

Notes for small groups 16-9-18

A couple of poems are presented below.
Choose one to reflect on.

You may wish to consider some of the following questions:

What does this poem say to you about Breaking Bread?

Which images do you find helpful or unhelpful?

How is your practice of Breaking Bread challenged by this poem?

As a group, write a poem to share with others the virtues of Breaking Bread. These will be used during the Harvest Festival service.

Offering

Consider a child's painting:
By most objective standards, it is not good art,
But when placed proudly in the parent's hands,
It has tremendous worth, delighting the heart,
If not always the eye.
Gentle questioning will be required
To establish what the picture represents,
And which way up it should be hung,
And the answers will become part of the wonder,
Recalled each time the adult eye lingers
Over the work,
Now mounted on some kitchen cupboard,

Or fridge door.
In the moment of giving and receiving,
Which is the lover, which the beloved?
The child's glad offering,
And the adult's glad receiving,
Are each their own counterpart,
In a story of love,
Given and received, received and given.

Tony McClelland

Breaking Bread – Simply?

People, animals, hopes, dreams, despair
Mingling in the field.
They are together here and now.
Friends and strangers gathering
Around simple bread and wine.

The bread might be white or brown,
Handmade or processed, gluten free or gluten full.
Some mutter it matters,
Perhaps wafers would be better.
There is a sign as people gather,
So much for simple bread and wine.
The wine sits in a simple beaker,
Rich and red it flows.
Then the muttering begins again.
Chalice or small cup?
So much for simple bread and wine.

A book is opened, words recited,
Passed down from age to age.
There is a profound silence for a moment
As their power is absorbed.
But then the muttering begins again
About how to interpret meaning.
So much for simple bread and wine.

Then it's time to share this Godly supper.
Making sure all can share together
In this unifying experience.
But the muttering is growing louder
About who should serve and who should eat.
So much for simple bread and wine.

Then a shepherd enters the scene,
Holding a small child by the hand.
They sit and smile at each other
As he sits and breaks a piece of bread.
Handing it over saying have eat,
Remember me next time you simply eat.

The wine sits in the beaker,
The child's mother looks worried.
The shepherd smiles and picks up some cherryade.
He hands it to the child,
Saying something is going to happen to me
But through it you shall live.
Remember me next time you simply drink.

Sally Rush