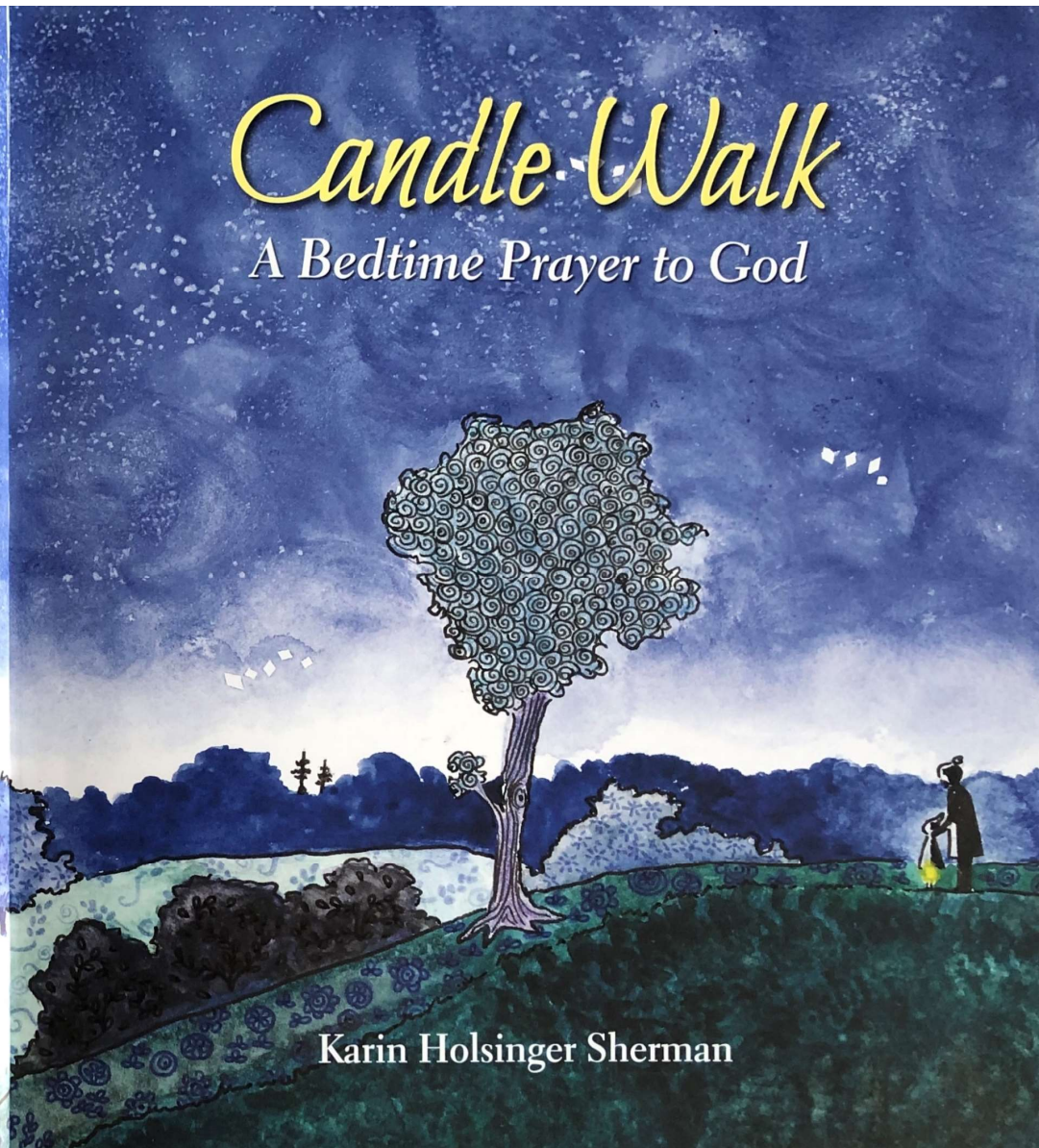


St. David's Compline Service (for kids of all ages)





Candle Walk

A Bedtime Prayer to God

Karin Holsinger Sherman

The stars are waking,
one sleepy light at a time.

I pull on my muddied boots
and light my little lantern.

