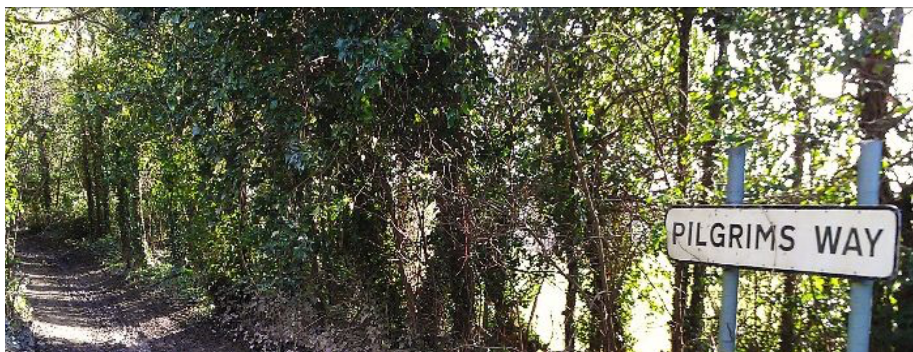


THE PILGRIM'S WAY

In the Anthropocene

Wed August 31 – Sat September 3, 2022



Wild Church Victoria
a watershed discipleship community.

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A Pilgrim's Intention

Be for us our companion on the walk,
Our guide at the crossroads,
Our breath in our weariness,
Our protection in danger,
Our refuge on the Camino,
Our shade in the heat,
Our light in the darkness,
Our consolation in our discouragements,
And our strength in our intentions.

- *From Traditional prayer of the Camino*

My life is but an instant, a passing hour;
My life is a moment that escapes me and flies away.
You know, my God, that to love you here on earth
I only have today!
What does it matter to me, Lord,
if the future is uncertain?
If I dream about tomorrow, I fear my inconstancy,
And my heart grows sad and weary.
My God, let me endure my trials and sufferings
Just for today.

- *Thérèse of Lisieux*

To pay attention, this is our endless and proper work.

- Mary Oliver

Our daily round

Breakfast	07:30
Morning prayer and preparation	08:30
Set out	09:30
Lunch en route	
Return to Centre	15:00
Dinner	18:00
Evening reflections	19:30
Quiet time	21:00

Introduction

Christianity has a long history of pilgrimage. Journeys of spiritual or moral significance that support spiritual exploration and growth can be open to all people. Although people from Vancouver Island have taken long pilgrimages, like the Camino in Spain, up to this point there has been no long Vancouver Island pilgrimage.

The Anthropocene is defined as, “the geological period during which human activity has been the dominant influence on climate and the environment”. An Anthropocene Pilgrim considers the weight of human impact on the ecosystems through which they walk, and how we might change our behaviour to let the complex ecosystems and humanity flourish. The pilgrim, rather than going to and from a holy place [e.g. Santiago de Compestela; Mecca], discovers themselves going through a holy place - Creation.

The Fifth Mark of Mission of the Anglican Communion encourages and challenges us “to strive to safeguard the integrity of creation, and sustain and renew the life of the earth.” This 2022 Pilgrimage gathers those who wish to sustain and renew the life of the earth, and walks in solidarity with others from around the region (further details on the coming page

Welcome to our shared endeavour.

Why Pilgrimage? Why now?

by Rev. Ken Gray

It was Good Friday, 1979. I had made a pilgrimage with approximately 30 other walkers from the west coast of Britain to the east coast. We stood on the shore across from the ancient monastic pilgrimage destination called Holy Island, or Lindisfarne. We were joined by fellow pilgrims from Edinburgh and Newcastle, in total about 150 walkers, mostly students, accompanied by clergy, friends and hiking enthusiasts. Some were devoutly religious; others were curious adventurers. We had travelled just south of the Scottish Border, near the town of Berwick Upon Tweed; we had followed the Pennine Way and had traversed part of Hadrian's Wall. We were together with each other, with history, with Creation and with God.

We had travelled some 125 miles over six days. Carrying full packs we were tired; our feet were sore; in some cases emotions were raw; we were grubby and smelly. Yet despite all that, there we stood viewing the island glimpsed by Saints Cuthbert and Aidan; we stood on the edge of the unsettling world of the North Sea ~ crashing waves, cold wind, salty spray ~ and the causeway passable only at low tide on certain days in particular seasons.

We pilgrims joined those who over centuries sought release from the ordinary in order to glimpse and

experience the extra-ordinary, a metaphysical taste of God in all divine fullness, a real presence in our lives, invigorating our faith, inspiring our loves,

Not all pilgrimages are so romantic, historic, dynamic or emotive. They don't have to be. During the recent pandemic many joked about the pilgrimage from the home office to the kitchen and back. My own household was blessed with a young Labradoodle, who pandemic or not, needed her own pilgrimage to the rolling hills of Kamloops.

A few years ago I enjoyed the movie *The Way*, starring Martin Sheen. Determined to finish his late son's Camino journey, he carries cremated remains in an act of sacred disposition. The path followed is the historic pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, a route and practice increasingly popular for many Canadians who seek time and space for a deeper engagement with life, love, and the beauty of Creation. Many have been richly blessed by that particular historic walk. They identify the walk as both an invitation and a reward. The Camino however is not the only accessible pilgrimage. We can walk anywhere, anytime, especially throughout beautiful British Columbia, which many will do during 2022 as part of a special Anglican Pilgrimage initiative.

There are many reasons to make a pilgrimage, alone or in community. Pilgrimages can be long or short ~ a half day, to a week or months. Some break walks into short sections

depending on their availability; others have the opportunity for longer periods of time and travel. Time or circumstance are not the most important factors in making a pilgrimage. Intention and it's first cousin, desire, are the most important requirements for a fruitful pilgrimage.

