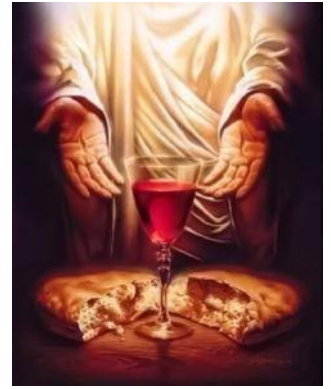


Grace Notes in Miniature,

Monday June 15th, 2020

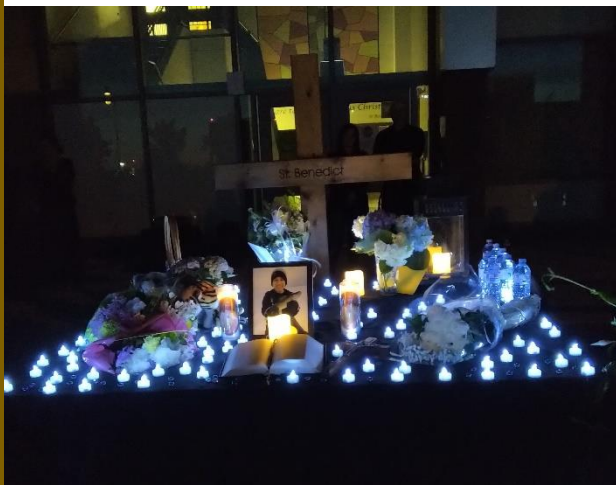
Dear Friends:

Yesterday we celebrated the feast of the Body and Blood of Christ, Corpus Christi and as this may have been the last time we celebrate Mass with our parish at a distance due to the relaxation of some of our Covid-19, moving into Sundays in Ordinary Time may actually be a return to more “ordinary” – in the other sense of the word – experiences. I note that our pastor, recognising that not everyone can get into the church, and that many older parishioners are not yet comfortable with the safety of gatherings, has indicated that Mass will continue to be filmed for those at home.



It has always interested me that we recognise the Eucharist as the Body of Christ, and we also refer to ourselves – the Church – as the Body of Christ. This is a very clear statement that we “are what we eat” – and I far prefer this version to the hippo magnet I used to have on the door of my frig to discourage me from foraging between meals..... We are one body, one body in Christ and we do not stand alone.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N-3BO_PQbqY



That thought was very strongly in my heart last night as I stood with others for the candlelight vigil for Damian Thomas at St Benedict's School in Milton last night. Even with the limitations of physical distancing, it was very obvious that this was a strong community as students and their families, school staff and community members stood together for two hours to pray and mourn. It was very obvious that people were struggling to

resist the impulse to reach out and hug each other. The administration and staff had worked very hard to set this up and will do so again tonight from 8-10. May God bless Damian, his family and all those who are going to miss him very dearly.

It also got me to thinking about how difficult it is to be separated from the physical experience of Eucharist: it is very different to be making an act of spiritual communion in lieu of actually receiving the Bread of Life. In my instruction prior to being welcomed into the Catholic community, the priest gave us each an unconsecrated host and told us to chew it as we were to be aware that it was bread. This came back to me when I tried to do the same exercise with a Grade two class. One little girl burst into tears and said her grandma had told her that her mouth would fill with blood if she chewed the Host; we asked the priest to speak with that family. I also remember some very special Masses where people (or I) made the bread to be blessed, broken and shared, rather than using hosts. In one Ottawa parish, families took turns to prepare the bread for every Sunday Mass. I also remember a rather off-putting exercise in the session required in 1972 of all of us who wanted to teach in Catholic schools: we had a session which didn't teach me (a brand-new Catholic at the time) very much about the Eucharist, but did have us making 'bread' with a sort of flour and water dough, aluminium foil and an iron. If one did manage to get the stuff to cook, it was virtually inedible and might have brought on charges against school insurance – or worse – for broken teeth! I am glad to say I learned to make more palatable versions with Grade Two's as a religious education consultant.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dX4uC3a7RC8>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BERUPwE-ijg>

For anyone who would like to try making communion bread, here is a document with a number of sanctioned recipes and a preamble which explains what is required.



<https://d2y1pz2y630308.cloudfront.net/13543/documents/2016/6/litRecipesEucharisticBread-updated112711.pdf>

And just for pleasure:

For those of you who enjoy Handel's Messiah and need some music in the background as you work – or even if you can sit and listen: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hCluSFkTKrE>

With every blessing,

Gillian