

## Raven Steals The Light

*The story of the raven stealing the light is one of the origin stories I learned while I was travelling around the west coast of Canada meeting people from First Nation communities. In First Nation culture the trickster is an important character, a bit like a holy fool who teaches and challenges the community. In this story the raven's selfish actions lead to the ball of light exploding across the heavens.*

*This Eucharist parallels the raven with Jesus (much as some First Nations cultures embrace both Christianity and Traditional beliefs and see Jesus as a trickster character) and explores the birthing of creation. If you want to read the story yourself you can look up .??? and for more on Jesus as trickster see ???*

At the beginning  
of God's creating  
the earth was formless,  
void  
and a deep darkness  
covered the face of the deep  
velvety blackness  
impenetrable  
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.

At the beginning  
of God's creating,  
all the light  
of the entire universe,  
the size of a nutshell,  
is hidden in a box,  
inside a box,  
inside a box,  
raw energy,  
power, heat, light,  
the possibility,  
of endless imagination,  
stretching into eternity  
alluring,  
enticing  
demanding  
playful,  
a child opens the Pandora's box

containing all of creation  
and destruction  
and with curiosity and imagination  
begins to play with possibility.

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  
as the raven, the trickster,  
caresses the ball of light  
rivalry, jealousy  
as the eagle's eyes  
begin to focus  
swooping down  
to claim that which cannot  
be contained or defined  
and 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.

*[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 photosynthesis  
converting light to food  
growing, inhabiting  
indwelling the earth  
the corn ripens  
flour is milled  
bread is baked  
the grape swells  
juice is fermented  
wine is poured  
the gifts of the earth  
a table is spread  
humanity is gathered  
a huge banquet is set  
among the heavens.  
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.

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