

Morning Prayer – Thursday, December 10, 2020
St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay. www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

Opening Words

Lord, you are close to the broken-hearted.
You see all things and know our every fear and sorrow

As I invite you, O Lord, into my spoken prayer
I invite you into my heart.

Sometimes I feel weary
and I long for the space to be at Peace.
But Peace must be made before it can be enjoyed.
So let me be a peace-maker, a bridge-builder,
a messenger of Your Way,
which is the way to lasting peace.

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

Ephesians 5:13-18 (NRSV)

But everything exposed by the light becomes visible, for everything that becomes visible is light.
Therefore it says,

“Sleeper, awake!
Rise from the dead,
and Christ will shine on you.”

Be careful then how you live, not as unwise people but as wise, making the most of the time,
because the days are evil.

A moment of silence to reflect on the reading

Canticle

O God, you surround our griefs, fears and failures
with your healing mercy.
In this Advent-time
help us to know that You are with us in the waiting and preparing,
in the darkness and in the light
and help us to trust that You work all things together for good.

Poem - “Forbidden City” by Gail Mazur

Asleep until noon, I'm dreaming
we've been granted another year.

You're here with me, healthy.
Then, half-awake, the half-truth—

this is our last day. Life's leaking
away again, and this time, we know it.

Dear body, I told you, pleading,
Don't Leave! but I understand you

can't say anything. Who are we?
Are we fictional? We don't look

like our pictures, don't look like
anyone I know. Daylight

flickers through a bamboo grove,
we approach the Forbidden City,

Looking together for the Hall
of Fulfilling Original Wishes.

*Time is the treasure, you tell me,
and the past is its hiding place.*

I instruct our fictional children,
The past is the treasure, time

*is its hiding place. If we told him
how much we love him, how much*

we miss him, he could stay.
But now you've taken me back

to Luoyang, to the Garden of Solitary Joy,
over a thousand years old—

I wake, I hold your hand, you let me go.

PRAYERS FOR OTHERS, THE WORLD, AND ONESELF

Closing Prayer

Lord Jesus,
Master of both the light and the darkness,

send Your Holy Spirit upon our preparations for Christmas.
We who have so much to do seek quiet spaces to hear your voice each day.
We who are anxious about many things look forward to your coming among us.
We who are blessed in so many ways long for the complete joy of your kingdom.
We whose hearts are heavy seek the joy of your presence.
We are your people, walking in darkness, yet seeking the light.
To You we say, 'Come Lord Jesus!'

Joel Mason

Sources

Celtic Daily Prayer: Book Two, Farther Up and Farther In, Northumbria Community, London: William Collins Books, 2015.

Poem: Gail Mazur, "Forbidden City" from *Forbidden City* (The University of Chicago Press, 2016).