

Morning Prayer – Friday, August 28, 2020

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

From: *Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer* by John Philip Newell

Opening

It was you, O God, who made my inmost self, you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. (Psalm 139:13-4)

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

Prayer

In the morning light, O God,
may I glimpse again your image deep within me
the threads of eternal glory
woven into the fabric of every person.
Again may I catch sight of the mystery of the human soul
fashioned in your likeness / deeper than knowing / more enduring than time.
And in glimpsing these threads of light
amidst the weakness and distortions of my life
let me be recalled
to the strength and beauty deep in my soul.
Let me be recalled
to the strength and beauty of your image in every living soul.

Scripture and Meditation

You desire truth in the inward being; therefore teach me wisdom in my secret heart (Psalm 51:6)

Jesus said, 'The Spirit will guide you into all truth' (John 16:13)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

That wisdom was born with me in the womb
thanks be to you, O God.
That your ways have been written into / the human body and soul
there to be read and revered
thanks be to you.
Let me be attentive / to the truths of these living texts.
Let me learn
of the law etched into the whole of creation / that gave birth to the mystery of life
and feeds and renews it day by day.
Let me discern the law of love in my own heart
and in knowing it
obey it.
Let me be set free by love, O God.

Let me be set free to love.

Pray for the coming day and for the life of the world

Poem – from *Deaf Republic*: 14

BY ILYA KAMINSKY

Each man has a quiet that revolves

around him as he beats his head against the earth. But I am laughing

hard and furious. I pour a glass of pepper vodka
and toast the gray wall. I say we were

never silent. We read each other's lips and said
one word four times. And laughed four times

in loving repetition. We read each other's lips to uncover
the poverty of laughter. Touch the asphalt with fingers to hear the cool earth of Vasenka

Deposit ears into the raindrops on a fisherman's tobacco hair.
And whoever listens to me: being

there, and not being, lost and found
and lost again: Thank you for the feather on my tongue,

thank you for our argument that ends,
thank you for my deafness, Lord, such fire

from a match you never lit.

Closing Prayer

Glory be to you, O God,
for the gift of life
unfolding through those who have gone before me.
Glory be to you, O God,
for your life planted within my soul
and every soul coming into the world.
Glory be to you, O God,
for the grace of new beginnings
placed before me in every moment and encounter of life.
Glory, glory, glory
for the grace of new beginnings in every moment of life.

Sources: Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the
Canterbury Press. Poem – “From *Deaf Republic*: 14” *Poetry* (May 2009).

Notes: These poems are from the unfinished manuscript Deaf Republic. This story of a pregnant woman and her husband living during an epidemic of deafness and civil unrest was found beneath the floorboards in a house in Eastern Europe. Several versions of the manuscript exist.—

IK