



## A Pilgrim’s Morning Praise

### Invitatory: (Psalm 51:15 & Lamentations 3:22-23)

Oh Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.

The Lord’s unfailing love and mercy never cease. Fresh as the morning and sure as the sunrise — the Lord’s unfailing love and mercy never cease.

### Laudation: All the World - PHL PERSONENT HODIE

All the world like a bell peals its praise us to tell, “God has made all things well!” Let us join in singing — Hearts like bells a-ringing.

### Refrain

Let us raise the strains, praising God again!  
Each new day, Lauds we pray. Christ the Lord is risen!

With the sun let us rise; walk in love; give our lives.  
Follow Christ; become wise; shining bright for Jesus,  
with his love he frees us. **R**



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Follow Christ; become wise; shining bright for Jesus,  
with his love he frees us. **R**

At the brink of the day, dark of night giving way, now we go work and play, all to honor Jesus — by his love he frees us. **R**

### Psalm 42 The prayer of an exile †



As the deer longs for the water-brooks, \*  
so longs my soul for you, O God.

I thirst for God, for the living God; \*  
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my food day and night,  
while all day long they say to me, “Where now is your God?”

I pour out my soul when I think on these things;  
how I went with the multitude and led them into the\*  
house of God, with shouts of thanksgiving,\*  
among those keeping festival.

Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, \*  
and why are you so disquieted within me?  
Put your trust in God, for I will yet give thanks \*  
to the one who is my help and my God.

My soul is heavy within me;\*  
therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan,  
and from the peak of Mizar among the heights of Hermon.

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One deep calls to another at the roar of your cascades;\*  
all your rapids and floods have gone over me.  
The LORD grants lovingkindness in the daytime;\*  
in the night season the LORD’s song is with me,\*  
a prayer to the God of my life.

I will say to the God of my strength, “Why have you rejected me, and why do I wander in such gloom while the enemy oppresses me?”

While my bones are being broken, \*  
my enemies mock me to my face;  
all the day long they mock me and say to me,  
“Where now is your God?”

11Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, \*  
and why are you so disquieted within me?  
Put your trust in God, for I will yet give thanks to the one who is my help and my God.

Praise the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit\*  
both now and forever.  
The God who is, who was, and is to come\*  
at the end of the ages.

### Silent Reflection

**Morning Collect:** (Psalm 51:15; Lamentations 3:22-23; Genesis 1:9-13; John 6:3, 51; Psalm 145:15-16; John 6:60; Exodus 16:13-20; Matthew 6:24; Deuteronomy 8:3; Matthew 4:4; John 1:14)

Lord God, you are the bread of life: in whom I have the assurance of my daily bread. It belongs to the great

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Lord God, you are the bread of life: in whom I have the assurance of my daily bread. It belongs to the great

wonders of my existence that all creation looks to you for its food in due season and you, in mercy, satisfy the desires of every living thing.

And yet, even as I marvel before your generous provender, I acknowledge, as did your first disciples, that your claim to be the bread of life is a hard truth to accept. Truth be told, I often lack sufficient trust that you will provide my daily bread and so I gather in a frenzy all I can reach. My greed is simply the natural consequence of my anxiety. I know your warnings about trying to gather too much, but I feel a compulsion to gather more and more. I suspect that your creation is a zero-sum game — that you have no more gifts to give — and so I justify both my greed and my parsimonious attitude toward those in need.

Save me Lord from this failure to trust you which fuels the greed which is killing me. Bring to full fruitfulness in me the virtues of hope and generosity. In your mercy, save me from the temptation to serve two masters. Feed my confidence in your capacity to provide everything needed for an abundant life. Win me to the vision of your ever-generative and fruitful creation which bestows its largesse without resentment.

May my generosity mirror your generosity. May my hope remind me that I am *status viatoris* — so that I live today as one who knows I am on the way to somewhere important, and that I have not yet arrived.

On this day you created the dry land and plants of every kind. As I enjoy the breads made from your many plants may I be reminded that you are the bread of life, and that I do not live by the bread of this world alone, but by every Word from the mouth of God. I praise you for that Word become flesh dwelling

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in my life full of grace and truth and I offer my prayers in the name of the one who is the bread of life. Amen.

### Canticle of Simeon (NRSV Luke 2:25-32)

Now there was a man in Jerusalem whose name was Simeon; this man was righteous and devout, looking forward to the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Spirit rested on him. It had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit that he would not see death before he had seen the Lord’s Messiah. Guided by the Spirit, Simeon came into the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him what was customary under the law, Simeon took him in his arms and praised God, saying,

“Master, now you are dismissing your servant in peace, according to your word; for my eyes have seen your salvation, which you have prepared in the presence of all peoples, a light for revelation to the Gentiles and for glory to your people Israel.”

### Dismissal:

[Luke 6:27-36]

Love your enemies; be kind to those who dislike you; be a blessing to those who speak ill of you; and pray for those who mistreat you. Give to everyone who begs from you — for if you love only those who love you, what does that say about you? Even the depraved will be kind to those from whom they expect to receive the same. Let your love reflect the love of the Father who is merciful. Give and it will be given to you; a full complement, pressed down, shaken together, spilling over into your lap.

† *The Psalms are taken from The Book of Common Worship: Daily Prayer; Westminster John Knox Press. Used by Permission.*

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