5. Pray and savour

Love feast

I savour the elements slowly, in the place I have chosen, using these simple words.

I say: **In love, Christ makes room for me, and for everyone sharing this park.**

I read aloud: *Bread and Wine.*

Ordinary bread made by ordinary people
is holy
when we take and eat
and remember.

Ordinary grapes taken by ordinary people
made into ordinary wine
is holy
when we hold it to our lips and drink
and remember.

This bread . . . remember, his body was given for us....
This wine . . . remember, his blood was poured out for us....

Bread and wine,
from ordinary to holy . . .
Remember.

ANN WEEMS | *Searching for Shalom*

On the night before he died, Jesus took bread, gave thanks, broke it and said, "this is my body, given for you."

I eat the bread: **The bread of life, given for me.**

Then he took the cup and said, "this is the new covenant, poured out for you."

I drink from the cup: **The cup of blessing, poured out for me.**

Closing prayer

I say:

May the God who makes room for possibility,
the Christ who comes to us even in ordinary places,
and the Spirit who hovers over every beginning go with me into the games,
the food,
and the afternoon.
Amen.

When I am ready, I come back to the picnic. If I wish, I bring one word of possibility to share over lunch.

ADVENT 1 · MAKE ROOM FOR JOY

Make room for POSSIBILITY

Picnic Sunday · Solo encounter: make room for YOURSELF

A liturgy for one, to carry into the park on my own: time to sit, to listen, and to walk the labyrinth or wander through the park. It is built around the lighting of the hope candle and the story of Mary (Luke 1:26-38). I allow about half an hour, or as long as I need.



1. Arrive

Light the hope candle

I find a place to sit or stand, and put my phone away if I can. I switch on my candle and say quietly:

I make room for hope.

Call to worship

Where is joy? *I read slowly, silently or aloud.*

As the hand is made for holding,
and the eye for seeing,
You have fashioned us for joy.
Share with us the vision
that shall find it everywhere.

And, when our song of joy dies down to silence,
come, hold our powerlessness with love!
Then shall our fear be gone,
and our feet set on a radiant path.

THE NORTHUMBRIA COMMUNITY | *Celtic Daily Prayer II*

2. Settle and give thanks

Settling

I sit comfortably and take a slow breath. I notice three things I can see, three I can hear and three I can feel: the ground, the air, the light on my skin. Then I ask myself what I would like to put down for the next half hour, and I put it down.

Giving thanks

I pray at my own pace, aloud or silently.

God of this place and of the people who first walked here, I thank you.

For the long light of early summer, **thank you.**

For cicada song and the shade of trees, **thank you.**

For the sea breeze that finds us in the afternoon, **thank you.**

For ground to sit on and food to share, **thank you.**

For _____ (*I name some things*), **thank you.**

Silence. **Thank you, God, for making room for me. Amen.**

3. Mary's story

Luke 1:26-38. *I read it slowly. Then I read it again aloud, to the trees if I like.*

In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town of Galilee, Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David. And the name of the virgin was Mary. And the angel came to Mary and said: "Rejoice, favoured one! The Most High God is with you."

Now, she was troubled by the angel's words and pondered what sort of greeting this was. Then the angel said to her, "Fear not Mary, for you have found favour with God. And now, you will conceive in your womb and give birth to a son, and you will name him Jesus. He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Sovereign God will give him the throne of his ancestor David. He will reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his sovereignty there will be no end."

Then Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I have not known a man intimately?" The angel said to her, "The Holy Spirit, She will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the one born will be holy, He will be called Son of God. And now, Elizabeth your kinswoman has even conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month for she who was called barren. For nothing will be impossible with God."

Then Mary said, "Here am I, the woman-slave of God: let it be with me according to your word." Then the angel left her.

Prof. Wilda Gafney | A Women's Lectionary for the Whole Church (Year W)

4. Take your time

Carry a question with me

I choose one to hold as I go.

- Which word or phrase from Mary's story stays with me?
- What is my own "How can this be?"
- If anything were possible, what would I hope for this Advent?

Walk the labyrinth

At the entrance. I pause. I name silently what I am putting down, then walk in slowly.

At the centre. I stop and rest. I say: **I make room for possibility.** I stay as long as I like.

On the way out. I notice what I am taking back with me.

Or wander the park

I walk slowly, with no destination. I find somewhere that holds possibility and stay there a while. I stand under a tree, or cross a threshold such as a gate or the edge of a path. When I find it, I say: **I see possibility HERE.**

As I walk, I carry these words.

Look for the Messiah where you will,
but you'll find him where you live.
He will not be separated and kept apart
from those who cry to him.
He will be found right in the midst
of the daily, routine, ordinary stuff of life.
So wherever you're living
look for Him.
In the ordinary niches of that living,
look for the holy
that the holy might be found in you.

ANN WEEMS | *Searching for Shalom*

Gather and place. I find one small thing from the ground nearby (a gumnut, leaf, feather, stone etc) and carry it with me. When I return, I set it beside my candle as a sign that this time was mine.

Before I set out, I collect my love feast elements from Yvonne and take them with me. I allow about 20 minutes, then find a quiet place of my own to savour them.