

Additional Prayers from the Evening Services booklet used in Holy Trinity

Prayers and Devotions

Most gracious Father,
we pray for your holy catholic Church:
fill it with all truth
and in all truth with all peace;
where it is corrupt, purge it;
where it is in error, direct it;
where anything is amiss, reform it;
where it is right, strengthen and confirm it;
where it is in want, furnish it;
where it is divided, heal it
and unite it in your love;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

William Laud (1573-1645)

Support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the
shades lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is
hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then,
Lord, in thy mercy, grant us safe lodging, a holy rest and peace
at last.

John Henry Newman (1801-90)

The Road not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth.

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

This world is not conclusion

A Species stands beyond –
Invisible, as Music –
But positive, as Sound –
It beckons, and it baffles –
Philosophy – don't know –
And through a Riddle, at the last –
Sagacity, must go –
To guess it, puzzles scholars –
To gain it, Men have borne
Contempt of Generations,
And crucifixion – shown –
Faith slips – and laughs, and rallies –
Blushes, if any see –
Plucks at a twig of Evidence –
And asks a Vane, the way –
Much gesture from the Pulpit –
Strong Hallelujahs roll –
Narcotics cannot still the Tooth
That nibbles at the soul.

Emily Dickinson (1830-86)

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
When frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's drags made desolate
The weakening of the day.

The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seem'd to be
The century's copse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon the earth
Seem'd fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessèd Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

Night is drawing nigh –
For all that has been – thanks,
To all that shall be – yes.

Dag Hammerskjold
(1905-61)

Lord of light
help me to know
that you are also
Lord of night.

And by your choice
when all is dark
and still and stark
you use your voice.

Harry Alfred Wiggett
(from *An African Prayer Book* by Desmond Tutu)

“We live in the fullness of time. Every moment is God’s own good time. His *kairos*. The whole things boils down to giving ourselves in prayer a chance to realise that we have what we seek. We don’t have to rush after it. It was there all the time and if we give it time it will make itself known to us.”

Thomas Merton (1915-68)
in A Hidden Wholeness

Look back, remember, and have confidence;
The future, like the past, has God in it;
His cupped hands bear the whole of time, and you;
The future holds nothing that can elude
His covenanted care and mastery.

author unknown

A Prayer of General Thanksgiving

Almighty God, Father of all mercies,
We thine unworthy servants
Do give thee most humble and hearty thanks
For all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and all people.
We bless thee for our creation, preservation,
And all the blessings of this life;
But above all for thine inestimable love
In the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ,
For the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.
And we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies,
That our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful,
And that we shew forth thy praise,
Not only with our lips, but in our lives;
By giving up ourselves to thy service,
And by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days;
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
To whom with thee and the Holy Ghost
Be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

From the Book of Common Prayer (1662)