

Compline – Tuesday, September 29, 2020
Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins

Opening Prayer

Hear I am, my Jesus, teach me.

Lord, be the gatherer of our dreams.
You set the countless stars in place,
And found room for each of them to shine.
You listen for us in Your heaven-bright hall.
Open our mouths to tell our tales of wonder.

Hear I am, my Jesus, teach me.

FREE PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

I trust in Thee, O Lord.
I say, 'Thou art my God.
My times are in Thy hand,
my times are in Thy hand.'

Scripture – Revelation 12:7-12 (Contemporary English Version - CEV)

A war broke out in heaven. Michael and his angels were fighting against the dragon and its angels. But the dragon lost the battle. It and its angels were forced out of their places in heaven and were thrown down to the earth. Yes, that old snake and his angels were thrown out of heaven! That snake, who fools everyone on earth, is known as the devil and Satan. Then I heard a voice from heaven shout,

"Our God has shown
his saving power,
and his kingdom has come!
God's own Chosen One
has shown his authority.
Satan accused our people
in the presence of God
day and night.
Now he has been thrown out!
Our people defeated Satan
because of the blood
of the Lamb
and the message of God.

They were willing
to give up their lives.
The heavens should rejoice,
together with everyone
who lives there.
But pity the earth
and the sea,
because the devil
was thrown down
to the earth.
He knows his time is short,
and he is very angry.”

Poem – “Pantom of the Great Depression” by Donald Justice

Our lives avoided tragedy
Simply by going on and on,
Without end and with little apparent meaning.
Oh, there were storms and small catastrophes.

Simply by going on and on
We managed. No need for the heroic.
Oh, there were storms and small catastrophes.
I don't remember all the particulars.

We managed. No need for the heroic.
There were the usual celebrations, the usual sorrows.
I don't remember all the particulars.
Across the fence, the neighbors were our chorus.

There were the usual celebrations, the usual sorrows.
Thank god no one said anything in verse.
The neighbors were our only chorus,
And if we suffered we kept quiet about it.

At no time did anyone say anything in verse.
It was the ordinary pities and fears consumed us,
And if we suffered we kept quiet about it.
No audience would ever know our story.

It was the ordinary pities and fears consumed us.
We gathered on porches; the moon rose; we were poor.
What audience would ever know our story?
Beyond our windows shone the actual world.

We gathered on porches; the moon rose; we were poor.
And time went by, drawn by slow horses.
Somewhere beyond our windows shone the world.
The Great Depression had entered our souls like fog.

And time went by, drawn by slow horses.
We did not ourselves know what the end was.
The Great Depression had entered our souls like fog.
We had our flaws, perhaps a few private virtues.

But we did not ourselves know what the end was.
People like us simply go on.
We have our flaws, perhaps a few private virtues,
But it is by blind chance only that we escape tragedy.

And there is no plot in that; it is devoid of poetry.

Intercessory Prayer

If I open my eyes to the world around me,
If I open my heart to all people
That surround me,
Then I feel pain and brokenness,
I see suffering and injustice.

I will go, Lord, if you lead me:
I will hold Your people in my heart.

Personal Intercessions

Closing Prayer

I pray the protection of Christ to clothe me,
Christ to enfold me,
to surround me and guard me
this night and every night.
Be the keeper of my dreams
And my rest
that tomorrow I may wake refreshed,
ready to follow you wherever you lead.

Prayers – *Celtic Daily Prayer Book One: The Journey Begins* © The Northumbria Community Trust (William Collins of Harper Collins Publishing, 2015).

Poem – Donald Justice, "Pantoum of the Great Depression" from *Collected Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2004).