
Eucharist

He was old, tired, and sweaty,
pushing his homemade cart down
the alley, stopping now and then
to poke around in somebody's
garbage.

I wanted to tell him about Eucharist,
but the look in his eyes, the
despair on his face, the hopelessness
of somebody else's life in his
cart, told me to forget it.

So I smiled, said "Hi!"—and gave
him Eucharist.

She lived alone, her husband dead,
her family gone, and she talked at
you, not to you; words, endless
words, spewed out. So I listened—
and gave her Eucharist.

Downtown is nice, lights change
from red to green and back again.
Flashing blues, pinks, and oranges.
I gulped them in, said, "Thank you,
Father"—and made them Eucharist.

I laughed at myself and told myself,
"You with all your sin, all your
selfishness, I forgive you, I accept
you, I love you." It's nice—and so
very necessary too—to give your-
self Eucharist.

Tired, weary, disgusted, lonely, go
to your friends, open their door,
say, "Look at me"—and receive
their Eucharist.

My God, when will we learn you
cannot talk Eucharist, cannot
philosophize about it—you do it!

You don't dogmatize Eucharist;
sometimes you laugh it, some-
times you cry it, often you sing it.

Sometimes it's a wild peace, then
crying hurt, often humiliating,
never deserved.

You see Eucharist in another's eyes,
give it in another's hand held tight,
squeeze it in an embrace.

You pause Eucharist in the middle
of a busy day, speak Eucharist with
a million things to do and a person
who wants to talk.

For Eucharist is as simple as being
on time, and as profound as sym-
pathy.

I give you my supper,

I give you my sustenance,

I give you my life,

I give you me,

I give you . . . Eucharist.

(Author unknown)