

Compline – Wednesday, December 16, 2020

Celtic Daily Prayer – The Northumbria Community

*\*modifications made for inclusive language*

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / [www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca](http://www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca)

### **Opening**

God with me protecting,  
the Lord with me directing,  
the Spirit with me strengthening  
for ever and evermore.

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

### **Scripture – Isaiah 55:6-13 (The Message)**

Seek GOD while he's here to be found,  
pray to him while he's close at hand.  
Let the wicked abandon their way of life  
and the evil their way of thinking.  
Let them come back to GOD, who is merciful,  
come back to our God, who is lavish with forgiveness.  
"I don't think the way you think.  
The way you work isn't the way I work."  
GOD's Decree.  
"For as the sky soars high above earth,  
so the way I work surpasses the way you work,  
and the way I think is beyond the way you think.  
Just as rain and snow descend from the skies  
and don't go back until they've watered the earth,  
Doing their work of making things grow and blossom,  
producing seed for farmers and food for the hungry,  
So will the words that come out of my mouth  
not come back empty-handed.  
They'll do the work I sent them to do,  
they'll complete the assignment I gave them.  
"So you'll go out in joy,  
you'll be led into a whole and complete life.  
The mountains and hills will lead the parade,  
bursting with song.  
All the trees of the forest will join the procession,  
exuberant with applause.  
No more thistles, but giant sequoias,  
no more thornbushes, but stately pines—  
Monuments to me, to GOD,  
living and lasting evidence of GOD."

**Poem – “On June Blossoming in June” by Karen An-Hwei Lee**

This summer, we drank cardamom iced tea sweetened with agave—  
savoring an idea of sweetness lingering, not as if we actually ate honey  
from the lovely overflow of liquid summer heat and soft beeswax  
tongued with a wedge of spanakopita and a platter of shaved lamb  
    strewn on pita bread with yogurt cucumber dip—  
glistening slices of salmon topped by edamame, wakame seaweed,  
crushed macadamia nuts mingled with black sesame on beds of rice,  
and steaming cups of chai with black tea and milk, loose-leaf sencha,  
and chunks of sea bass with a tossed mesclun of tender greens  
    garnished by crisp curls of chicharrónes  
and chopped beet salad with tart beets—the mellow gold ones  
soaked in wine vinegar, dressed with tendrils of microgreens—  
corollas of night-blooming honeysuckle and star jasmine flaming  
with small cups of heady fumes wafting on trellises across the lot  
    with a walk-in hair salon and laundromat—  
then avocados with eggs-over-easy in hollandaise sauce over muffins  
alongside triangles of toast dipped in yolks beaten with cinnamon,  
    and flavorful black coffee with a drop of fresh cream,  
quiche with crimini mushrooms, feta, swiss cheese, not leeks or truffles,  
shot through with julienned sundried tomatoes the color of stop signs,  
and mocha spiced with chili, black pepper, chocolate, cardamom again  
by a plate of smoked salmon and capers, ricotta, buttery arugula,  
and baby spinach drizzled with olive oil on thin sourdough toast  
    in glowing strokes of late June light  
fringed by the noise of peninsula traffic on the harbor  
    laced by grease and silt from the machinery of life—  
the sea isn't far away though only gulls could spy it from here—  
so why don't we walk all the way to the inlet of the marina, a landing  
where children play in the fading light blanched on grassy edges  
    as if already a memory of summer within summer—  
and you say, with the air of a prophet who ate locusts and honey,  
*join me in the place where lives are bound together*  
*by a cord of three strands.*

**LORD'S PRAYER**

Our Father in heaven,  
hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come,  
your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread.  
Forgive us our sins  
as we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial  
and deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours  
now and for ever. Amen.

### **Prayers of Intercession and Thanksgiving**

O God, at this time, we lift up to you our concerns, hopes and thanksgivings for ourselves and others, naming them out loud or holding them in our hearts....

### **Closing Prayers**

O God of life, this night,  
O darken not to me Thy light.  
O God of life, this night,  
close not thy gladness to my sight.  
O God of life, this night,  
Thy door to me, O shut not tight,  
O God of life, this night.  
O darken not to me Thy light.

Be it in Thine own beloved arms,  
O God of grace,  
that I in peace shall sleep and wake.

### Sources:

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

Poem: "On June Blossoming in June" by Karen An-Hwei Lee, *Poetry* (June 2020)