So ask yourself a simple question ~ can you separate yourself for a time, from pressing commitments, from work or other activity, from the delights and demands of family life and friendship circles, just for a time, intentionally? As with much religion and spirituality, the intention to live and love differently, even briefly, will provide the necessary detachment to enter into a different creative, thoughtful or prayerful space.

The second feature of pilgrimage, in fact, one of its greatest gifts, is the opportunity to discover in a new way your place in a messy, mucky world, by taking yourself out of the action, for a time and for a reason – personal, social and spiritual refreshment. An intentional walk/pilgrimage shaped by a director can increase self-awareness and help you reflect upon and cherish all your connections – with people, with nature and beauty, with all Creation and with God-in-Jesus.

Another reason people pursue pilgrimage is to reckon in a new way with demanding life situations, with health concerns, with changing relationships. Pilgrimage is not therapy, though its benefits can yield therapeutic results.

Slowing life down, to a walking pace, governed more by breathing than by external demands of obligations steadies the heart and mind, offering time for thought deeper than what is possible in normal circumstances. Step by step, the transition from one foot to another will connect in a visceral way with the transitions of life.

These pilgrimages we now promote are specially designed to refurbish our respect for, delight in, and engagement with creation. We do so knowing very well that Creation itself is injured; God's world is in the critical care ward, crying for health and recovery. We know the effects of the climate emergency in our front and back yards. A deep engagement with the earth, mobilized by the physical discipline of walking, from one physical point to another, with a clear destination in sight, with other like-minded and heart-equipped pilgrims will generate hope and resilience in a new community with other travelers.

If you asked a Camino traveler about their greatest memory of their particular pilgrimage, all would mention the path and the place of the journey. Years afterward most will go further, saying that it is the conversations and the stories shared along the way that stays in the memory best.

The trailhead awaits . . . may these words constitute an invitation to a particular adventure, in faith, hope and love, through pilgrimage.

Poems, Prayers, and Reflections:

“Flickering Mind”

Lord, not you,
it is I who am absent.
At first belief was a joy I kept in secret,
stealing alone into sacred places:
a quick glance, and away—and back, circling.
I have long since uttered your name
but now I elude your presence.
I stop to think about you,
and my mind at once like a minnow darts away,
darts into the shadows, into gleams that fret
unceasing over
the river’s purling and passing.
Not for one second
will my self hold still, but wanders
anywhere, everywhere it can turn.
Not you, it is I who am absent.
You are the stream, the fish, the light
the pulsing shadow,
you the unchanging presence,
in whom all
moves and changes.
How can I focus my flickering, perceive
at the fountain’s heart
the sapphire
I know is there?

- Denise Levertov

“Larking, or the Limits of Hermeneutics”

Face patch, breast splotch. *Alaudidae!*
Shyness and exhilaration blend into one lens.
Eye-searing sea wind cuts through the Narrows
where I kneel in the discipline of seeing.
Years ago on this spot, I was given
Horned larks; a first time awareness
of their presence.
Now, pulled back here like the larks,
Philopatric, “to be faithful
to the place where one took birth,” or in my case,
to recover a state of pre-naming.
Observation is prayer:
prayer is to notice what I notice
and give only partial trust to experts.
Free to disregard the field guide
which describes a “tinge” of yellow. “Tinge”? Hah!
A glare of yellow, not a ‘tinge’
That’s obvious to the naked weeping eye.
Lemons with black moustaches beside
mauve seed heads adrift on silver grass.
Day shuts. The cloister-slow evening
is intimate as a closet when by candlelight
I just take a glance again
at the field guide. It’s true
as it is written, “larks walk not hop.”
I pencil a date in my own account book,
then cross it out again, reach back to savour
that first encounter before words

a high-pitched sustained tinkling.

- Hannah Main-van der Kamp 'According to Loon Bay'

"The Summer Day"

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean~ the one who has flung herself out of the grass, the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down~ who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes. Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass, how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

- Mary Oliver, *The House Light*, 1990.

“How to qualify for membership in the reign of Heaven”

Compost everything and frequently turn it to air.

That includes your headaches, rashes, your unspent rages.

Children enrolled in narrow rooms need release;

then show them the rest of our place, you know...

Orion's belt, Andromeda, the journeys of planets.

Look into the eyes of animals. It matters.

Can you paint them on cave walls? Search

a secret place where the hermit thrush has gone to die
and flute there.

When grandiose persons try to enlarge by talking,

diminish yourself; mute and honest as an oval stone.

Be alert at the dusk moment when light

turns over. Be there when Venus rises

and at the moon's wake. Your presence

is your membership.

- Hannah Main-van der Kamp *‘The Parable Boat’*

“Sleeping in the Forest”

I thought the earth remembered me,

she took me back so tenderly,

arranging her dark skirts, her pockets

full of lichens and seeds.

I slept as never before, a stone on the river bed,

nothing between me and the white fire of the stars

but my thoughts, and they floated light as moths

among the branches of the perfect trees.

All night I heard the small kingdoms

breathing around me, the insects,

and the birds who do their work in the darkness.

All night I rose and fell, as if in water,
grappling with a luminous doom. By morning
I had vanished at least a dozen times
into something better.

- Mary Oliver, *Sleeping In The Forest*

“748. Untitled”

Slowly, slowly, they return
To the small woodland let alone:
Great trees, outspreading and upright,
Apostles of the living light.

Patient as stars, they build in air
Tier after tier a timbered choir,
Stout beams upholding weightless grace
Of song, a blessing on this place.

They stand in waiting all around,
Uprisings of their native ground,
Downcomings of the distant light;
They are the advent they await.

Receiving sun and giving shade,
Their life's a benediction made
And a benediction said
Over the living and the dead.

