

Beauty Eucharist

This Eucharist was originally written around the idea of reclaiming and celebrating the darkness but is often the way we adapted it when we explored the theme of beauty looking at the idea of creation as being good and beautiful until humanity attempts to destroy beauty. It is through Christ's resurrection that beauty is restored and we are invited to share in the beauty of God's kin-dom.

At the beginning
of God's creating
the earth was formless and void
and a deep darkness
covered the face of the deep
velvety blackness
impenetratable
all encompassing
darkness
the waters of chaos
swirled
whirled and raged
midnight storms
unarticulated emotion
unformed matter
exploding, hurtling
flung across the infinite expanse
of time and space
and with a newborn cry
of shock and bewilderment
a baby takes its first breath
and it was beautiful.

At the beginning
of God's creating,
all the light
of the entire universe,
the size of a nutshell,
is compressed
contained
raw energy,
power, heat, light,
the possibility,
of endless imagination,
stretching into eternity
alluring,
enticing
demanding
playful,
as God opens the Pandora's box
containing all of creation
and destruction
and with curiosity and imagination
begins to play with possibility
and it was beautiful.

At the beginning
of God's creating
in the half – light
of the dawning of time
the earth begins to stir
awakening slowly
from its slumber
the kaleidoscope beginning to turn
in the mists of time
fog clearing
in anticipation
excitement
wonder
plants weave and reach for the sky,
animals sniff the air
birds take flight and soar
and humanity's eyes
begin to focus
squabbles break out
fighting over that which cannot be claimed
contained or defined
and it was not quite so beautiful.

At the beginning of God's creating
all the light
of the entire universe
smashes into an infinite number
of coloured pieces
splatter-painting the stars
across the canvas of the heavens
amassing in the energy of the sun
reflecting in the silvery light of the moon
illuminating a cross on a lonely hillside
ripping apart the very fabric
of time and space
the body of the universe
the life blood of eternity
as Jesus, breathes his last,
This is my body,
broken for you.
This is my blood,
poured out for you.
Do this in memory of me.
And beauty itself
Is destroyed.

[share bread and wine]

In the beginning
of God's creating
as the sun rises

to the fullness of day
the dark womb of the earth
that contains both death and life
gives birth to new life,
to hope, to resurrection,
the green blade rises
the plants and vegetation
take the light from the sun
and photosynthesise
converting light to food
growing, inhabiting
indwelling the earth
the corn ripens
bread is baked
the grape swells
wine is poured
a huge banquet is set
among the heavens
as beauty re-awakes.

In the beginning
of God's creating
the spirit of God
brooded over the waters
I am the first and the last
the beginning and the end
the entire possibility of the universe
contained in bread and wine
body and blood
and the kaleidoscope begins to turn
in the mists of time
fog clearing
in anticipation
excitement
wonder
as we are flung out
across our communities
to share the heavenly banquet
in an infinitely beautiful,
constantly creating world
and it is beautiful
very, very beautiful.

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