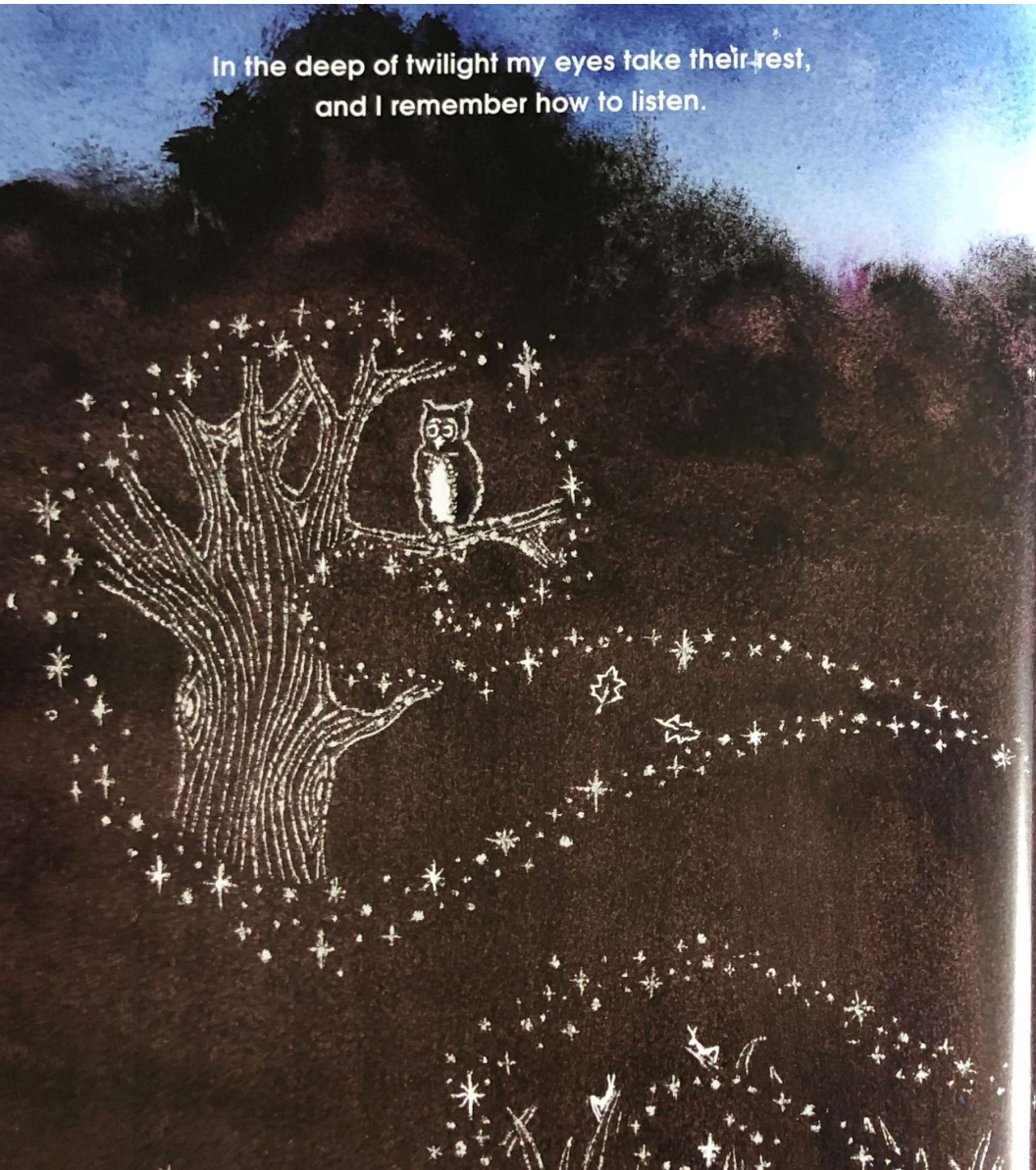


The day is finished, and it is time for our candle walk.