In fall their brightened leaves, released
Fly down the wind, and we are pleased
To walk on radiance, amazed.

O light come down to earth, be praised!

- Wendell Berry, *This Day: New and Collected Sabbath Poems*

“What I Learned from My Mother”

I learned from my mother how to love
The living, to have plenty of vases on hand
In case you have to rush to the hospital
With peonies cut from the lawn, black ants
Still stuck to the buds. I learned to save jars
Large enough to hold fruit salad for a whole
Grieving household, to cube home-canned pears
And peaches, to slice through maroon grape skins
And flick out the sexual seeds with a knife point.
I learned to attend viewings even if I didn't know
The deceased, to press the moist hands
Of the living, to look into their eyes and offer
Sympathy, as though I understood loss even then.
I learned that whatever we say means nothing,
What anyone will remember is that we came.
I learned to believe I had the power to ease
Awful pains materially like an angel.
Like a doctor I learned to create
From another's suffering my own usefulness, and once
You know how to do this, you can never refuse.
To every house you enter you must offer
Healing, a chocolate cake you baked yourself,
The blessing of your voice, your chaste touch.

- Julia Kasdorf

“Perhaps the World Ends Here”

The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter what, we must eat to live. The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table.

So it has been since creation, and it will go on. We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies teethe at the corners.

They scrape their knees under it. It is here that children are given instructions on what it means to be human.

We make men at it, we make women. At this table we
gossip,

recall enemies and the ghosts of lovers.

Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their arms around our children.

They laugh with us at our poor falling-down selves and as we put ourselves back together once again at the
table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella in the sun. Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a place
to hide in the shadow of terror.

A place to celebrate the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table and have prepared our parents for burial here.

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow.

We pray of suffering and remorse.

We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table,
while we are laughing and crying,
eating of the last sweet bite.

- Joy Harjo

“How to Eat a Pomegranate”

Go to the shore.

Bring a knife and napkin

(a man's tool and a woman's
suggestion)

and find a jewel-shaped stone

to sit upon,

and a flat one

for cutting on,

for catching the crimson

burst and flood as you

slice the ruby skin.

If you are adventurous

bend down and lick the stone -

sea salt, sweet, and sour -

stain your lips

and fingers

as you lift each bead

and turn them,

one by one,

with your tongue,

with silent gratitude,

the way a woman with a rosary would.

- *Mary Romero Ferguson*

“The Time I Cracked Three Double-Yolk Eggs in a Row”

They are the rounded cheeks that emerge with a smile,
two suns, two life sacs, two rounded potentials.

I reach my hand into the clear protein, scoop out
one globe and hold it close to my face. I hesitate
to break them, to lose their bright and intact spheres,
so perfect, such a miracle of divine nature to have two,
not one, and three times confirmed. I think, also,
how silly to keep them as-is. They are only yolks.

But really, something like light shot out from the bowl
when I cracked the first shell. With the second,
the light made its way through my chest.

And by the third, I was so lighted, or something,
I knew before I tipped it open there were two.

So I am ceremonious: I poke each delicate yolk,
watch them ooze slowly out. Then I squeeze them
together, and mix them with my bare hands.

- *Amanda Hawkins*

“Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front”

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,
vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready-made. Be afraid
to know your neighbors and to die.
And you will have a window in your head.
Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a card
and shut away in a little drawer.
When they want you to buy something
they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.

So, friends, every day do something
that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.
Love someone who does not deserve it.
Denounce the government and embrace
the flag. Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.

Ask the questions that have no answers.
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.
Say that your main crop is the forest
that you did not plant,
that you will not live to harvest.

Say that the leaves are harvested
when they have rotted into the mold.
Call that profit. Prophesy such returns.

Put your faith in the two inches of humus
that will build under the trees every thousand years.
Listen to carrion - put your ear
close, and hear the faint chattering
of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful
though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not go cheap
for power, please women more than men.
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy
a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep
of a woman near to giving birth?

Go with your love to the fields.
Lie down in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance
to what is nighest your thoughts.
As soon as the generals and the politicos
can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign to mark the false trail,
the way you didn't go. Be like the fox who makes
more tracks than necessary, some in the wrong direction.
Practice resurrection.

- Wendell Berry

“To be called Blessed”

After forty days of desert walking out of the clean baptism waters of the Jordan, still he remembered how it was: to float, to be pushed into the cool deep blue, to come out caressed by the words: Beloved. Blessed.

We live within the blessing.

So my life this day is floated on graces which hold me up, silent and immovable, under this domed and spun world, my every inch of limb spread on their weight, every strand of hair carried on them, a system of fine roots.

My grandmother used to tell me to count them, but too small that enumeration, penurious, really.

Let me instead swim upon them, this endless sea of gift that buoys me: sun and green and night shadows and skin-touch and smile like fire; and then there is taste of wonder; and do not forget music and whispers at night.

Children and seeds and death each deserve their own poems, and don't get me started on seasons or fruit, stars and moths, or the quiet dome of solitude.

Oh God of deserts, of rivers and journeys, let me rest in each one

as a child rests in summer water, looking at the broad unknown sky, the coming wind and dark, waiting for the call

that will drift down the hill
from the lighted window
to draw us home.

- Dee Dee Risher

"Prayer"

Our Mother Who Art in the kitchen
cooking us up
hallowed may we see all that is
Your kingdom here
delivered into our hands
Your will in children and trees leaping out
on earth as if it were Heaven.

Give us this day bread we could feed the world
and snatch us bald-headed if we try to swallow it all.

Don't forgive us
till we learn it is all for giving.
That salve you've got in a pot on the back of the stove
only heals when everybody has some.

