

Morning Prayer – Saturday, August 29, 2020

St. George's Anglican Church, Cadboro Bay / www.stgeorgecadborobay.ca

From: *Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer* by John Philip Newell

Opening

Long ago you laid the foundations of the earth and the heavens are the work of your hands.
They will perish but you endure; they wear out like garments but you are the same and your
years have no end (Psalm 102: 25-27)

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

Prayer

In the silence of the early morning
your Spirit hovers over the brink of the day
and new light pierces the darkness of the night.
In the silence of the morning
life begins to stir around me
and I listen for the days first utterances.
In earth, sea and sky
and in the landscape of my soul
I listen for utterances of your love, O God.
I listen for utterances of your love.

Scripture and Meditation

Be still and know that I am God (Psalm 46:10)

Jesus said, 'I give you eternal life, and you will never perish (John 10:28)

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

For the night followed by the day
for the idle winter ground
followed by the energy of spring
for the infolding of the earth
followed by bursts of unfolding
thanks be to you, O God.
For rest and wakefulness
stillness and creativity
reflection and action
thanks be to you.
Let me know in my own soul and body
the rhythms of creativity that you have established.
Let me know in my family and friendships
the disciplines of withdrawal and the call to engagement.
Let me know for my world

the cycles of renewal
given by you for healing and health
the pattern of the seasons
given by you for the birth of new life.

Pray for the coming day and for the life of the world

Poem – “Planting a Dogwood” by Roy Scheele

Tree, we take leave of you; you're on your own.
Put down your taproot with its probing hairs
that sluice the darkness and create unseen
the tree that mirrors you below the ground.
For when we plant a tree, two trees take root:
the one that lifts its leaves into the air,
and the inverted one that cleaves the soil
to find the runnel's sweet, dull silver trace
and spreads not up but down, each drop a leaf
in the eternal blackness of that sky.
The leaves you show uncurl like tiny fists
and bear small button blossoms, greenish white,
that quicken you. Now put your roots down deep;
draw light from shadow, break in on earth's sleep.

Closing Prayer

In the busyness of this day
grant me a stillness of seeing, O God.
In the conflicting voices of my heart
grant me a calmness of hearing.
Let my seeing and hearing
my words and actions
be rooted in a silent certainty of your presence.
Let my passions for life
and the longings for justice that stir within me
be grounded in the experience of your stillness.
Let my life be rooted in the ground of your peace, O God,
let me be rooted in the depths of your peace.

Sources:

Celtic Benediction: Morning and Night Prayer by J Philip Newell © 2000 by the Canterbury Press.

Poem – “Planting a Dogwood” by Roy Scheele, *From the Ground Up* (Lone Willow Press, 2000).