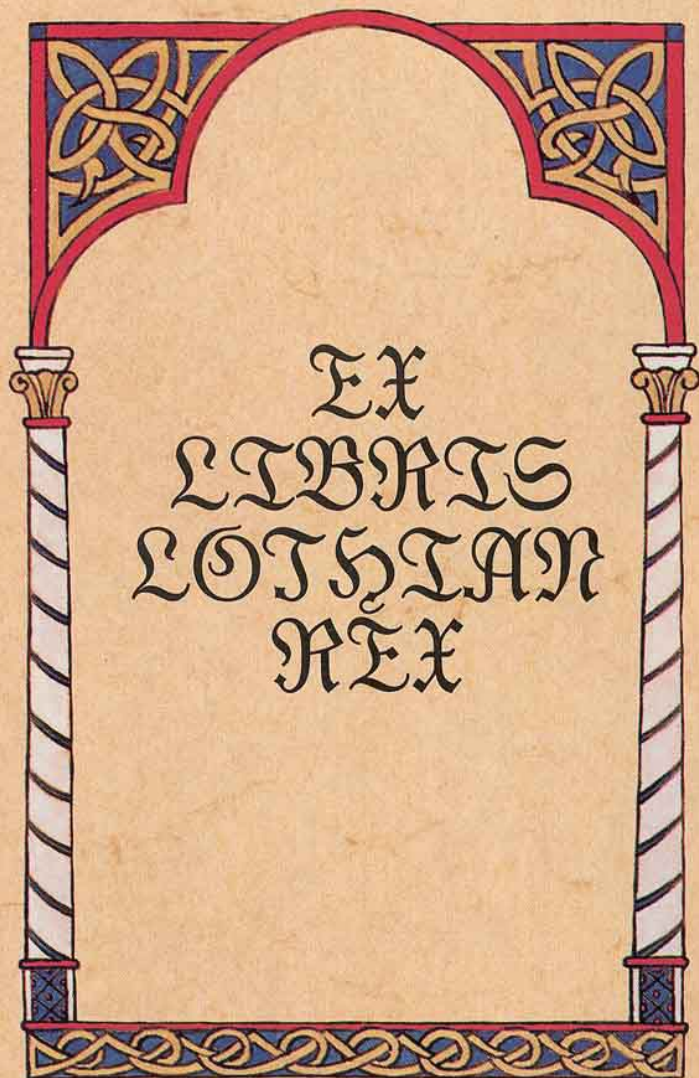




BOOK OF HOURS



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

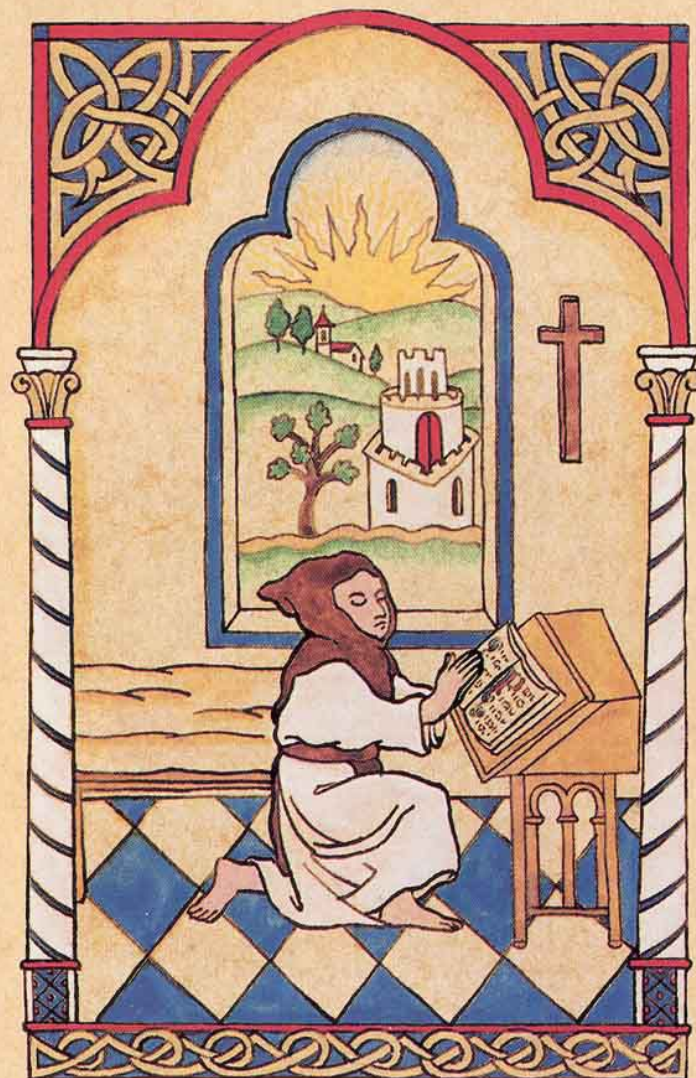
He husbands heavy chests of treasure,
the envy of every earl and king.
His soul is stirred by precious stones and silver,
and gleaming gold which daily he doth gather.

