

We Come to Your Feast



We place upon your table, a gleaming cloth of white:
the weaving of our stories, the fabric of our lives;
the dreams of those before us, the ancient hopeful cries,
the promise of our future: our needing and our nurture,
lie here before our eyes.

We come to your feast, we come to your feast:
the young and the old, the frightened, the bold,
the greatest and the least.
We come to your feast, we come to your feast
with the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands,
we come to your feast.

We place upon your table, a humble loaf of bread:
the gift of field and hillside, the grain by which we're fed;
we come to taste the presence of Spirit in our midst,
to strengthen and connect us, to challenge and to show us,
in love, in word, in deed.

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the greatest and the least.
We come to your feast, we come to your feast
with the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands,
we come to your feast.

We gather 'round your table, we pause within our quest,
we stand beside our neighbors, we name the stranger "guest."
The feast is spread before us; you bid us come and dine:
in blessing we'll uncover, in sharing we'll discover,
your substance and your sign.

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with the fruit of our lands and the work of our hands,
we come to your feast.