

Alleluia, Holy God –
the bread that sustains us in sorrow
has become a leavening of joy,
and the cup of the new covenant
given in grief, doubt, loss, fear,
denial, and even betrayal,
has become a chalice of celebration.

We break the loaf
and between its edges see an empty tomb.
We pour the cup
and know there is a well in the garden.

We rejoice – hosanna, alleluia, Amen –
in this sacrament of blessing,
and yet we do this, remembering always
for those of us who sit
at the table of a personal sadness –
that our shared Communion
is the Easter gift in all our seasons.

Bread is risen,
cup is poured indeed –
come alive in us that we may live in you. Amen.