

Giving Eucharist

He was old, tired and sweaty; pushing his home made cart down the alley, stopping now and then to poke around in someone's garbage. I wanted to tell him about Eucharist, but the look in his eyes, the despair in his face, the hopelessness of somebody else's life in his cart told me to forget it. So, I smiled, and said "Hi."... and by doing this, 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 I gave her Eucharist.

Downtown was nice. Lights changed 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 looked at myself and told myself. "Hey you, with all your sin and your selfishness. I forgive you. I accept you as you are. I love you." It's nice and so necessary to give yourself Eucharist.

When you are tired, weary, disgusted and lonely, go to your friends, open their door and say: "Look at me." And receive their Eucharist.

Father, when will we learn not to just talk about Eucharist, philosophize about it, or dogmatize about it, but to do it?

When will we learn that sometimes we laugh it, sometimes we cry it and often we sing it...that sometimes it is wild pure fun and another time it is crying out hurt. That often it is humiliating and it is never deserved.

Teach me to sense Eucharist in another's eyes.

To give it in a hand held tight.

To squeeze it with an embrace.

To pause Eucharist in the middle of a busy day.

To live Eucharist when there are a million things to do and there is a friend who wants to talk.

To know Eucharist is as simple as being on time.

As profound as the deepest sympathy.

Jesus, I can hear you saying:

When I gave you my supper,

When I give you my sustenance,

When I gave you me,

I gave you Eucharist.

Go and do likewise.