

Psalm 130:1-2, 5-6

(silence)

Poetry- ‘*Salvation*’ ~ Hannah Main-van der Kamp

Hope is an attitude where everything stays open before me. It is daring to stay open to whatever today will offer me, or tomorrow, two months from now or a year from now, that is hope. Whenever we pray with hope, we put our lives in the hands of God. Fear and anxiety fade away and everything we are given and everything we are deprived of is nothing but a finger pointing out the direction of God’s hidden promise. A prayer of hope is a prayer that disarms you and extends you far beyond the limits of your own longings.

~Henri Nouwen

ALL WILL BE WELL, ALL WILL BE WELL
ALL, THINGS, SHALL BE WELL

RESPONSE

**Christ yesterday and today,
the Beginning and the End,
the Alpha and Omega.
All the times and ages in between
belong to You**

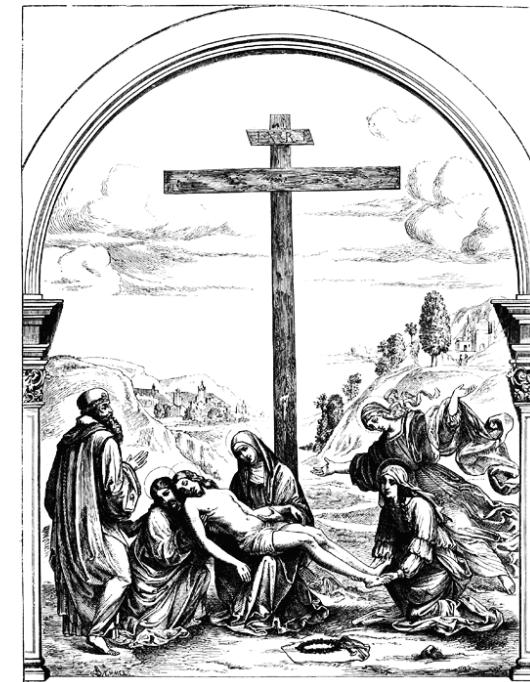
**You are Lord of Light and Light in the Darkness
To Christ be glory and dominion
Through all ages of eternity. Amen**

Our next **Contemplative Communion Service** will be
on Sat. May. 13 @ 7pm

Imago Dei Christian Community

www.imagodeicommunity.ca

Holy Saturday Liturgy



“I Will Wait”

*Let those who walk in the dark, who have no light,
trust in the name of the LORD and rely on their God.
Isaiah 50:10*

Contemplative Liturgy

COME AND FILL OUR HEARTS WITH YOUR PEACE
YOU ALONE O LORD ARE HOLY
COME AND FILL OUR HEARTS WITH YOUR PEACE
AL-LE-LU-IA

Psalm 5:1-3

Poetry- '*Covenant*' ~Hannah Main-van der Kamp

Lord we find ourselves in between worlds tonight, as often we do in our lives. We wait, as people not yet dead, and yet not fully reborn. We see enough to know that we don't see enough. We look for change, and yet we are not even certain of what changes we need. But we believe that you O Lord, are certain of our needs. So in faith we wait, for you. We wait for an end, we wait for a beginning. We wait for your life to unfold in ours.

IN GOD ALONE MY SOUL CAN FIND REST AND PEACE
IN GOD MY PEACE AND JOY
ONLY IN GOD MY SOUL CAN FIND ITS REST
FIND ITS REST AND PEACE

Psalm 27:1-3

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT, MY LIGHT AND SALVATION
IN GOD I TRUST, IN GOD I TRUST

CONFSSION

But it is not well with my soul. The Lord was my light, but now I am blind, disoriented, and I fear being lost forever. I trust You Lord, but I don't know any more what it is I hope for. Can you accept this offering? Your joy has failed me Lord. I seem to have miscarried your seed.

Psalm 38:9-16, 21-22

COME TO MY HELP O GOD
LORD, COME TO MY RESCUE

Poetry- '*Every Day, Falling*' ~Sheila Rosen

O LORD HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD HEAR MY PRAYER
WHEN I CALL, ANSWER ME
O LORD HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD HEAR MY PRAYER
COME AND LISTEN TO ME

THE LORD IS MY SONG, THE LORD IS MY PRAISE
ALL MY HOPE COMES FROM GOD
THE LORD IS MY SONG, THE LORD IS MY PRAISE
GOD, THE WELL-SPRING OF LIFE

Isaiah 50:10

Poetry- '*A Word in Season*' ~ Hannah Main-van der Kamp

WAIT FOR THE LORD, WHOSE DAY IS NEAR
WAIT FOR THE LORD, KEEP WATCH, TAKE HEART

COMMUNION

ALL THE DAYS OF MY HARD SERVICE
I WILL WAIT, (I WILL WAIT)
I WILL WAIT FOR MY RENEWAL
I WILL WAIT, (I WILL WAIT)
I WILL WAIT FOR MY RENEWAL

I WILL WAIT FOR MY RENEWAL
YOU WILL CALL, (YOU WILL CALL)
YOU WILL CALL AND I WILL ANSWER
YOU WILL CALL, (YOU WILL CALL)
YOU WILL CALL AND I WILL ANSWER

(from Job 14:14)

COVENANT

Mild in their manner
but resolute

Field daffodils emerge, dare to say yes
just yes

that's all
not the noise of debate

not the hothouse of opinion
just yes

the power of those
who are sure of their season

though the mornings of thick darkness
are not yet past.

A WORD IN SEASON

Let us not be hasty to create our own light....

A word to you who would plunge into solutions
or bury yourselves in the obvious.

There is a precondition for the repair of souls

namely: diminished vision.
The grin on the five-cheeked petals fades.
A preponderance of absence

which you could repair with flashlights,
candles, a struck match. Don't. A dark cloth
is laid over the garden, lean into it.

Say a blessing over the pepper scent.

Do not stir the floral embers; the now invisible
perky handled calyx, whiskers at the florescent throat.

To tip the balance towards light, first relinquish it.
Darkness cannot change the heat-licked petals;
wait on them.

SALVATION

If you hadn't been on my side,
I'll keep saying it,
If you had not been on my side,
They would've got me, the vultures

Me, huddled
Blind bird in a doorless cage
Set at the low tide line
Mired in mud under noon sun.

Wrath of heat. Threat
of overwhelming water.
Their hooked eyes were upon me.

Swept away but
for you, snare breaker!
I say your names: heat slaker,
door maker, you
tide turner, torrent tamer and again,
I name you again: soul scaper.

Heaven and earth!
I fly free. Unsteadily,
rise above my former habit-
ation, see it
sprung jagged open
on its side
empty.

Every day, falling

Every day we are falling away,
falling. The gravity is greater
than we knew. Too brutal.

Catch us in the net
of your skin, the web
of your lion's hide.
We are slipping.

Hold us between your jaws;
save us by the strength
of your marvellous sinews.

Throw us into wind
into the up-draught;
make us fly. We are
falling.

Catch us, we are all
falling away.