

Prayers taken from the Easter Eucharist booklet
used in Holy Trinity

Come now,
turn aside for a while from
your daily employment,
escape for a moment from
the tumult of your thoughts.

Put aside your weighty cares,
let your burdensome distractions wait,
free yourself awhile for God
and rest awhile in him.

Enter the inner chamber of your soul,
shut out everything except God
and that which can help you in seeking him,
and when you have shut the door, seek him.

Now my whole heart, say to God,
'I seek your face,
Lord, it is your face I seek.'

Anselm (1033-1109)

I believe that you created me:
let not the work of your hands be despised.
I believe that I am after your image and likeness:
let not your own likeness be defaced.

I believe that you saved me by your blood:
let not the price of ransom be squandered.
I believe that you proclaimed me a Christian in your name:
let not your namesake be scorned.
I believe that you hallowed me in rebirth:
let not that consecration be despoiled.
I believe that you engrafted me into the cultivated olive-tree:
let not the limb of your mystical body be cut out.

Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626)

Glory be to God for dappled things --
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in 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(1844-1889)

I asked for Peace -
My sins arose,
And bound me close,
I could not find release.

I asked for Truth -
My doubts came in,
And with their din
They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love -
My lovers failed,
And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above.

I asked for thee -
And thou didst come
To take me home
Within thy heart to be.

Digby Mackworth Dolben (1848-1867)

Truth

For some, Truth is fortress, square and strong,
in which, once entered, safety lies.
Only like-minded people dwell there, none disturb
the calm and certain sureties of belief.
Outside, the world pursues its way, its noise and
clamour offering small attractions to those
whose knowledge keeps them safe beyond the
drawbridge of conviction. If any try to breach the
bastions of tradition, they are repelled with
boiling scorn, Truth is impregnable.

For others, Truth is both journey and
discovery, a way which leads and
urges without rest.
No castle for retreat, but
camps, where fellow pilgrims join
to take refreshment in each other's
company. Assorted in experience, they
enrich, enlighten, challenge and
go on to further exploration.
Travelling light. Knowing that in this life
all is provisional; seeking fulfilment,
the end and explanation of the quest.

Ann Lewin

‘Enter then into the joy of your Master ...
Let all enjoy the banquet of faith ...
Let no one weep for his sins: forgiveness is risen from the tomb.
Let no one fear death: the Saviour’s death has set us free ...
Christ is risen and life has prevailed!’

John Chrysostom (347-407)

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

George Herbert (1593-1633)

The seed is Christ's, the harvest his:
may we be stored within God's barn.
The sea is Christ's, the fish are his:
may we be caught within God's net.
From birth to age, from age to death,
enfold us, Christ, within your arms.
Until the end, the great re-birth,
Christ, be our joy in Paradise.

Trad. Irish, tr. James Quinn

A Prayer for Abundant Life

O God

Where hearts are fearful and confined:

Grant freedom and daring.

Where anxiety is infectious and widening:

Grant peace and reassurance.

Where impossibilities close every door and window:

Grant imagination and resistance.

Where distrust shapes every understanding:

Grant healing and transformation.

Where spirits are daunted and dimmed:

Grant soaring wings and strengthened dreams.

Marion Best

Do not be afraid to throw yourself on the Lord. He will not draw back and let you fall. Put your worries aside and throw yourself on him: he will welcome you and heal you.

St Augustine (354-430)

I give you thanks,
Lord, holy Father, everlasting God.
In your great mercy,
and not because of my own merits,
you have fed me, a sinner and your unworthy servant,
with the precious body and Blood of your Son,
our Lord Jesus Christ.
I pray that this holy communion
may not serve as my judgement and condemnation,
but as my forgiveness and salvation.
May it be my armour of faith
and shield of good purpose.
May it root out in me all vice and evil desire,
increase my love and patience,
humility and obedience,
and every virtue.
Make it a firm defence
against the wiles of all my enemies, seen and unseen,
while restraining all evil impulses of flesh and spirit.
May it help me to cleave to you, the one true God,
and bring me to a blessed death when you call.
I beseech you to bring me, a sinner,
so that ineffable feast where,
with your Son and the Holy Spirit,
you are the true light of your holy ones,
their flawless blessedness,
everlasting joy,
and perfect happiness.
Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayer of St Thomas Aquinas after Holy Communion (1225-1274)

The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

With the drawing of this Love and the voice
of this Calling

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

T S Eliot (1888-1965)

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost (1874-1963)