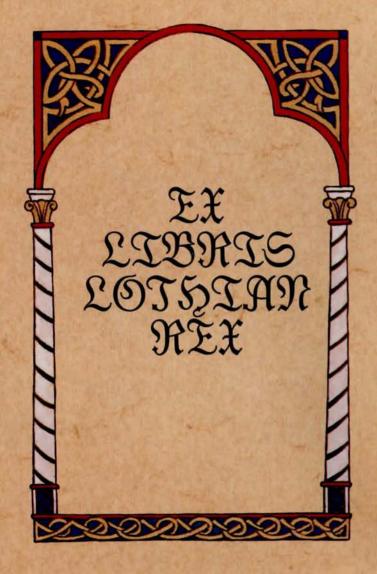


BOOK OF HOURS



No worthier warrior was before Lot became Lord of all the land: with sword so sharp and shield that shines... proud Paladin beyond reproach.

He envy of every earl and king. He soul is stirred by precious stones and silver, and gleaming gold which daily he doth gather.

No king so fair by maid begot was ever there than good King Lot.



Matins

The tocsin tolls the time for Midnight prayers when the world's withdrawn in dreams. Vigil voices vibrate, chanting shadows, as candle-flames full in our sleepy faces light us through long litanies.



Lauds

The Lord will listen as our lips show forth His praise in psalm and song. A new day dawning for devotions with hearts and hands for Him alone.



Prime

Whatever tempests have tormented them outside our walls, we watch the waste with pity and compassion. All the poor we will relieve, receiving them like rich, God-guided guests whose gift is gratitude.



Terce

In the scriptorium the scribes, inspired to beauty and the bounty of the Book, create with colours and calligraphy another world to win souls and woo hearts with precious manuscripts... to Paradise.



Sext

At Midday, our one meal... then meditation on holy text and teaching at the table. Since labouring is prayer, we long to linger at our task of love: to thank the Lord for giving us the grace for gratitude.



None

Brothers and lay labour lovingly in kitchen; cooking, baking, making medicines. From the fields and gardens, fulsome harvest to feed ourselves and freely share what from God's gifts we gather humbly as His servants.



Vespers

The twilight brings its blessed peace unbroken. The heart unravels riches of the hours spent in sweet Service and seeking Salvation. Sleep and serenity, a sure repose after day is done . . . in bedication!



Compline

From dreadful dreams defend our rest, from fearful fantasies of night, that sleep serene may sanctify both Abbot and all brethren now.