

FINDING EUCHARIST: Mary Wickham rsm

Some lament the morphing of Mass
that Covid has made, taking it from churches,
the cessation or forced dwindling of assemblies and custom.
The elsewhere becomes the beckoning locus for Eucharist.

Holy Thursday and feet are being washed
at the palliative care hospice and the kindergarten
and the lonely little bedsits of the cities.
Holy Thursday, and food is being prepared, feasts created:
the friends meeting to make the year's passata,
carrying away the smell of tomatoes in their clothes,
the village in PNG using its donated cook-house to enhance nutrition,
the local Sikhs in my suburb making hundreds of meals for the needy,
the inner-city St V de P soup van serves warm social contact for street-sleepers.
Jack is welcomed as the first family baby for nearly forty years.
Breda is feted months after her restricted funeral by a grand wake.
We laugh, incredulous, that someone on Facebook
remembers the name of a little dog from Rosslare of the 1920s,
that starts a flurry of comments for families connected by seafaring.

What if this Covid moment means Eucharist is not banned but freed,
not restricted (or not merely so) but rediscovered?
Found in a different light? Seen in ampler places?
Every Thursday is Holy Thursday; Holy Thursday is every day.
Holy is every Thursday; every day is holy,
when and where feet are being washed,
when and where food is being shared,
when and where memory meets story and becomes love's utterance.
This is Eucharist, the Jesus feast, the Jesus table,
the Jesus company, the God memory, the good God story. Is.