And heed us not
if we believe you look like us and love us best
and gave us the True Truth
with a license to kill Others writ inside.
Deliver us from this evil.

for it is Yours,
this kitchen we call Universe
where you stir up our favorite treat,
the Milky Way, folding deep into sweet
our little sphere with its powerful glory

of rainforests and oceans and mountains in feather-boas
mist
forever
(if we don't blow it up)
and ever
(if we don't tear it down)
Amen

(Ah women! Ah children!
Ah reckon She's about fed up.
We better make room at the table for everybody
before She yells - OUT!
and turns our table over,
before She calls it off
this banquet we've been hoarding
this paradise
we aim to save
with bombs.)

- George Ella Lyon

“Pied Beauty”

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles in all stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches’ wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and
plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

“God’s Grandeur”

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell: the
soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs –
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright
wings.

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

“As Kingfishers Catch Fire”

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tell, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves – goes its self; *myself* it speaks and spells,
Crying *What I do is me: for that I came.*

I say more: the just man justices;
Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is –
Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eye not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

“A God’s Gardener’s Hymn”

O sing we now the Holy Weeds
That flourish in the ditch,
For they are for the meek in needs,
They are not for the rich.

You cannot buy them at the mall,
Nor at the superstore,
They are despised because they all
Grow freely for the poor.

The Dandelion shoots, for spring,
Before their flowers burst;
The Burdock root is best in June
When it is fat with juice;

When autumn comes, the Acorn’s ripe,
The Walnut black is too;
Young Milkweed pods are sweet when boiled,
And Milkweed shoots when new.

The inner bark of Spruce and Birch
For extra Vitamin C—
But do not take too much of each,
Or you will kill the tree.

The Purslane, Sorrel, Lamb’s Quarters,
And Nettles, too, are good;
The Hawthorn, Elder, Sumac, Rose—

Their berries wholesome food.

The Holy Weeds are plentiful
And beautiful to see—
For who can doubt God put them there,
So starved we'll never be?

- Margaret Atwood, (from "The God's Gardeners
Oral Hymnbook" *The Year of the Flood*)

"Love (III)"

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, you shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?
Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.

You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.
- George Herbert

“Messenger”

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect?
Let me keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,
which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are
here,

which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is that we live
forever.
- Mary Oliver

“I thank You God”

I thank You God for this most amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky;
and for everything
which is natural which is infinite
which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday;
this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings:
and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any-lifted from the no
of all nothing-human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

- e. e. cummings

“You who stalk the earth with new life”

Christ is Risen... He is risen indeed!
You Easter one
you who stalk the earth with new life,
you who soar the heavens with fresh governance,

you who traipse the seas with odd authority,
You life-giver,
You a strange anomaly among us,
for everywhere are signs of death:
...Benjamin taken in his youth,
our tax dollars at work in Serbia,
endless diagnoses among our friends,
people made redundant in all our euphemisms of "down-
sizing,"
too much money and too little health care,
your church here and there nearly consumed with anxiety
for itself.

And yet you appear here and there,
now and then:
You say "Fear not," and we are comforted,
You say "Peace I give you," and we are less restless,
You say "Go and sin no more," and we glimpse a new
innocence,
you say and we listen,
you act and we are healed,
you... and us,
you and life,
you and newness,
you for us,
you with us,
you,
you,
you... and we are dazzled in our gratitude. Amen.

- Walter Brueggemann

“Giver of All Good Gifts”

You are the God who feed and nourishes.
You are the God who assures that we have more than
enough,
and we do not doubt that you satisfy the desire of every
living thing.

Even in such an assurance, however,
we scramble for more food.
After we have filled all our baskets
with manna,
we seek a surplus~
enough education to plan ahead,
enough power to protect our supply,
enough oil to assure that protection.

And in the midst of that
comes your word,
that we share bread and feed the hungry,
even to the least and so to you.
We mostly keep our bread for ourselves,
our neighbors,
and our friends.

It does not occur to us often,
to feed our enemies,
to share your bounty with
those who threaten us.
We do not often remember to break vicious cycles

of hostility
by free bread,
by free water,
by free wine,
by free milk,

Until we remember that you are the giver of all good gifts,
ours to enjoy,
ours to share.

Stir us by your spirit beyond fearful accumulation
toward outrageous generosity,
that giving bread to others
makes for peace,
that giving drink to others
makes for justice,
that giving and sharing opens the world
and assures abundance for all.

We pray this even as we ponder the gift of your Son
whom we ingest as bread and wine,
and tasting, find ourselves
forgiven and renewed.

Feed us till we want no more!

- Walter Brueggemann

“We Try, as Best We Can, to Live by Bread Alone”

We try, as best we can, to live by bread alone,
or pie or cake or sweet rolls.

And then comes your word! In our hearing we are
reminded that
we live by every word that proceeds from your mouth,
promise and gifts,
blessings and threats,
summons and commands,
assurances and requirements.
We thank you for bread, and for many cakes, pies and
sweet rolls
that inhabit our life of privilege.

While we munch,
give us ears, make us better listeners,
give us patience with our odd utterances,
give us openness to your new utterances,
we vow to listen.

We pray in the name of your fleshed utterance become
our bread.

Amen

- Walter Brueggemann

“We Are Takers”

You are the giver of all good things.
All good things are sent from heaven above,
rain and sun,
day and night,
justice and righteousness,
bread to the eater and
seed to the sower,
peace to the old,

energy to the young,
joy to the babes.

We are takers, who take from you,
day by day, daily bread,
taking all we need as you supply,
taking in gratitude and wonder and joy.

And then taking more,
taking more than we need,
taking more than you give us,
taking from our sisters and brothers,
taking from the poor and the weak,
taking because we are frightened, and so greedy,
taking because we are anxious, and so fearful,
taking because we are driven, and so uncaring.

Give us peace beyond our fear, and so end our greed.

Give us well-being beyond our anxiety, and so end
our fear.

