

## Crumb of Hope Eucharist

*This was the original version of the Crumb of Hope prayer which we have re-written in several different formats for different occasions. As you will see, it draws heavily on the news and our local context. Please feel free to adapt it or re-write any lines which are no longer relevant. I would dearly love you to be able to delete the reference to 'political upheaval in Israel Palestine,' but my faith is not that strong!*

*From our inner city context, the greatest temptation is despair. A frequent refrain is that 'we believe there is hope.' Sometimes even that seems like a bold assertion of faith! We used the image of the Syrophœnician woman who challenges Jesus that even the dogs are allowed to gather the crumbs under the table as the title for our book of prayers Crumbs of Hope: Prayers from the City.*

A tiny spark flickers to a flame  
A ray of sunshine through the rain  
A whisper of peace in the noise of the city  
A crumb of hope

And Baghdad holds its breath and waits  
For the next bomb exploded with hate  
To rip already battered lives to shreds  
A future faced with dread

A tiny spark flickers to a flame  
A ray of sunshine through the rain  
A whisper of peace in the noise of the city  
A crumb of hope

A winter cactus bursts into bloom  
Christmas lights drive away the gloom  
A last minute win for the home team  
A crumb of hope

Political upheaval in Israel Palestine  
Beleaguered people cross barbed wire lines  
The never-ending rebuilding ploughs ahead  
A future faced with dread

A winter cactus bursts into bloom  
Christmas lights drive away the gloom  
A last minute win for the home team  
A crumb of hope

Spicy smells of mincemeat fillings  
Selecting garnishes and all the trimmings  
Pots rattling and pans sizzling  
A crumb of hope

The scarce wasteland of Niger's harvest  
Swollen bellies of children hit the hardest  
Disease ridden people take to their beds  
A future faced with dread.

Spicy smells of mincemeat fillings  
Selecting garnishes and all the trimmings  
Pots rattling and pans sizzling  
A crumb of hope

An unheard of proclamation  
Granting a people unknown freedom  
A journey towards a promised land  
A crumb of Hope

A Passover meal in the rush of escape  
unleavened bread pummelled and shaped  
From the horrors of plague a people led  
A future faced with dread

An unheard of proclamation  
Granting a people unknown freedom  
A journey towards a promised land  
A crumb of Hope

A mischievous twinkle in the eye  
A smudged mascara tear dries  
A smile beams like the breaking of day  
A crumb of hope

For we are not the first people of hope  
Mary pouring ointment is persuaded not to mope  
Women stand vigil by a cross till a man is dead  
A future faced with dread.

A mischievous twinkle in the eye  
A smudged mascara tear dries  
A smile beams like the breaking of day  
A crumb of hope

On the night that Jesus was detained  
And the certainty of God's love waned  
Bread was broken and wine shared  
A crumb of hope

We break this bread to remember  
That we are not the first people of hope  
And we will not be the last

We drink this wine to remember  
That we are not the first people of hope  
And we will not be the last.

*[Share bread and wine]*

A tiny spark flickers to a flame  
A ray of sunshine through the rain  
A whisper of peace in the noise of the city

A crumb of hope

A glimmer of light from a tomb  
The pulse of life in the womb  
A weak smile once fear of death has passed  
Crumbs of hope

A tiny spark flickers to a flame  
A ray of sunshine through the rain  
A whisper of peace in the noise of the city  
A crumb of hope

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