

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER (Continued)

Blessed is our brother Jesus,
bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh;
who, on the night when he was delivered over to death,
took bread, gave thanks, broke it, and said:
'This is my body, which is for you.
Do this to remember me.'
In the same way also the cup, after supper, saying:
'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.
Do this, whenever you drink it,
to remember me.'
For, as we eat this bread and drink this cup,
we are proclaiming the Lord's death until he comes.

Christ has died.
Christ is risen.
Christ will come again.

Come now, dearest Spirit of God,
embrace us with your comfortable power.
Brood over these bodily things,
and make us one body in Christ.
As Mary's body was broken for him,
and her blood shed,
so may we show forth his brokenness
for the life of the world,
and may creation be made whole
through the new birth in his blood.

BENEDICTION

Meister Eckhart

*Become aware of what is in you.
Announce it, pronounce it,
produce it and give birth to it.*

Christmas Eve December 24, 2009

Readings for the 11pm Worship

CALL TO WORSHIP

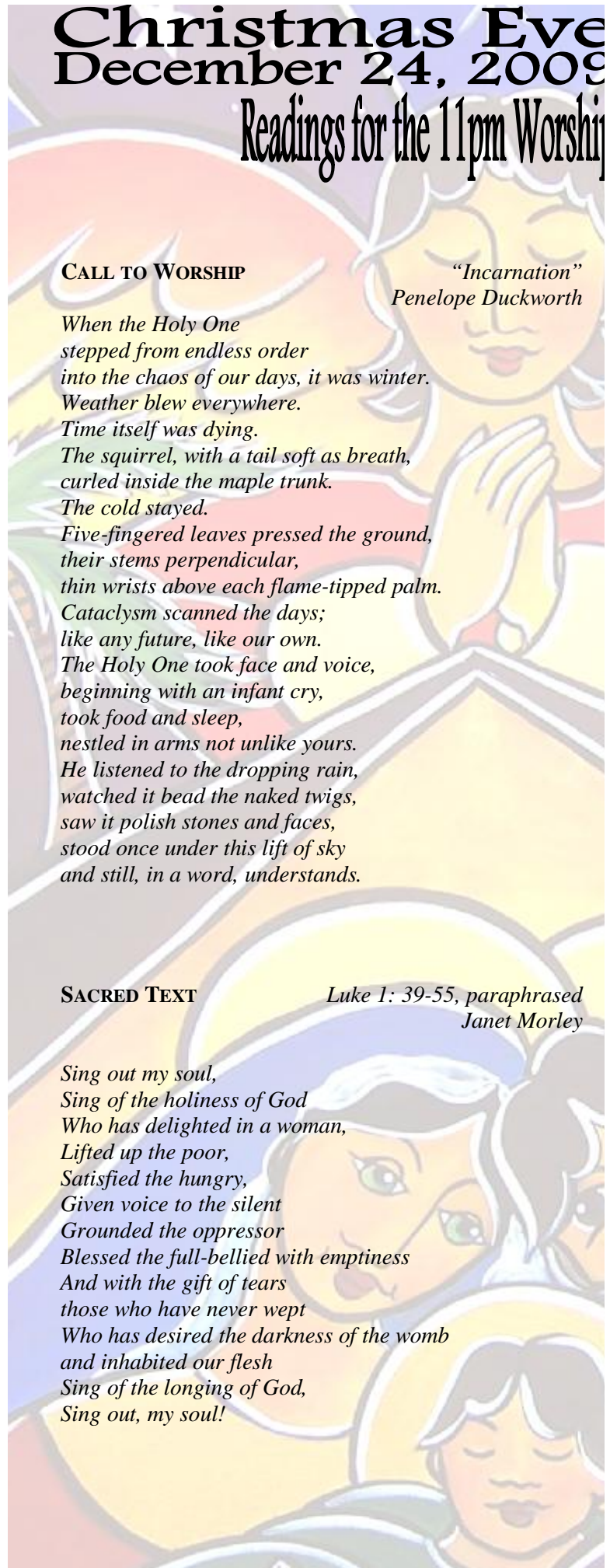
*"Incarnation"
Penelope Duckworth*

*When the Holy One
stepped from endless order
into the chaos of our days, it was winter.
Weather blew everywhere.
Time itself was dying.
The squirrel, with a tail soft as breath,
curled inside the maple trunk.
The cold stayed.
Five-fingered leaves pressed the ground,
their stems perpendicular,
thin wrists above each flame-tipped palm.
Cataclysm scanned the days;
like any future, like our own.
The Holy One took face and voice,
beginning with an infant cry,
took food and sleep,
nestled in arms not unlike yours.
He listened to the dropping rain,
watched it bead the naked twigs,
saw it polish stones and faces,
stood once under this lift of sky
and still, in a word, understands.*

