

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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