

Morning Prayer – Wednesday, September 23, 2020

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

From: *Celtic Prayers from Iona* – J. Philip Newell

Opening Words

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 – Psalm 119:97-104 (St. Helena Psalter)

I see that all things come to an end, *
but your commandment has no bounds.

Oh, how I love your law; *
all the day long it is in my mind.

Your commandment has made me wiser than my enemies, *
and it is always with me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers, *
for your decrees are my study.

I am wiser than the elders, *
because I observe your commandments.

I restrain my feet from every evil way, *
that I may keep your word.

I do not shrink from your judgments, *
because you yourself have taught me.

How sweet are your words to my taste; *
they are sweeter than honey to my mouth.

SILENCE

Poem – “The Bend” by Claude Esteban, trans. by Joanie Mackowski

Around the bend of a phrase
you return, it's dawn in a book, it's
a garden, one can
see everything, the dew, a moth
on a leaf and it's you
who rises suddenly amid the pages
and the book grows more lovely
because it's you
and you've not grown old, you walk
slowly to the door.

Intercessions

Closing Prayer

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.

Sources:

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

Poem: “The Bend” by Claude Esteban, trans. from French by Joanie Mackowski, *Poetry* (June 2011)