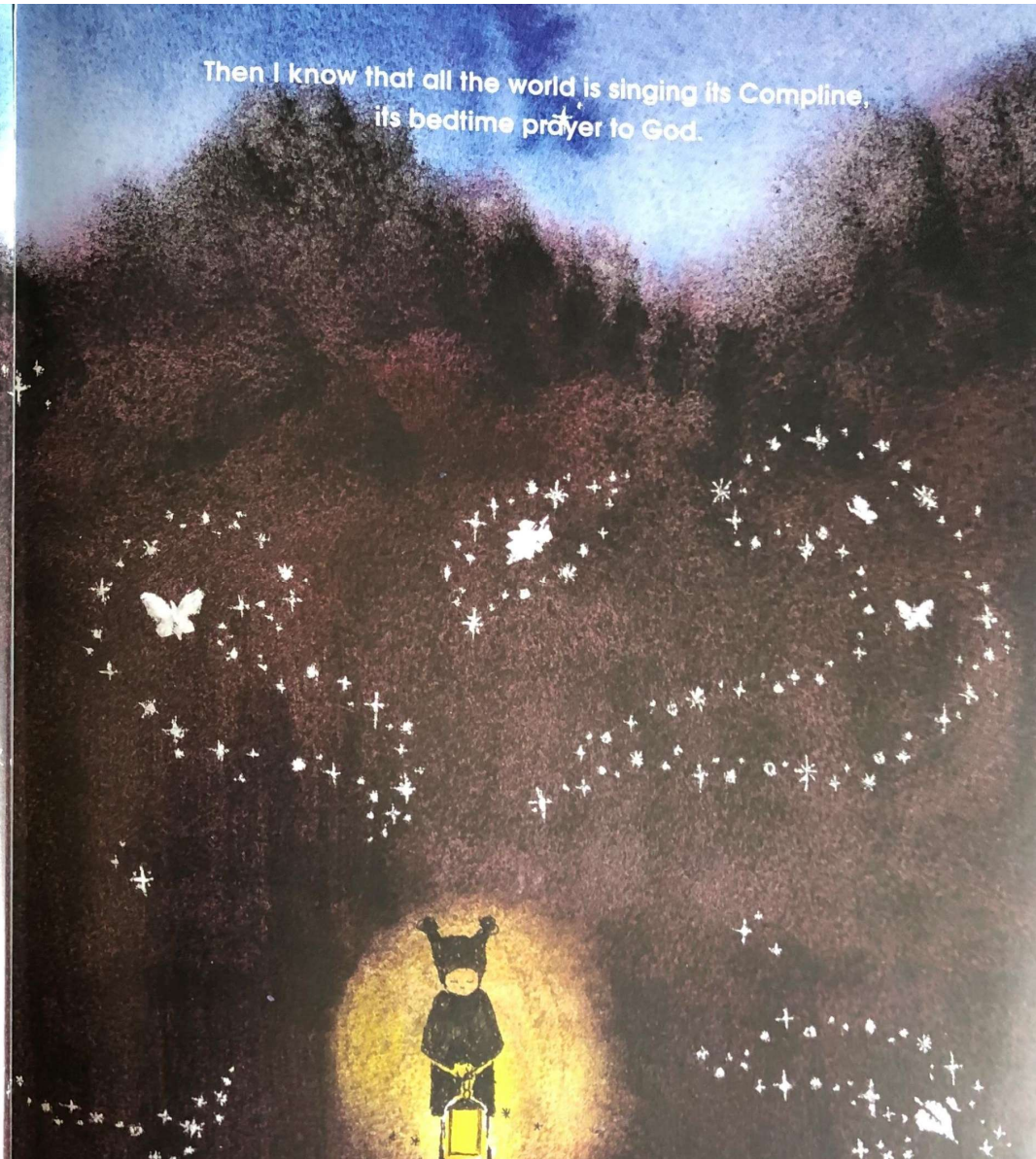
We peek into the darkness,
and I take a deep breath.



In the deep of twilight my eyes take their rest,
and I remember how to listen.



Then I know that all the world is singing its Compline,
its bedtime prayer to God.





Rustle rustle
Whoosh and whisper

The leaves sing as they fall.

"I lie down in peace; at once I fall asleep;
for only you, Lord, make me dwell in safety."



Creak creak,
dance the trees.

