

## Summer In The City Eucharist

*I love the summer. The city comes alive in the summer. People come out of their houses and there is a more laid back atmosphere as people make time just to be. So this is a Eucharist that celebrates summer in the city. I guess the title comes from the song Summer in the City by that well known group Lovin' Spoonful.*

*Any of you who know the geography and demographics of Manchester will recognise this in the opening address to the four directions but with a bit of artistic license it could be used for any urban location.*

We come from the South  
where the sun beats down its midday heat  
land of leafy suburbs and restaurants spilling onto streets  
of contrasting fortunes held hostage to accident of birth  
where status is acquired through car or gun.

We come from the West  
where the sun blazes the glory of the dying day  
land of ancient Roman ruins and glass skyscrapers  
industrial canal basins and contemporary shopping arcades  
where the confines of the office are emancipated in the Friday night binge.

We come from the North  
where the sun hides its face  
land of vibrant ethnic communities  
of exotic greengrocers and spicy take-aways  
of adherence to Torah and the call to prayer.

We come from the East  
where the sun cracks open the dawn  
land of derelict factories and crumbling terraces  
where the chips are down and we cross our fingers and hope  
ready to take off from the blocks on the B of the bang.

*[you could use the Summer in the City poem here.]*

And so on this washed out evening in the city  
We gather together at table  
to share in the story that gives us life  
to share of the fruits of the earth.

For on the night that Jesus was betrayed  
Jesus gathered his friends together in the city  
And in the midst of the talking and the laughing  
and the sharing of everyday life  
Jesus took the bread of life and broke it apart  
and gave it to them saying do this in remembrance of me  
And as the meal ended, before they said their last goodbyes  
Jesus took a cup of wine and shared it with them  
toasting the new life that dawns once hope is gone  
Do this in memory of me

*[share bread and wine]*

In the fullness and fruition of the midsummer sun  
**Blessed be**

In the tetchiness and grime of the midsummer city  
**Blessed be**

In the enjoyment and relaxation of summer in the city  
**Blessed be**

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