

## The Wind Whispers Our Name Eucharist

*How often do we stop and listen to the sounds around us? This Eucharistic prayer draws on the story of the boy Samuel who hears God and runs to Eli thinking it is Eli that has called him. Only when he is ready to hear God's voice does Samuel respond. The Eucharist plays with the idea that God speaks to us in many different ways, sometimes as a whisper, sometimes loud and clear. For God's voice is heard in the sounds around us, the sounds of the last supper and in the deeper cries of humanity and the earth.*

The wind whispers our name  
unique individual  
a gentle murmur  
barely perceivable  
and we turn away  
thinking it was just a dream.

The spirit gently utters our name  
unique individual  
barely distinguishable  
in the bustle of life  
drowned out by higher priorities.

The voice of God calls out our name  
unique individual  
persistently demanding  
and we turn our heads  
listening for the voice of the divine.

And as we listen  
we hear the groaning of creation  
the rumble of thunder  
and the crack of lightening  
the splitting of rocks  
and the gushing of water  
trees rustling  
and chain saws cutting  
the cogs of industry turning  
and the fumes belching.

And as we listen  
we hear the cries of earth's people  
we hear the plotting and scheming  
and the attention grabbing headline  
we hear the sound of tanks and gunfire  
and the crackle of fire  
we hear the machinery of harvest  
and the hollow ring of empty cooking pots  
we hear the new-born baby's cry  
and the unquenching tears of mourning.

And as we listen  
we hear the din of traffic on the old road

the occasional wail of police sirens  
and the gossip on street corners  
we hear the stories of our tradition  
and the stories of our shared lives  
we hear the noise of children playing,  
and discussing ideas for themselves  
we hear the adult's mumbled liturgy  
and the words of much loved hymns.

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unique individual  
persistently demanding  
and we turn our heads  
listening for the voice of the divine.

The winds whispers Samuel's name  
and a child runs  
to an elderly priest  
uniting the generations  
discerning the voice of God.

The spirit gently utters a last breath  
and a man dies  
just another human death  
or a turning point in the human story  
this is my body, this is my blood.

The voice of God calls out our names  
calling us to community  
a mottled gathering  
to silent contemplation  
and words of life.

And of the night when the word of life  
was betrayed by scheming words  
we hear the raucous festivities  
of the Passover celebration  
the hushed voices  
listening to a lover's farewell

we hear the ripping of bread  
and the agony of parting  
we hear the splash of wine  
and the searing pain of suffering

This is my body, this is my blood  
do this to re-member me.

*[share bread and wine]*

The voice of God calls out our names  
drawing us to one another  
calling us to community  
Samuel and Eli, child and elder  
to share words of life with all of Earth's children.

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