



*Night Prayer*  
*Rev. Karen Brau*

OPENING



Almighty God grant us a qui - et night and peace at the last.



A - men.



It is good to give thanks to the Lord, **to sing praise to your name, O Most High;**



to herald your love in the morning, **your truth at the close of the day.**

# When the Poor Ones

## *Cuando el pobre*



1 Cuan-do el po-bre na-da tie-ne y aún re-par-te,  
1 When the poor ones, who have noth-ing, still are giv-ing;  
2 When com-pas-sion gives the suf-f'ring con-so-la-tion;  
3 When our spir-its, like a chal-ice, brim with glad-ness;  
4 When the good-ness poured from heav-en fills our dwell-ings;



cuan-do al-guien pa-sa sed ya-gua nos da,  
when the thirst-y pass the cup, wa-ter to share;  
when ex-pect-ing brings to birth hope that was lost;  
when our voic-es, full and clear, sing out the truth;  
when the na-tions work to change war in-to peace;



cuan-do el dé-bil a su her-ma-no for-ta-le-ce:  
when the wound-ed of-fer oth-ers strength and heal-ing:  
when we choose love, not the ha-tred all a-round us:  
when our long-ings, free from en-vy, seek the hum-ble:  
when the strang-er is ac-cept-ed as our neigh-bor:

### *Refrain / Estribillo*



Va Dios mis-mo en nues-tro mis-mo ca-mi-nar;  
We see God, here by our side, walk-ing our way;



va Dios mis-mo en nues-tro mis-mo ca-mi-nar.  
we see God, here by our side, walk-ing our way.

Text: José Antonio Olivar, b. 1939; tr. Martin A. Seltz, b. 1951

Music: EL CAMINO, Miguel Manzano, b. 1934

Text and music © 1971, 1998 J.A. Olivar, Miguel Manzano, and San Pablo Internacional—SSP, admin. OCP Publications,  
5536 NE Hassalo, Portland, OR 97213. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

## Confession and Forgiveness

Let us confess our sin in the presence of God and of one another.

Holy and gracious God,

I confess that I have sinned against you this day.

Some of my sin I know—

the thoughts and words and deeds

of which I am ashamed—

but some is known only to you.

In the name of Jesus Christ I ask forgiveness.

Deliver and restore me,

that I may rest in peace.

By the mercy of God we are united with Jesus Christ,

in whom we are forgiven.

We rest now in the peace of Christ and rise in the morning to serve.

### REFLECTION on Psalm 126

By Christiana Lundholm

*When the Lord restored the fortunes of Zion,  
we were like those who dream.*

*Then our mouth was filled with laughter,  
and our tongue with shouts of joy;*

*then it was said among the nations,*

*“The Lord has done great things for them.”*

*The Lord has done great things for us,  
and we rejoiced.*

*Restore our fortunes, O Lord,  
like the watercourses of the Negeb.*

*May those who sow in tears  
reap with shouts of joy.*

*Those who go out weeping  
bearing the seed for sowing,  
shall come home with shouts of joy,  
carrying their sheaves.*

A few months ago, I was listening to an online concert one evening by the folk musician John McCutcheon, and he sang a song with the words “Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and fly.” And immediately after the concert finished, I joined the Luther Place community for one of the evening Compline services, and for the evening hymn Pastor Karen was singing “We’ve come a long way, Lord, a mighty long way.” And somehow in my head the two songs seemed to weave themselves together, and this poem emerged. It seems to go with today’s psalm in some way, and so I’m sharing it with you this evening.

The way has been long, yes,  
and stony, storms have drenched us,  
and now they are over, or maybe not,  
but we are still walking,  
with the road unspooling behind and before.  
And because we are still walking,  
there is still, with each step,  
an alleluia  
and it carries us from the step just past  
to the one we are shifting our weight toward now.  
Praise for the road trodden so long,  
praise for the dust where our feet rest now,  
and praise for the road still to come,  
because even at the grave we make our song.  
Our wings are not yet grown,  
and we don’t know how to fly,  
but they know  
the alleluias  
they know how to fly  
and if we say their name  
over the stones on the long road  
someday we might know too.  
Alleluia

In-to your hands, O Lord, I com - mend my spir - it.

In - to your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

You have re - deemed me, O Lord, God of truth.

In - to your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

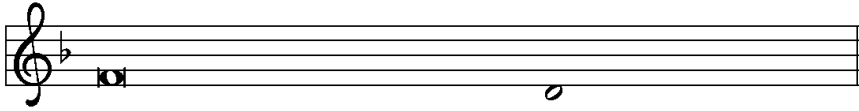
Glory to the Cre - a - tor and to the Christ, and to the Ho - ly Spir - it.

In - to your hands I com - mend my spir - it.

