



Eucharist

by R. Voght

He was old, tired, 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 is cute, nice build, a little too much paint, wobbly on her feet as she slid from her barstool and one the make. "No, thanks not tonight" and I gave her Eucharist.

She lived alone, her husband dead, her family gone, and she talked at you, not to you, words, endless words spilled 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 God," and made them Eucharist.

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

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

My God, when will we learn? You cannot talk Eucharist. You cannot philosophize about it, You Do It! You don't dogmatize Eucharist. Sometimes you laugh it, sometimes you cry it, often you sing it. Sometimes it's wild hurt, then crying peace, often humiliating, never deserved. You see Eucharist in another's eyes, give it in another's hand held tight, squeeze it with an embrace. You pause Eucharist in the middle of the day, speak it in another's ear, listen to a person who wants to talk. For Eucharist is as simple as being on time, as profound as sympathy. I give you my supper, I give you my sustenance, I give you my life, I give you me... I Give You Eucharist.