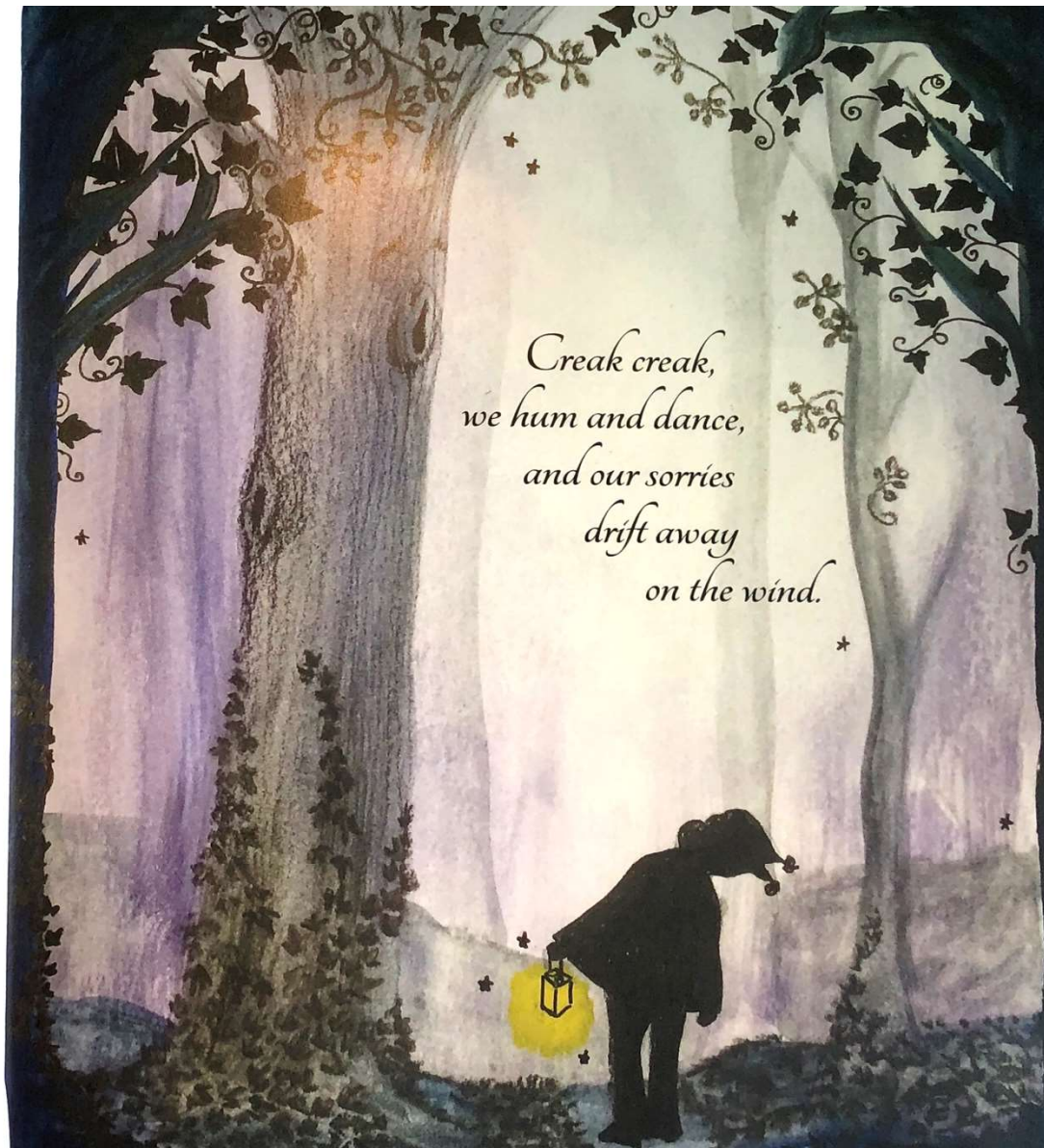
Our eyes are closed as we remember our day.

Did God move through our branches today?
Or did God's breath feel far away?

Did someone seek the shelter of our shade?
Is there something that made us sorry?



*Creak creak,
we hum and dance,
and our sorries
drift away
on the wind.*





"To whit to whoo whoo whooooo!"
sings my friend the owl.

"He shall cover you with his wings
and you shall be safe under his feathers . . .
You shall not be afraid of any terror by night,
nor of the arrow that flies by day. . . ."



Lap lap lap, lap lap lap

The river is sleepy, dark, and deep.

"Lord, you are in the midst of us, and we are
called by your name."



Whisk whisk whisper

"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened
and I will give you rest . . .

learn from me;
for I am gentle and lowly in heart,
and you will find rest for your souls."





"Be our light in the darkness,"
sing a million fiery stars.

"Protect us through the hours of this night."