Give us abundance beyond our drivenness,
and so end our uncaring.

Turn our taking into giving ... since we are in your giving
image:

Make us giving like you,
giving gladly and not taking,
giving in abundance, not taking,
giving in joy, not taking,
giving as he gave himself up for us all,
giving, never taking. Amen.

- Walter Brueggemann

“On Theodicy”

We gladly confess: “The eyes of all look to you, and you
give them food in due season. You open your
hand, satisfying the desire of every living thing.”

That we gladly and confidently confess—

And yet, we notice your creatures not well fed but mired
in hunger, poverty, and despair.

And yet, we notice the power of evil that stalks the best of
us: the power of cancer, the dread of war, sadness of
death—“good death” or cruel death.

And so we pray confidently toward you, but with
footnotes that qualify. We pray confidently, but we
will not deny in your presence the negatives that
make us wonder.

We pray amid our honest reservations, give us patience to
wait, impatience to care, sadness held honestly,
surrounded by joy over your coming kingdom—and
peace while we wait—and peace at the last, that we
may be peacemakers and so your children.

We pray in the name of your firstborn Son, our
peacemaker.

- Walter Brueggemann

Twenty Questions about your Place

Adapted from Bill Duvall and George Sessions, *Deep Ecology*

1. Trace the water you drink from precipitation to tap.
2. How many days until the moon is full (plus or minus a couple of days)?
3. Describe the soil around your home.
4. What were the primary subsistence techniques of the culture(s) that lived in your area before you?
5. Name five native edible plants in your area and their season(s) of availability.
6. From what direction do winter storms generally come in your region?
7. Where does your garbage go?
8. How long is the growing season where you live?
9. Name five trees in your area. Are any of them native? If you can't name names, describe them.
10. Name five resident and migratory birds in your area.
11. What is the land use history by humans in your area during the past _____ century?
12. What primary geological event or process influenced the landform where you live?
13. From where you are reading this, point north.
14. What spring wildflower is consistently among the first to bloom where you live?

15. What kinds of rocks and minerals are found in your area?
16. How many people live next door to you? What are their names?
17. How much gasoline do you use a week, on the average?
18. What developed and potential energy resources are in your area?
19. What plans are there for large development in your area?
20. What is the largest wild region in your area?

Living the Good News
(Some Everyday Suggestions)

1. Don't be so weighed down by "the bad news" of a wounded creation that you forget to enjoy the sheer gift and miracle of it. Learn to think and speak of it not as "nature" or "the environment" but as "creation" with all that implies about the Creator's love.
2. Don't take yourself too seriously. Avoid "environmentalist fundamentalism" and legalism. ("I don't use plastics – I'm a Christian.") Your own particular solutions to environmental problems (including following the rest of the suggestions on this sheet) are not the only ones. People come to these issues from different places, and your silent example says more than your preaching.
3. As much as possible know where your food – and everything else you use – comes from. Then try to make decisions about how you use things wisely, in keeping with the principles of "serving" and "protecting" creation. Be willing to pay more for food that has been produced in an awareness of the flourishing of the whole creation. As you can, buy locally, eat seasonally.
4. Grow some of your own food (even if it's no more than a pot of basil in the window) – not only because it

might save money (it probably won't if you price your time), but because "keeping the garden" is the basic human task.

5. Know where your garbage goes – and try to live so there is as little of it as possible. We can't really throw (or flush) things "away" – there is no "away" in God's creation—especially with all things plastic. Plastics last forever.
6. Get to know what is native to your place – from the forces that shaped it, to the species and inter-relationships of the plants and animals that make their home there. (Around here that means becoming familiar with Garry Oak meadows, the Coastal Douglas fir forest, inter-tidal life, wetlands, the salmon run). Know and delight in these things both as scientist and artist (which are two sides of our unique place in creation). Work to preserve and restore them.
7. Try to get by with less driving: our indiscriminate use of cars and roads does great damage to both creation and human community. Walk; cycle; use and support public transit.
8. Question the need to buy more things, especially things which will someday need to be "thrown away". Be less of a "consumer". Develop a profound scepticism towards all attempts to get you to buy

something. “Refuse” is far more important than “Reuse” or “Recycle” and avoid plastics whenever possible.

9. Structural change and individual change are both necessary. So support political and community policies which help the whole creation flourish. (The pressure against policies and candidates which promote “stewardship”, or creationally-wise actions which might cost more, is enormous).
10. Work to make the city more liveable, more a place of delight, more a garden; don’t assume that a care for creation means getting your place in the country. Unliveable cities produce the blight of suburban sprawl, which puts more pressure on good farming, and native environments close to the city.
11. Work with and support those who are caring for creation, even if they don’t share your faith – but don’t hide that your concern is for “creation”, with all that implies about the Creator.
12. Every day, try to spend some time outdoors, surrounded by God’s creation, not ours. –without a daily delight in the marvel of it all, reducing, re-using, recycling, etc. (all of which are good ideas) become legalistic drudgery.

MORNING PRAYER – Celtic

Daily Prayer

+ In the name of the Father,
and of the Son,
and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Opening Sentences

One thing I have asked of the Lord,
this is what I seek:
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life;
to behold the beauty of the Lord
and to seek Him in His temple.

Call: Who is it that you seek?

Response: **We seek the Lord our God.**

Call: Do you seek Him with all your heart?

Response: **Amen. Lord, have mercy.**

Call: Do you seek Him with all your soul?

Response: **Amen. Lord, have mercy.**

Call: Do you seek Him with all your mind?

Response: **Amen. Lord, have mercy.**

Call: Do you seek Him with all your strength?

Response: **Amen. Christ, have mercy.**

To whom shall we go?
You have the words of eternal life,
and we have believed and have come to know
that You are the Holy One of God.