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



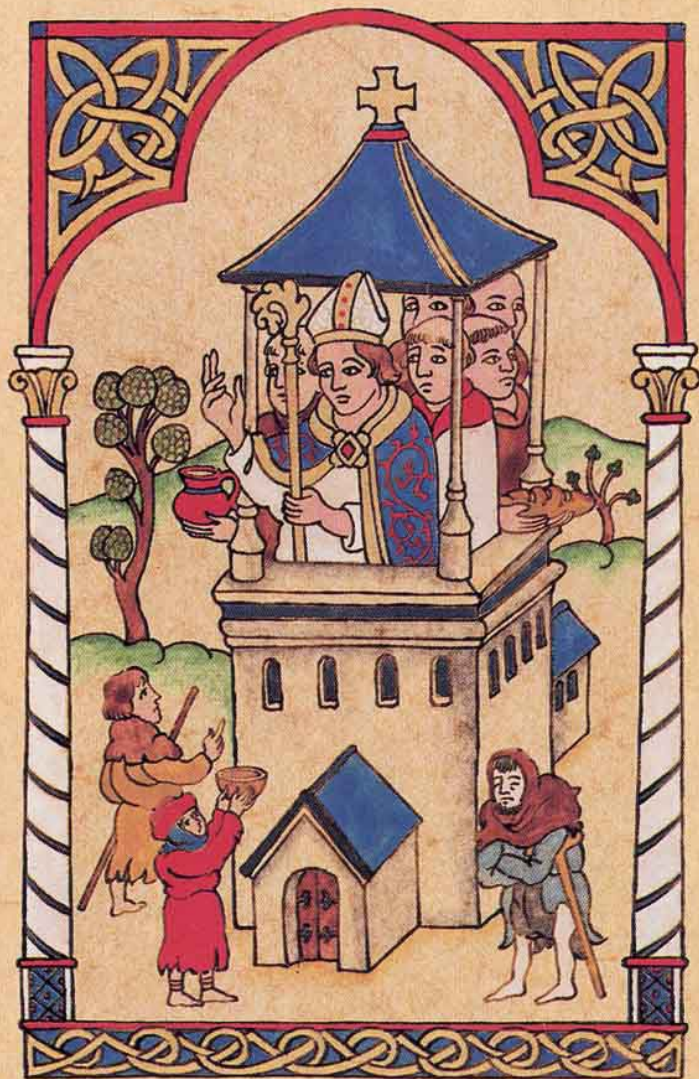
Matins

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when the world's withdrawn in dreams.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.



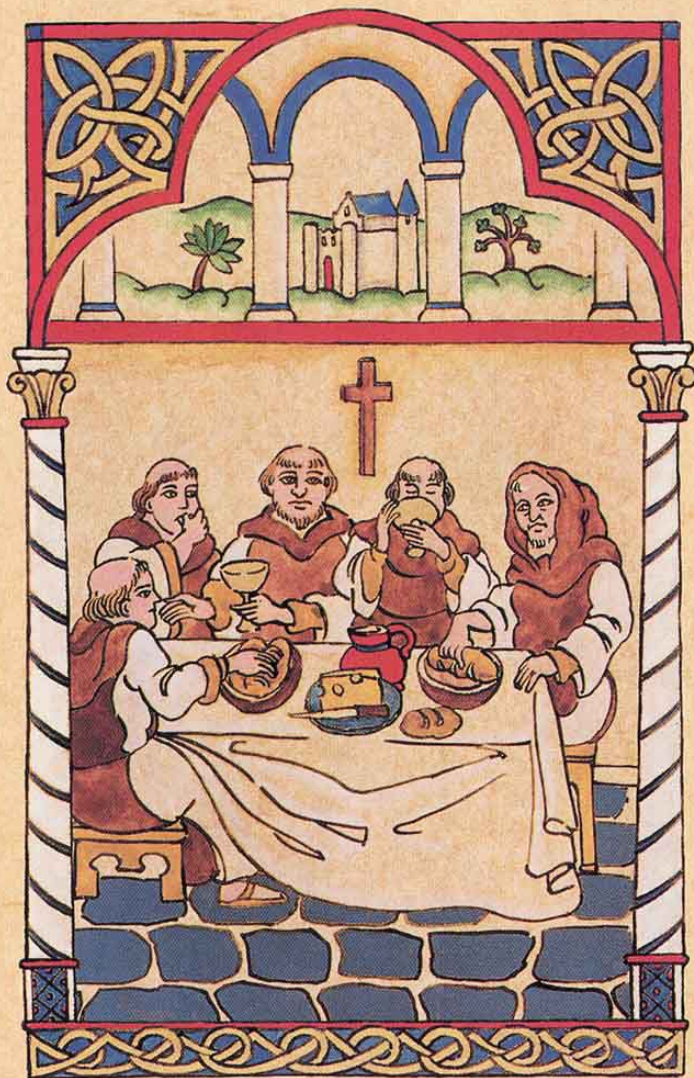
Prime

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.