
Loud, unbelievably loud, shameless, raucous

And once I rose and twitched the curtains apart
Expecting the birds to be pressing in fright
Against the pane like passengers
But the garden was empty and it was night

Not a slither of light at the horizon
Still the birds were bawling through the mists
Terrible, invisible
A million small evangelists

How they sing: as if each had pecked up a smoldering coal
Their throats singed and swollen with song
In dissonance as befits the dark world
Where only travelers and the sleepless belong

Closing Prayer

May the deep blessings of earth be with us.
May the fathomless soundings of seas surge in our soul.
May boundless stretches of the universe echo in our depths
to open us to wonder
to strengthen us for love
to humble us with gratitude
that we may find ourselves in one another
that we may lose ourselves in gladness
that we give ourselves to peace.