

Autumn Crumb of Hope Eucharist

An autumnal re-working of our Crumb of Hope Eucharist, finding glimmers of hope in the darkening autumn evenings.

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

Leaves blaze as Autumn's splendour blooms
Bonfires and fireworks drive away the gloom
A last minute win for the home team
A crumb of hope

Spicy smells of parkin baking
Jack-o-lanterns in the making
Pots rattling and pans sizzling
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

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

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 celebrate
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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