Praise to You, Lord Jesus Christ,
King of endless glory.

Scripture Readings

Meditation

Prayer

Canticle

Christ as a light illumine and guide me.
Christ as a shield overshadow me.
Christ under me; Christ over me;
Christ beside me on my left and my right.
This day be within and without me,
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.
Be in the heart of each to whom I speak;
in the mouth of each who speaks unto me.
This day be within and without me,
lowly and meek, yet all-powerful.
Christ as a light; Christ as a shield;
Christ beside me on my left and my right.

Blessing

May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,
wherever He may send you.

May He guide you through the wilderness,
protect you through the storm.

May He bring you home rejoicing
at the wonders He has shown you.

May He bring you home rejoicing
once again into our doors.

+ In the name of the Father,
and of the Son,
and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER – Corrymeela

Community

We begin our day alone,
honouring this life, with all its potentials and possibilities.

We begin our day with trust,
knowing we are created for loving encounter.

We begin our day with hope,
knowing the day can hold love, kindness, forgiveness and justice.

A reading followed by a time of silence

We recall our day yesterday,
May we learn, may we love, may we live on.

We make room for the unexpected,
**May we find wisdom and life
in the unexpected.**

Help us to embrace possibility,
respond graciously to disappointment
and hold tenderly those we encounter.
Help us be fully present to the day.

A short silence

We pray for all whose day will be difficult,
**May we support, may we listen,
may we change.**

We resolve to live life in its fullness:
We will welcome the people who'll be part of this day.
We will greet God in ordinary and hidden moments.
We will live the life we are living.

A short silence

May we find the wisdom we need,
God be with us.
May we hear the needs of those we meet.
God be with us.
May we love the life that we are given,
God be with us.

Prayer for courage

Courage comes from the heart
and we are always welcomed by God,
the Giver of all being.
We bear witness to our faith,
knowing that we are called
to live lives of courage,
love and reconciliation
in the ordinary and extraordinary
moments of each day.
We bear witness, too, to our failures
and our complicity in the fractures of our world.
May we be courageous today.
May we learn today.
May we love today. **Amen.**

Morning Prayer (Season of Creation)

God our loving creator, Touch our hearts and minds that we may enter the silence where you wait for us....

Silence

Let your breath enter and calm us, your mystery surround us, your truth fill us and the wings of your love enfold us.

Oh God open our lips
And our mouth shall proclaim your praise.

*For the music of our world,
The divine song that sings through all creation,
God our creator, we praise you.

*For the beauty of all you have created,
A mirror of the wonders of heaven,
God our creator, we praise you.

*For the resounding roar of thunder,
Your awesome majesty revealed,
God our creator, we praise you.

*For a clouded sky splashed with sunset colors,
A glimpse of heaven's glory,
God our creator, we praise you.

*For the fragrance of a rose,
Your sweet perfume of grace,
God our creator, we praise you.

*For a riotous field of wildflowers,

God's exuberant laughter unfolded,

God our creator, we praise you.

*For a snowflake, an atom, a mathematical formula, A
hint of your unimagined complexity,

God our creator, we praise you.

*For the call to steward your creation,

*To tend your garden and make it flourish,

God our creator, we praise you

For our thanksgiving, spoken or silent...

God our creator, we praise you

Confession

Oh God you have made us to love you and the earth you
have made but we confess at times the circle of love is
broken as we forget our interconnectedness and ignore the
cries of the earth.

**Forgive us our sins, as we forgive all who have sinned
against us.**

The circle of love is broken whenever there is alienation,
whenever there is misunderstanding, whenever there is
insensitivity and a hardening of the heart.

**Forgive us our sins, as we forgive all who have sinned
against us.**

The circle of love is broken whenever we cannot see eye to
eye, whenever we cannot link hand to hand, whenever we
cannot live heart to heart and affirm our differences.

**Forgive us our sins, as we forgive all who have sinned
against us.**

Silence

Through God's grace we are forgiven, by the mercy of our Creator, through the love of the Christ, and in the power of the Spirit. Let us rejoice and be glad. Glory to God. Amen.

Psalm of the day

Readings

Silence

Our Reflections

Affirmation of Faith

Let us affirm our faith as we say,

We believe in God above us,

Creator of all things, sustainer of all life.

We believe in Christ beside us,

Companion and friend, redeemer of all the broken pieces of our universe. Who calls us to lives of reconciliation and renewal.

We believe in Spirit deep within us, Advocate and guide, who lifts up the groans of creation and lives with us eternally. We believe in the hope of God's resurrection created world,

Where all creation fits together in vibrant harmonies.

We believe in God above, beside, within, God yesterday, today and forever, Amen.

Our Prayers of Lament and Thanksgiving

Collect

Triune God, wondrous community of infinite love, teach us to contemplate you in the beauty of the universe, for all things speak of you.

Show us our place in this world as channels of your love for all the creatures of this earth, for not one of them is forgotten in your sight. Seize us with your power and light, help us to protect all life, to prepare for a better future, for the coming of your Kingdom of justice, peace, love and beauty. Praise be to you!1

Gathering our prayers together we pray as Jesus taught us (saying or) singing together

Our Father who art in heaven...

May the God who hovered over the waters of creation and formed the world from chaos,
form us in the likeness of Christ and renew the face of the earth.

Let us bless the Lord

Thanks be to God

Bell x3

MORNING PRAYER - Common Worship Daily Prayer (alt.)

Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father
and the Lord Jesus Christ be with you
and also with you.

Give us the joy of your saving help
and sustain us with your life-giving Spirit.

We have come together in the name of Christ
to offer our praise and thanksgiving,
to hear and receive God's holy word,
to pray for the needs of the world,
and to seek the forgiveness of our sins,
that by the power of the Holy Spirit
we may give ourselves to the service of God.