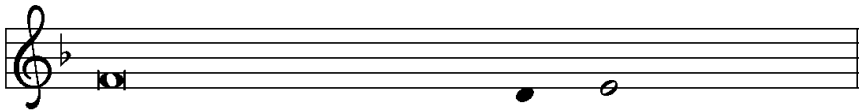
# PRAYERS



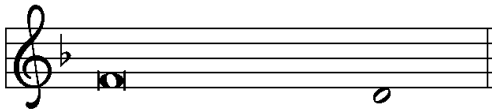
Hear my prayer, O Lord; **listen to my cry.**



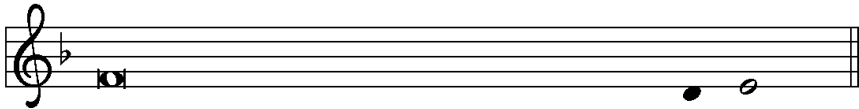
Keep me as the apple of your eye;



**hide me in the shadow of your wings.**



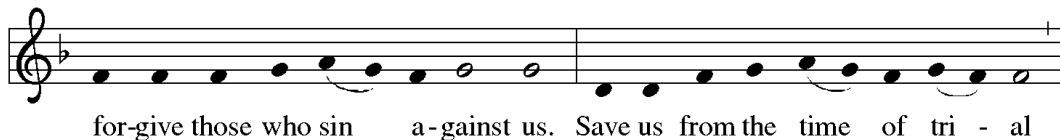
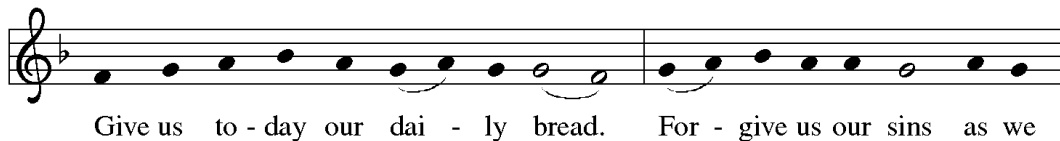
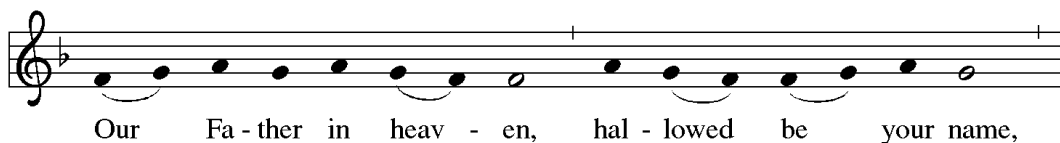
In hope I shall see you;



**when I awake, your presence will give me joy.**

Keep watch, dear Lord, with those who work or watch or weep this night, and give your angels charge over those who sleep. Tend the sick, give rest to the weary, bless the dying, soothe the suffering, comfort the afflicted, shield the joyous; and all for your love's sake. **Amen.**

The night is the cover of your peace, O God,  
the rhythm of your rest for all your people.  
The darkness is the cloak of your gentleness, O God,  
the warmth of your hand around the earth.  
In its blackness is the sign of your eternity,  
the never-ending living of your love.  
In faith we go to sleep and leave our life to you.  
In childlike trust we end our efforts of this day.  
In our sleeping, be our company.  
In our waking, be the gift of our new day.  
We pray to God, our rest and comfort, in the words Jesus taught us:

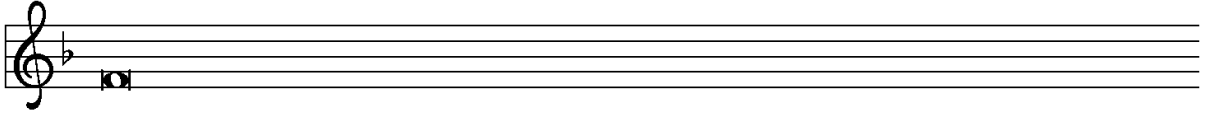


# BLESSING

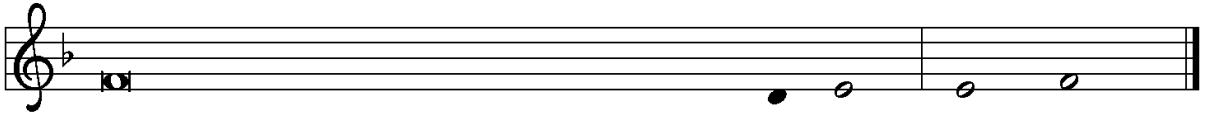


Let us bless the Lord.

**Thanks be to God.**



Almighty and merciful God, Creator, + Christ, and Holy Spirit,



bles, preserve, and keep us, this night and forev-er - more.

**A - men.**