SACRED TEXT

*Luke 1: 39-55, paraphrased
Janet Morley*

*Sing out my soul,
Sing of the holiness of God
Who has delighted in a woman,
Lifted up the poor,
Satisfied the hungry,
Given voice to the silent
Grounded the oppressor
Blessed the full-bellied with emptiness
And with the gift of tears
those who have never wept
Who has desired the darkness of the womb
and inhabited our flesh
Sing of the longing of God,
Sing out, my soul!*



CONTEMPORARY WORD

“Amazing Peace”
 Maya Angelou

Thunder rumbles in the mountain passes
 And lightning rattles the eaves of our houses.
 Flood waters await us in our avenues.
 Snow falls upon snow, falls upon snow to avalanche
 Over unprotected villages.
 The sky slips low and grey and threatening.

We question ourselves.
 What have we done to so affront nature?
 We worry God.
 Are you there? Are you there really?
 Does the covenant you made with us still hold?

Into this climate of fear and apprehension, Christmas enters,
 Streaming lights of joy, ringing bells of hope
 And singing carols of forgiveness high up in the bright air.
 The world is encouraged to come away from rancor,
 Come the way of friendship.
 It is the Glad Season.
 Thunder ebbs to silence and lightning sleeps quietly in the corner.
 Flood waters recede into memory.
 Snow becomes a yielding cushion to aid us
 As we make our way to higher ground.

Hope is born again in the faces of children
 It rides on the shoulders of our aged as they walk into their sunsets.
 Hope spreads around the earth. Brightening all things,
 Even hate which crouches breeding in dark corridors.

In our joy, we think we hear a whisper.
 At first it is too soft. Then only half heard.
 We listen carefully as it gathers strength.
 We hear a sweetness.
 The word is Peace.
 It is loud now. It is louder.
 Louder than the explosion of bombs.

We tremble at the sound. We are thrilled by its presence.
 It is what we have hungered for.
 Not just the absence of war. But, true Peace.
 A harmony of spirit, a comfort of courtesies.

Security for our beloveds and their beloveds.
 We clap hands and welcome the Peace of Christmas.
 We beckon this good season to wait a while with us.
 We, Baptist and Buddhist, Methodist and Muslim, say come.
 Peace.

Come and fill us and our world with your majesty.
 We, the Jew and the Jainist, the Catholic and the Confucian,
 implore you to stay awhile with us

so we may learn by your shimmering light
 how to look beyond complexion and see community.

It is Christmas time, a halting of hate time.
 On this platform of peace, we can create a language
 to translate ourselves to ourselves and to each other.
 At this Holy Instant, we celebrate the Birth of Jesus Christ

Into the great religions of the world.
 We jubilate the precious advent of trust.
 We shout with glorious tongues the coming of hope.
 All the earth's tribes loosen their voices to celebrate the
 promise of
 Peace.

We, Angels and Mortals, Believers and Nonbelievers,
 Look heavenward and speak the word aloud.
 Peace.

We look at our world and speak the word aloud.
 Peace.

We look at each other, then into ourselves,
 And we say without shyness or apology or hesitation:
 Peace, My Brother.
 Peace, My Sister.
 Peace, My Soul

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

Janet Morley

O Eternal Wisdom,
 we praise you and give you thanks,
 because you emptied yourself of power
 and became foolishness for our sake:
 for on this night you were delivered as one of us,
 a baby needy and naked,
 wrapped in a woman's blood;
 born into poverty and exile,
 to proclaim the good news to the poor,
 and to let the broken victims go free.

Therefore, with the woman who gave you birth,
 the women who befriended you and fed you,
 who argued with you and touched you,
 the woman who anointed you for death,
 the women who met you, risen from the dead,
 and with all your lovers throughout the ages,
 we praise you, saying:

Holy, holy, holy,
 vulnerable God,
 heaven and earth are full of your glory;
 hosanna in the highest.
 Blessed is the one
 who comes in the name of God;
 hosanna in the highest.