Jesus says, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is close at hand.' So let us turn away from our sin and turn to Christ, confessing our sins in penitence and faith.

**Lord God, we have sinned against you;
we have done evil in your sight.**

We are sorry and repent.

Have mercy on us according to your love.

**Wash away our wrongdoing and cleanse us from
our sin.**

**Renew a right spirit within us
and restore us to the joy of your salvation;**

through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

May the Father of all mercies
cleanse *you* from *your* sins,
and restore *you* in his image
to the praise and glory of his name,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Blessed is the Lord,
for he has heard the voice of our prayer;
therefore shall our hearts dance for joy
and in our song will we praise our God.

Blessed are you, Lord our God,
creator and redeemer of all;
to you be glory and praise for ever.
From the waters of chaos you drew forth the world
and in your great love fashioned us in your image.
Now, through the deep waters of death,
you have brought your people to new birth
by raising your Son to life in triumph.
May Christ your light ever dawn in our hearts
as we offer you our sacrifice of thanks and praise.
Blessed be God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit:
Blessed be God for ever.

The night has passed, and the day lies open before us;
let us pray with one heart and mind.

Silence is kept.

As we rejoice in the gift of this new day,

so may the light of your presence, O God,
set our hearts on fire with love for you;
now and for ever.

Amen.

The Word of God

Psalms of the Day

Psalms 30, 32

Psalm 30

- 1 I will exalt you, O Lord,
because you have lifted
me up *

and have not let my enemies triumph over
me.

- 2 O Lord my God, I cried out
to you, * and you restored
me to health.

3 You brought me up, O Lord, from the dead; *
you restored my life as I was going down to
the grave.

4 Sing to the Lord, you servants of his; *
give thanks for the remembrance of his
holiness.

- 5 For his wrath endures but the twinkling
of an eye, * his favour for a lifetime.

- 6 Weeping may spend the
night, * but joy comes

in the morning.

- 7 While I felt secure, I
said, "I shall never be
disturbed. *

You, Lord, with your favour, made me as
strong as
the mountains."

- 8 Then you hid your
face, * and I was
filled with fear.

9 I cried to you, O Lord; *
I pleaded with the Lord, saying,

- 10 "What profit is there in my blood, if I go
down to the Pit? * will the dust praise you
or declare your faithfulness?

- 11 Hear, O Lord, and have mercy
upon me; * O Lord, be my
helper."

12 You have turned my wailing into dancing; *
you have put off my sack-cloth and clothed
me with joy.

- 13 Therefore my heart sings to you
without ceasing; * O Lord my God, I
will give you thanks for ever.

Psalm 32

- 1 Happy are they whose transgressions are
forgiven, * and whose sin is put away!

- 2 Happy are they to whom the Lord
imputes no guilt, * and in whose spirit
there is no guile!
- 3 While I held my tongue, my bones
withered away, * because of my
groaning all day long.
- 4 For your hand was heavy upon me day
and night; * my moisture was dried up as
in the heat of summer.
- 5 Then I acknowledged my sin
to you, * and did not
conceal my guilt.
- 6 I said, "I will confess my transgressions to
the Lord." * Then you forgave me the
guilt of my sin.
- 7 Therefore all the faithful will make their
prayers to you in time of trouble; *
when the great waters overflow, they shall
not reach them.
- 8 You are my hiding-place;
you preserve me from trouble; *
you surround me with shouts of
deliverance.
- 9 "I will instruct you and teach you in the
way that you should go; *
I will guide you with my eye.
- 10 Do not be like horse or mule, which have no
understanding; * who must be fitted with bit

and bridle,
or else they will not stay near you.”

11 Great are the tribulations of the wicked; *
but mercy embraces those who trust in the
Lord.

12 Be glad, you righteous, and rejoice in
the Lord; * shout for joy, all who
are true of heart.





Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning is now
and shall be for ever. Amen.

Old Testament reading
Job 22:1-4, 21-23:7

This is the word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

Old Testament Canticle

A Song of Creation

- 1 Bless the Lord all you works of the Lord: 
sing his praise and exalt him for ever.
- 2 Bless the Lord you heavens: 
sing his praise and exalt him for ever.
- 3 Bless the Lord you angels of the Lord: 
bless the Lord all you his hosts;
bless the Lord you waters above the heavens: 

sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

4 Bless the Lord sun and moon: ♦

 bless the Lord you stars of heaven;

 bless the Lord all rain and dew: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

5 Bless the Lord all winds that blow: ♦

 bless the Lord you fire and heat;

 bless the Lord scorching wind and bitter cold: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

6 Bless the Lord dews and falling snows: ♦

 bless the Lord you nights and days;

 bless the Lord light and darkness: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

7 Bless the Lord frost and cold: ♦

 bless the Lord you ice and snow;

 bless the Lord lightnings and clouds: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

8 O let the earth bless the Lord: ♦

 bless the Lord you mountains and hills;

 bless the Lord all that grows in the ground: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

9 Bless the Lord you springs: ♦

 bless the Lord you seas and rivers;

 bless the Lord you whales and all that swim in the
 waters: ♦

 sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

10 Bless the Lord all birds of the air: ♦

 bless the Lord you beasts and cattle;

bless the Lord all people on earth: ♦
sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

11 O people of God bless the Lord: ♦
bless the Lord you priests of the Lord;
bless the Lord you servants of the Lord: ♦
sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

12 Bless the Lord all you of upright spirit: ♦
bless the Lord you that are holy and humble in heart.

The Song of the Three 35-65

Bless the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit: ♦
sing his praise and exalt him for ever.

New Testament reading

Acts 13:26-43

This is the word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead.

And Christ shall give you light.

You have died and your life is hid with Christ in God.

Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead.

