

The Wind Whispers our Name - Eucharist

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.



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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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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