

What is this place where we are meeting?
Only a room, the earth a floor.
Walls and roof, refuge for people,
windows for eyes, an open door.
House which becomes a body that lives
when we are gathered here,
and know God is near.

Words from afar, stars that are failing,
sparks sown among us long ago.
Names for our God, dreams, signs and wonders
voicing the world's relentless flow.
We are but dust who see and who hear,
who speak what we have heard:
God's free resplendent word.

Table for one, bread that is broken,
cup to be shared, one bread, one wine.
Wonder of God: peace among people,
ancient yet new this hidden sign.
Breaking and sharing, how can this be,
impossible come true?
From death comes life anew.