

Beatitudes Eucharist

This was written as part of our series on Peace Making when we did a kind of Peace Making audit to recognise what we already do towards peace making and identify what more we could do. This Eucharist attempts to re-write the Beatitudes for our community and our own times and also to explore a bit more what we mean by blessed. Park House is the Mental Health Unit at the local hospital.

Held by God are those in the waiting room at Park House
Who seek recovery from mental illness
For they have a place at God's table
and a glimpse of heaven.

Comforted are the mourners who gather at the crematorium
And numb their grief in the pub afterwards
For they shall have a place at God's table
And be consoled.

Revered are the gentle tenant farmers in lands far off
who toil hard to eek out a living yet fill our shelves to overflowing
For they shall have a place at God's table
And be given land of their own.

Holy are the protesters shouting and holding placards
Who agitate for a political system of peace and justice
For they shall have a place at God's table
And shall eat their fill.

God-like are those who don't just buy the Big Issue
But volunteer with a smile in the homeless drop-in
For they shall have a place at God's table
And be shown mercy

Sacred are the children painting and sticking pictures
Who's hearts have an innocence that once lost can't be regained
For they shall have a place at God's table
And see God.

Saintly are those who work for peace through non-violence
Who mediate and negotiate and feel the pain of our broken world
For they shall have a place at God's table
And be called children of God.

Honoured are those who suffer persecution and fear
Because of their commitment and struggle to bring about justice
For they shall have a place at God's table
And taste heaven.

For Jesus, on the night that he was betrayed
On the night before he was tortured and put to death
Invited those who had followed his path of non-violence to God's table
To be part of God's shalom.

For Jesus took bread, tore it and shared it with them
This is my body, the body of the world broken by human violence
The pain of humanity laid on God's table
To be forgiven and healed.

The body of Christ
[share bread]

For Jesus took wine, poured it and shared it with them
This is my blood, pulse of life that flows through all humanity
Lifeblood of the universe laid on God's table
The promise of life in all its fullness.

The wine of new life
[share wine]

Blessed are the peace and justice makers
Who recognise their part in causing the pain in the world
And invite everyone they meet to eat with them at God's table
And seek through their daily lives to live God's shalom.

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