

Widow's Mite Remembrance Eucharist

We looked at the story of the Widow's Mite on Remembrance Sunday thinking about the individual lives behind the thousands of white crosses of soldiers killed in war. One white cross, seemingly insignificant in a hillside of crosses. One tiny penny in a plate, one face in a crowd. Yes to God every white cross matters deeply, every Widow's Mite is to be celebrated and valued, body broken, blood shed so that others might live.

A little piece of bread
No bigger than your hand
Just flour, yeast, water and salt
Nothing really.

An unmarked grave
White cross on a hillside
A forgotten casualty of a killing machine
Statistics really.

A penny in an offering plate
A pound out of a pension
A drop in the ocean of debt
Pathetic really.

A face in the crowd
One among millions
Smiles and tears like everyone else
No one really.

One stranger fed,
One soldier dead,
One gift given,
One criminal executed.

All giving all
All that they have
All that they are

Gifted to friends and strangers.

Nothing more to give
Bread
Water
Body
Blood
Nothing more to give.

This is my body
This is my blood

Do this in remembrance

Remembrance Day

is every day.

Take eat
Take drink

Eat what you need
Drink to live

A widow
A soldier
A saviour.

[Share bread and wine]

A widow goes hungry
A soldier falls
A benefactor goes without
A god dies.

We may eat
We may live
We may spend
We may love.

Now, and forever,
We remember.

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