

WDP19-Meditation
A Reflection for two voices.

“Come - everything is ready!” he says.
But his friends are not.
Things to do.
Places to see.
Their own lives to lead.
Everything might be ready –
But they are not.

The invitation, Lord,
To share in your feast of the kingdom,
Is always on the table.
“Come, eat this bread”, you say
“Drink this wine.
Just come.”

They each had notice of the day and the date.
It was in the diary
But...
Other things swept the invitation aside
And toppled its priority.
“He won’t mind,” they said
As they did their own thing
And thought no more
About the kindly prepared meal.

You, Lord, made and make,
All the preparations.
You came
And come.
You taught and blessed
And helped and healed.
You even faced death
And then conquered it
In order to say,
So clearly to all:
“Come.
Just come.”

The feast that day was still shared
And enjoyed –
By those who were able to savour
The unexpected wonder of a heaving table...
By those who could truly relish
The breadth and the beauty
Of all that was on offer
And enjoy it to the full.
A day they had only ever dreamt of –
'Til then.

Lord, you came to feed the hungry,
To quench people's thirst,
To bring sustenance to those most in need.
Forgive us when selfishly
We fail to see
And appreciate
All you have done for us.
Forgive us too, when we fail to make room
For the poorest,
The sorest,
The most fragile around us.
Remind us that the feast you have prepared
Is a table for *all*...
Especially the least.

~ Right Rev Susan Brown