

UNION

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, 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 itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
Crying, *what I do is me: for that I came.*

I say more: the just man justifies;
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 eyes not his
To the Father through features of men's faces.

MAY THE LOVE OF THE FATHER
THE LOVE OF THE SON
THE SPIRIT OF LIFE, THE BREATH OF THE LORD
MAY GOD'S PRESENCE, FILL YOUR HEART
ABIDING IN YOU AS YOUR LIGHT AND LIFE
ABIDING IN YOU AS YOUR LIGHT

If you would like to receive the Imago Dei email meditations to encourage your life of prayer, you can sign up on the website, or email imago@shaw.ca

Check our website for information about groups meeting locally. Rob Des Cotes' books are available online.

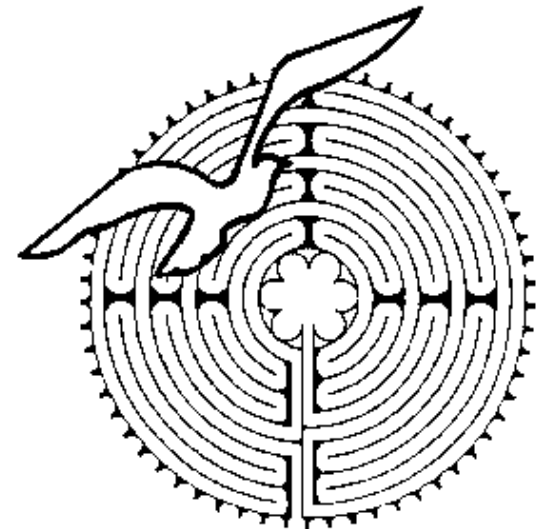
Our next **Contemplative Communion Service** will be **TBA @ 7 pm. Watch the weekly email for details.**

Imago Dei Christian Community

www.imagodeicommunity.ca

Contemplative Liturgy

June 10, 2023



with quotes from '*The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*'

Contemplative Liturgy

COME DWELL IN THE SHELTER OF THE MOST HIGH
COME REST IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY GOD
COME SAY OF THE LORD, "HE IS MY REFUGE
MY GOD IN WHOM I TRUST"

HE WILL CALL UPON ME, AND I WILL ANSWER HIM (x3)

AWAKENING

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

GOD IS MY REFUGE AND MY STRENGTH
MY EVERPRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE (rpt.)

THERE IS A RIVER WHOSE STREAMS MAKE GLAD
THE CITY OF GOD (rpt.)

BE STILL AND KNOW HE IS LORD

Love I was shewn upon the mountain-side
And bid to catch Him ere the drop of day.
See, Love, I creep and Thou on wings dost ride:
Love, it is evening now and Thou away;
Love, it grows darker here and Thou art above;
Love, come down to me if Thy name be Love.

O GOD MY HEART IS OPEN TO YOU
YOU PERCEIVE ALL MY DESIRES,
NOTHING CAN I HIDE FROM YOU
YOUR TRUE LIGHT IS MY DESIRE

PURIFY THE THOUGHTS OF MY HEART
THAT I MAY LOVE YOU
WITH THE LOVE YOU DESERVE

ILLUMINATION

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.

DEEP CALLS TO DEEP
IN THE ROAR OF YOUR WATER FALLING
ALL YOUR WAVES, HAVE SWEEPED OVER ME
ALL YOUR WAVES, HAVE SWEEPED OVER ME
NO ONE WHO HOPES IN YOU, WILL EVER BE PUT TO SHAME
TEACH ME, FOR YOU ARE MY GOD
MY HOPE IS IN YOU ALL DAY LONG.

CONFESSION

GOD LET YOUR MERCY BE ON US,
AS WE PLACE OUR TRUST IN YOU

My own heart let me more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

GOD LET YOUR MERCY BE ON US,
AS WE PLACE OUR TRUST IN YOU

I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

GOD LET YOUR MERCY BE ON US,
AS WE PLACE OUR TRUST IN YOU

Psalm 63:1-5

Oh! till Thou givest that sense beyond,
To shew Thee that Thou art, and near,
Let patience with her chastening wand
Dispel the doubt and dry the tear;
And lead me child-like by the hand
If still in darkness not in fear.

Speak! whisper to my watching heart
One word—as when a mother speaks
Soft, when she sees her infant start,
Till dimpled joy steals o'er its cheeks.
Then, to behold Thee as Thou art,
I'll wait till morn eternal breaks.

IT IS GOOD TO WAIT IN SILENCE
FOR THE SALVATION OF THE LORD
BONUM EST PRAESTOLARI
CUM SILENTIO SALUTARE DEI

Isa. 55:1-2

Thou that on sin's wages starvest
Behold we have the joy in harvest
For us was gather'd the first-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel hands, bruised sore,

Scourged upon the threshing-floor;
Where the upper mill-stone roof'd His head,
At morn we found the heavenly Bread,
And, on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made!

COMMUNION

(words by St. John of the Cross)

HOW GENTLY AND LOVINGLY YOU AWAKEN MY HEART
WHERE IN SECRET YOU DWELL WITH ME
(RPT.)

AND IN YOUR SWEET BREATH, FILLED WITH GOOD AND GLORY
HOW TENDERLY YOU FILL MY HEART WITH LOVE