

Morning Prayer – Wednesday, May 13, 2020
Celtic Prayers from Iona – J. Philip Newell

Opening Words (*as candle is lit*)

It was you who formed
my inward parts,
You knit me together
in my mother's womb
I praise you,
for I am fearfully
and wonderfully made (Psalm 139:13-14)

(Be still and aware of the presence of the Divine within and all around)

Opening Prayer and Thanksgiving

O Sun behind all suns
I give you greeting this new day.
Let all Creation praise you
Let the daylight
 and the shadows praise you
Let the fertile earth
 and the swelling sea praise you
Let the winds and the rain,
 The lightning and the thunder
 praise you
Let all that breathes,
 praise you
And I shall praise you.
O God of life
I give you greeting this day.

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

The 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
Lead us not into temptation

But deliver us from evil
For the kingdom, the power
and the glory are yours
Now and for ever
Amen.

Scripture – John 16:12-15 (Contemporary English Version)

I have much more to say to you, but right now it would be more than you could understand. The Spirit shows what is true and will come and guide you into the full truth. The Spirit doesn't speak on his own. He will tell you only what he has heard from me, and he will let you know what is going to happen. The Spirit will bring glory to me by taking my message and telling it to you. Everything that the Father has is mine. That is why I have said that the Spirit takes my message and tells it to you.

SILENCE

(Reflect on the gospel and God as the wellspring of all life)

Poem – “Lost” by David Wagoner

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,
I have made this place around you.
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.
No two trees are the same to Raven.
No two branches are the same to Wren.
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows
Where you are. You must let it find you.

Intercessions

There is no plant in the ground
But tells of your beauty, O Christ.
There is no creature on the earth
There is no life in the sea
But proclaims your goodness.
There is no bird on the wing
There is no star in the sky
There is nothing beneath the sun
But is full of your blessing.
Lighten my understanding

of your presence all around, O Christ
Kindle my will
to be caring for Creation

(Pray for the coming day and for the care of the earth)

Closing Prayer

(after which candle is extinguished)

Bless to me O God
My soul that comes from on high.
Bless to me O God
My body that is of earth.
Bless to me O God
Each thing my eye sees.
Each sound my ear hears.
Bless to me O God
Each scent that goes to my nostrils
Each taste that goes to my lips
Each ray that guides my way.

Spiritual Exercises:

- 1) In his poem, "Lost" David Wagoner writes: "wherever you are is called Here, and you must treat it as a powerful stranger." It is easy during these strange times to be focused on how we wish for things to be different before we really explore what "here" is. Try this Meditation on the Present Moment if you find yourself full of worry about the future or longing for the past: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WHU2sjyD5MM>
- 2) Choose a single object. Place the object directly in front of you and close your eyes. After 4 full breaths, open your eyes and observe the object's texture, size, shape, pattern, scale. Now, describe the object. This helps us to notice attend more fully to an object rather than focusing solely on its functionality.

Sources:

Prayers are from: *Celtic Prayers from Iona* – J. Philip Newell, New York: Paulist Press, 1997

Poem: "Lost" by David Wagoner from *Poetry* (July 1971).

Scripture: *Contemporary English Version*, American Bible Society, 1995.