Morning Prayer – Friday, December 11, 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 1:19-23 (NRSV)

I want you to know about the great and mighty power that God has for us followers. It is the same wonderful power he used when he raised Christ from death and let him sit at his right side in heaven. There Christ rules over all forces, authorities, powers, and rulers. He rules over all beings in this world and will rule in the future world as well. God has put all things under the power of Christ, and for the good of the church he has made him the head of everything. The church is Christ's body and is filled with Christ who completely fills everything.

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 - "Advent" by Mary Jo Salter

Wind whistling, as it does in winter, and I think nothing of it until

it snaps a shutter off her bedroom window, spins

it over the roof and down

to crash on the deck in back, like something out of Oz. We look up, stunned—then glad

to be safe and have a story, characters in a fable we only half-believe.

Look, in my surprise I somehow split a wall, the last one in the house

we're making of gingerbread. We'll have to improvise: prop the two halves forward

like an open double door and with a tube of icing cement them to the floor.

Five days until Christmas, and the house cannot be closed. When she peers into the cold

interior we've exposed, she half-expects to find three magi in the manger,

a mother and her child. She half-expects to read on tablets of gingerbread

a line or two of Scripture, as she has every morning inside a dated shutter

on her Advent calendar. She takes it from the mantel and coaxes one fingertip

under the perforation, as if her future hinges

on not tearing off the flap

under which a thumbnail picture by Raphael or Giorgione, Hans Memling or David

of apses, niches, archways, cradles a smaller scene of a mother and her child,

of the lidded jewel-box of Mary's downcast eyes. Flee into Egypt, cries

the angel of the Lord to Joseph in a dream, for Herod will seek the young

child to destroy him. While she works to tile the roof with shingled peppermints,

I wash my sugared hands and step out to the deck to lug the shutter in,

a page torn from a book still blank for the two of us, a mother and her child.

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: Mary Jo Salter, "Advent" from *Open Shutters* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2003).