Set your minds on things that are above,
not on things that are on the earth.

And Christ shall give you light.

When Christ our life appears you will appear with him
in glory.

**Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead,
and Christ shall give you light.**

Gospel Canticle

The Benedictus (The Song of Zechariah)

- 1 Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel, ♦
who has come to his people and set them free.
- 2 He has raised up for us a mighty Saviour, ♦
born of the house of his servant David.
- 3 Through his holy prophets God promised of old ♦
to save us from our enemies,
from the hands of all that hate us,
- 4 To show mercy to our ancestors, ♦
and to remember his holy covenant.
- 5 This was the oath God swore to our father
Abraham: ♦
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
- 6 Free to worship him without fear, ♦
holy and righteous in his sight
all the days of our life.
- 7 And you, child, shall be called the prophet of the
Most High, ♦
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
- 8 To give his people knowledge of salvation ♦
by the forgiveness of all their sins.
- 9 In the tender compassion of our God ♦
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
- 10 To shine on those who dwell in darkness and the
shadow of death, ♦
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning is now
and shall be for ever. Amen.

Gospel Reading

John 10:1-18

The Creed

I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.
I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried;
he descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again;
he ascended into heaven,
he is seated at the right hand of the Father,
and he will come to judge the living and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting.
Amen.

Prayers

Intercessions are offered.

Collect

Stir up, O Lord,
the wills of your faithful people,
that richly bearing the fruit of good works, we may by
you be richly rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one
God, now and for ever.

The Lord's Prayer

Gathering our prayers and praises into one,
as our Saviour taught us, so we pray

All 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.

The Conclusion

Life is short. We do not have much time to gladden the
hearts of those who walk this way with us. So, be swift to
love and make haste to be kind. (Henri-Frédéric Amiel)

The Grace

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
and the love of God,
and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,
be with us all evermore.
Amen.

EVENING PRAYER - Celtic Daily Prayer

+ In the name of the Father,
and of the Son,
and of the Holy Spirit. Amen

Opening Sentences

My soul waits for the Lord
more than those
who watch for the morning,
more than those
who watch for the morning.

Call: Out of the depths I have cried to You.

Response: O Lord, hear my voice.

Call: With my whole heart I want to praise You.

Response: O Lord, hear my voice.

Call: If You, Lord, should mark iniquities:

Response: Who could stand? Who could stand?

I will wait for the Lord.
My soul waits,
and in His word
do I hope.

Expressions of Faith

* Lord, You have always given

bread for the coming day;
and though I am poor,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always given
strength for the coming day;
and though I am weak,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always given
peace for the coming day;
and though of anxious heart,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always kept me
safe in trials;
And now, tried as I am,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always marked
the road for the coming day;
and though it may be hidden,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always lightened
this darkness of mine;
and though the night is here,
today I believe.

* Lord, You have always spoken
when time was ripe;

and though You be silent now,
today I believe.

Canticle

**In the shadow of Your wings
I will sing your praises, O Lord.**

* The Lord is my light, my salvation;
whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the refuge of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?

**In the shadow of Your wings
I will sing Your praises, O Lord.**

* One thing I ask of the Lord,
one thing I seek;
to dwell in the presence of my God,
to gaze on Your holy place.

**In the shadow of Your wings
I will sing Your praises, O Lord.**

* I believe I shall see the goodness
of the Lord in the land of the living.
O wait for the Lord!
Have courage and wait,
wait for the Lord.

**In the shadow of Your wings
I will sing Your praises, O Lord.**

Blessing

O Lord, who has pity for all our weakness:
put away from us worry and every anxious fear,
that having ended the labours of the day as in your sight,
and committing our tasks, ourselves, and all we love
into thy keeping, we may, now that night comes,
receive as from you your priceless gift of sleep;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**We will lay us down in peace and take our rest;
for it is you, Lord, only, who makes us dwell in safety.**

You, O Lord, are in the midst of us,
and we are called by your name.
Leave us not, O Lord our God,

**Preserve us, O Lord, waking, and guard us sleeping,
that awake we may watch with Christ,
and asleep we may rest in peace.**

Be present, O merciful God,
and protect us through the silent hours of this night,
so that we who are wearied
by the changes and chances of this fleeting world,
may repose upon your eternal changelessness;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night,
and at the last a perfect end;
and the blessing of God Almighty,
+ the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be with us this night, and for evermore.
Amen.

CELTIC NIGHT PRAYER I

Calm me, O Lord, as you stilled the storm.
Still me, O Lord, keep me from harm.
Let all the tumult within me cease.
Enfold me, Lord, in Your peace.

*Father, bless the work that is done and the work that is to
be.

*Father, bless the servant that I am and the servant that I will
be.

*Thou Lord and God of power shield and sustain me this night.

I will lie down this night with God,
and God will lie down with me;
I will lie down this night with Christ,
and Christ will lie down with me;
I will lie down this night with the Spirit
and the Spirit will lie down with me;
God and Christ and the Spirit,
be lying down with me.

*The peace of God be over me to shelter me,
*under me to uphold me,
*about me to protect me,
*behind me to direct me,
*ever with me to save me.

The peace of all peace
be mine this night
+ in the name of the Father,
and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Prayer walk

Malcolm Guite

A hidden path that starts at a dead end,
Old ways, renewed by walking with a friend,
And crossing places taken hand in hand,

The passages where nothing need be said,
With bruised and scented sweetness underfoot
And unexpected birdsong overhead,

The sleeping life beneath a dark-mouthed burrow,
The rooted secrets rustling in a hedgerow,
The land's long memory in ridge and furrow,

A track once beaten and now overgrown
With complex textures, every kind of green,
Land- and cloud-scape melting into one,

The rich meandering of streams at play,
A setting out to find oneself astray,
And coming home at dusk a different way