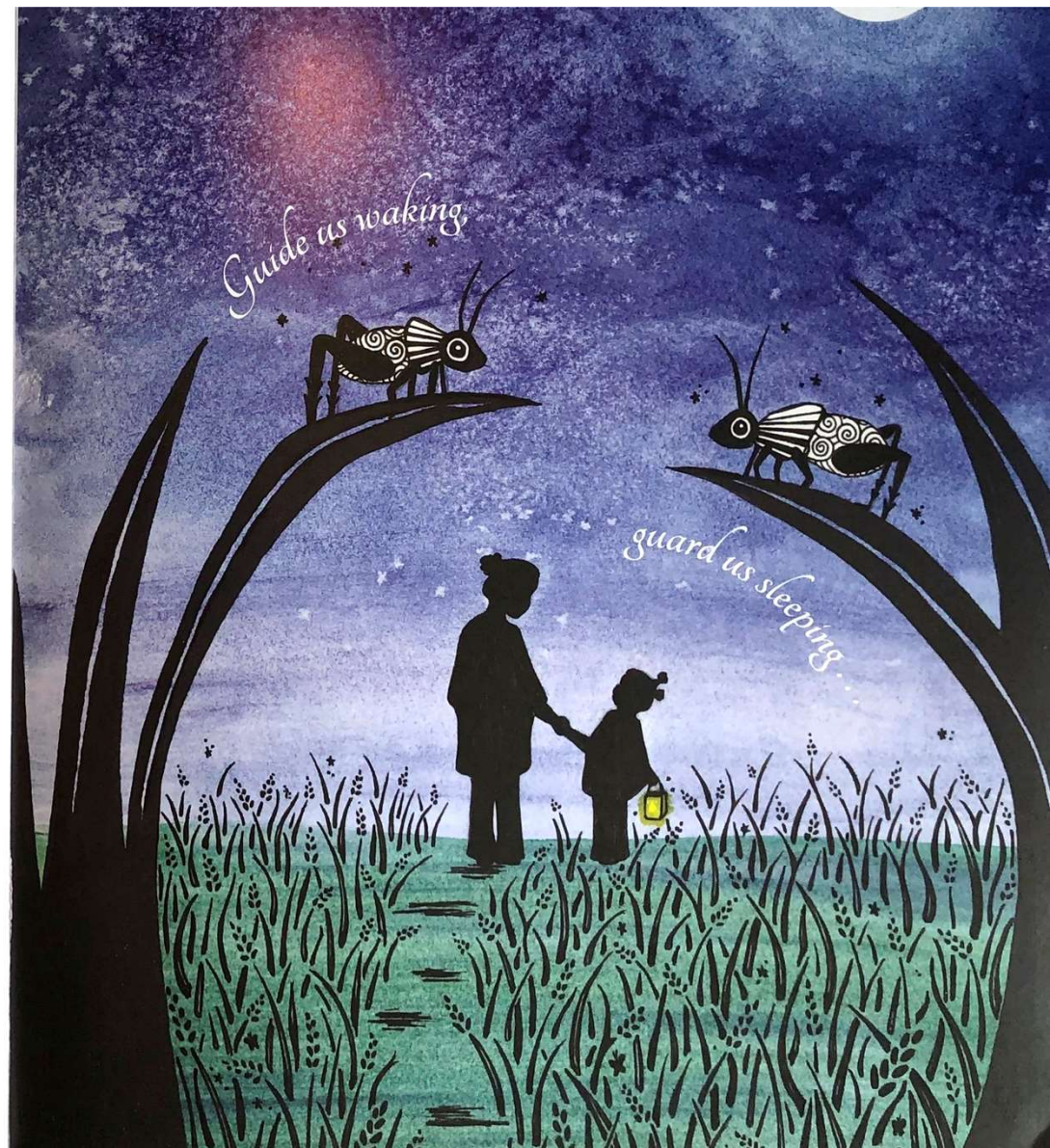
The crickets sing us home.

"Lord, you now have set your servant free
to go in peace as you have promised;

For these eyes of mine have seen the Savior,
whom you have prepared for all the world to see . . ."

Guide us waking,
guard us sleeping . . .

Guide us waking,
guard us sleeping . . .



Mama tucks me in.
My lantern shows her my cool, bright cheeks.
It is time for our song now.

"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, Lord Christ,
give rest to the weary,
bless the dying,
soothe the suffering,
pity the afflicted,
shield the joyous;
for you are Love.
Amen."



"The God of life with guarding hold you;
the loving Christ with guarding fold you;
the Holy Spirit, guarding, mold you;
each night of life to aid, enfold you;
each day and night of life uphold you."

Hush. I blow out my little lantern.

In peace I lie down and sleep.

